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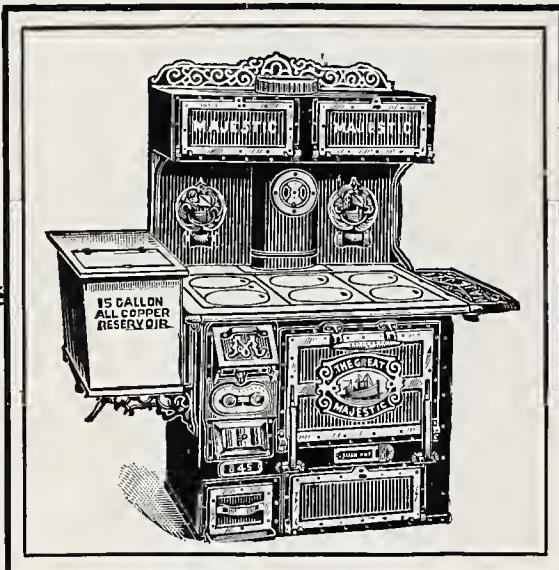
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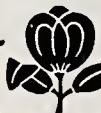
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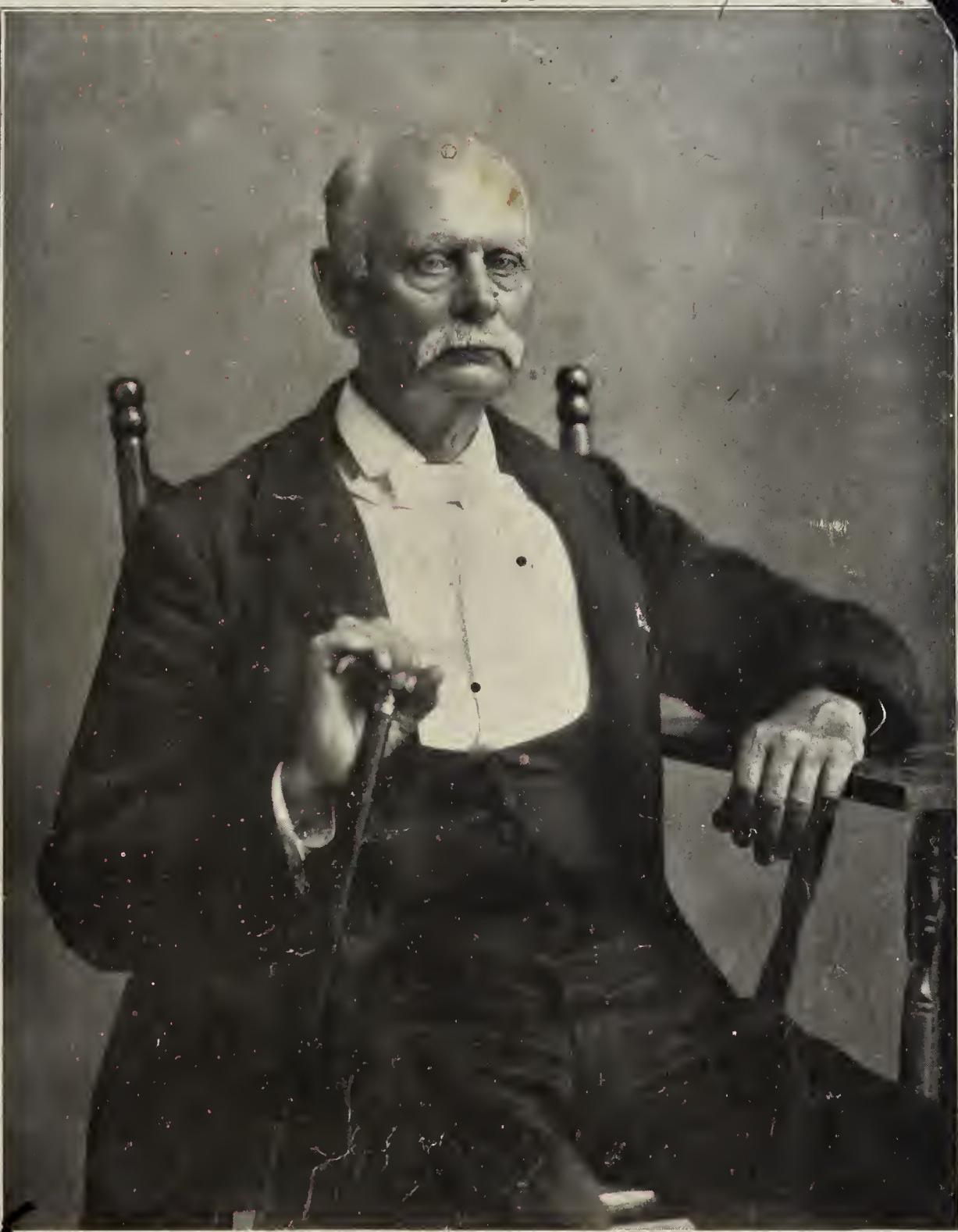
Vol. 13

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1905

N

Confederate Vetera

R. Daigne.



973.705
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Daniel S. Emmett. Mt. Vernon Ohio aged 80 years.

Author of Dixie's Land - 1859. (Sept 14th/95)
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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1905.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

DANIEL EMMETT AND "DIXIE'S LAND."

The fine engraving of Daniel Decatur Emmett on the title-page of this number of the VETERAN is the occasion for brief notes about him and his famous "Dixie's Land." The music is without criticism. Might as well put a feather cabled to a straw in a whirlwind as for anybody anywhere to censure the tune of "Dixie."

The words of "Dixie's Land" (as the composer designated the song) are not so cordially accepted; the author is unkindly and severely arraigned by parties desiring a change.

The composer, as a member of and a hustler for Bryant's Minstrels, was directed to prepare something for a new sensation, as business was waning. Sunday intervening, a rainy, dismal day in the poor quarters that he could afford for himself and wife, the young man, impressed with the compliment that he was capable of the important undertaking, of course was aroused to intensest concern to "prepare something new and lively." He had traveled much South as well as North, so with his resources, appreciating the great heart of the South, he instinctively undertook to do his best with the best facilities. He had misgivings, however, about the production until "Kate," his wife, pronounced it very good. It was at once popular. The chorus was taken up by the lads in the streets, and but for the war the author believed it would have been immediately popular in the North as well as in the South.

Carefully studying the words of "Dixie" in connection with the time of the composition, we may read between the lines his pride that his "parents were Southern born." Without intending partisanship, he showed ardor for the South, the first words being "I wish I was in de land ob cotton." Then he made his chorus ecstatic:

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! We'll take our stand to
live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie."

It is not nearly so bad to say that "William, a gay deceaber," put his arms around "Missus" as the way so many other "deceivers" put their arms around the girls of this period, and much money is paid to witness it every night in the week. What is there in other similar "patriotic songs," such as "Yankee Doodle," to commend them?

A careful review of the simple life of the venerable Emmett strengthens admiration for him. His sturdy integrity, his primitive manners, his genial, kindly soul all bestir affection and esteem. He lived to fourscore years and more without an illness. He was sober and industrious. When he was eighty

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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

years of age, the editor of the VETERAN was entertained in the Capitol of Ohio, and urgent demand was wired "Uncle Dan" to share in the occasion. The messenger found him off in the forest chopping wood, too late to change his suit; but he was equally honored with the special guest at a banquet worthy the President.

In a letter subsequent to this event he wrote: "Now for the banquet. I never in my life enjoyed an entertainment with so much pleasure. I liked to have forgotten that I had one more meal to eat before I died. The kindness and friendship, the good feeling and hearty welcome, extended to me can never be forgotten by one so unworthy of having such great honors bestowed upon him. I hope these 'Reunions' will be continued, for by them our late 'unpleasantness' will be entirely forgotten."

The VETERAN, as conducted, will ever revere the memory of this simple-hearted man who sought happiness without extravagance or abuse.

Although born in Ohio, at Mount Vernon, where he died and was buried, he said, in connection with the War between the States, that he would not enlist in any army against the South, and "would never fight to make the negro the equal of white men." At seventeen years of age he was a soldier in the Black Hawk War.

The mellowness of his music is a lullaby. His first verses in song were:

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You come too late to get your supper," etc.

HISTORY OF CONFEDERATE FLAGS AND SEALS.—Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, No. 1418 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., is chairman on the committee to collect data on the flags and the seals used by the Confederate States. The work on flags is well advanced, as reported to the U. C. V. at the Nashville reunion, 1904; but Dr. Lewis, as chairman, is especially desirous of obtaining information regarding the flags of the several Confederate States as flown in the first year of the war, including banners. Assistance can also be rendered him by giving any information relating to the seals used by any of the Confederate States during the war period.

Mrs. F. A. Fuller, Secretary Joseph L. Hogg Chapter, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Tex., writes: "The books, 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' by Jefferson Davis, received. Am glad to possess such a noted work, and wish that every U. D. C. Chapter owned a set of these books, when they could get facts exactly as they were."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GEN. LEE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT.

Many thousands have read the beautiful tribute by Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, to Gen. R. E. Lee on the front page of the February VETERAN. Many had read it before, some of whom did not know its author. It is interesting to read further from the distinguished statesman in the same connection. He related a conversation with Gen. Lee, to verify his exalted tribute, in which, meeting the General in the streets of Richmond near the executive offices, he said to him: "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther South."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," I said; "but you will have to change that rule and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied with a fine dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"But, General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Caesar, Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte were all great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And all great tyrants," he promptly rejoined. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant."

And with a beautiful smile he said: "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

I could find no words to answer, but instantly I said in thought: "Surely Washington is no longer the only exception, for one like him, if not even greater, is here."

Whatever may have been the exact number of soldiers in the aggregate, it is conceded, or rather is verified by the records, that the Federal army and navy combined comprised 2,859,132 officers and soldiers, of whom 469,041 were from the South, two-thirds as many, anyhow, as fought for the Confederacy.

There is objection to the claim of the South that all of her forces did not exceed 600,000 men, but from any view point the figures in contrast must soften the boast of the victors.

It was not so great a contrast in courage or endurance of the South, for her people had the advantage of being on the defensive, and that meant much; but the explanation that must be accepted, and upon which the South can rest content, is that of principle, and "kept on fire" by patriotic women.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

When the painful sensation to the country was sprung by Gen. Nelson A. Miles's attempt, "after a silence of forty years," to justify his conduct for cruelty to Jefferson Davis when in Fortress Monroe a prisoner, it was not intended to make publication in the VETERAN. The subject has been discussed by the press throughout the country and the evidence has been quite fairly reviewed. It would be inconsistent, therefore, for the VETERAN to ignore this revival of one of the darkest events in the history of that awful period. What a gracious thing it would have been in this high officer of the United States army to have expressed regret for his action instead of voluntarily asserting that he had "no apologies to offer anybody!"

Miles then ranked as a colonel. He was a young man, and he, let us admit, was influenced by the abuse then being heaped upon Southern leaders, including what they so generally styled the "Arch Traitor." It was the popular rule to abuse Mr. Davis beyond all others. Gen. Miles, having the advantage of observing and associating with genteel people for forty years since then, would have been expected to improve and to admit it. Instinctively it occurs in this connection that if he as a Democrat (?) and President Roosevelt as a Republican had each in this period of good will apologized for their treatment of the South's martyred chief representative it would have created a sectional millennium. If they had given expression in the spirit of Gen. and President Grant as a farewell message to mankind of this world, the result would have tended to blot the last vestige of sectional animosity. There is still hope for the President, who, while not apologizing for his harsh and unjust reflection upon Mr. Davis in his life of Thomas H. Benton, is making amends, and that he will yet exercise his great power for the good of the South. Notwithstanding his comparing Mr. Davis with Benedict Arnold and designating him as one of the chief repudiators in the State of Mississippi, and before that, when a younger man, he had denounced Mr. Davis in the *North American Review* as a traitor, which so wounded the patriot, who had spilt his blood for his country, that he wrote the author, Roosevelt, proposing to furnish data that would show him his error, in reply to which he is reputed to have written, "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt does not care to have any communication from Mr. Davis whatever"—his visit to the great World's Fair in St. Louis, having but a few hours in which to see the myriads of wonderful things and greet the hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom were there especially to see the President, made most significant the occasion of his going through the State building of Mississippi, reproduced as "Beauvoir," the home of Mr. Davis. It was evidently intended as a compliment to the character of Mr. Davis and to the South in general, and his well-worded expressions of pleasure in seeing it deserved only expressions of gratitude worthy the message sent by President Francis to Gov. Vardaman. Then his speech at the recent Lincoln Memorial meeting was received with gratitude throughout the South, while inspiring hope that he will yet be more considerate of the absorbing issue of the South than had previously been expected. How gracious would it have been, or would it be, if a man occupying his exalted position could realize the blessing to himself in the confession that he had committed an error and that he regretted his severe reflections upon the honesty and the patriotism of the one man selected by the Christian South to control her destinies! The editor of the VETERAN honors President

Roosevelt in many respects, and would plead with a last breath that he be candid in this thing. There is no human power—mental or physical—that can induce the Southern people to yield an iota of their loyalty to the memory of Jefferson Davis, whose character when studied closely exalts the student's estimate of mankind. This editor will not forget personal courtesies by the President, and in his honor quotes a remark by him in reply to the sincere compliment paid him for ever having been industrious, although there had never been a necessity for it—viz., "It doesn't matter whether a man be a hobo or a millionaire; if he doesn't realize that there is something for him to do, he is to be pitied." The President has many friends in the South who most earnestly pray for the good of the nation—all the people, white and black—who believe him great enough to admit that he makes mistakes, and he can so well afford to admit it candidly that they are hoping on and on that he will do so.

But to return to Gen. Miles. A fair-minded, well-informed person who knew Miles forty years ago writes that he would not act now as he did then, because he has associated with gentlemen since then and has learned to spell and read other than common words; that the overseers of Southern plantations were better educated in 1865. It is an occasion of sorrow rather than anger that men in high position in this great country have not the courage and the manhood to admit that they have grievously erred. In this matter Gen. Miles has made a pitiable attempt to defend his course. It is a lame excuse that he "was acting under orders" and was obliged to put irons on this prisoner as would be an officer compelled with a detail of his soldiers to shoot one of his comrades under condemnation by a court-martial, when, in fact, it is evident that Miles had sought permission to shackle Mr. Davis. Then he speaks of them as "light shackles." They are evidently in existence, and it is believed are among his "trophies." Why doesn't he exhibit them now? Every argument that Miles introduces in his defense recoils with proof that there was no excuse. He even brings to light anew the villainous proclamation of Andrew Johnson, acting President after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, that his murder and the attempted murder of Secretary of State Seward "were incited, concocted, and planned by and between Jefferson Davis" and others, naming five of them, with reward for Mr. Davis of one hundred thousand dollars and smaller amounts for the others. And yet it has long since been shown that not one of the persons named had the smallest connection with the lamentable, the awful event which was grievously deplored throughout the South. Miles might have used this to advantage in contrition.

All questions of honor seem to have been ignored. If, in the exercise of his discretion, Col. Miles, when he saw that Mr. Davis was so much opposed to being manacled, had asked whether he would endeavor to get away, he could but have given full credence to that promise. Then a hundred thousand honorable men and women in the South would have pledged their lives to any promise he would have made. There is no greater farce conceivable than that there could have been any danger whatever if Mr. Davis had gotten away from Fortress Monroe, yet he could not possibly have done that had there been no guards at his cell. When he appealed that a telegram be sent to Washington to save the South humiliation in having their chief representative treated as a common felon, of course he would have given his word that he would not try to escape. There was not, nor has there ever been, a more honorable man in the United States.

He would quickly have sacrificed every earthly possession and his life rather than his honor. Observe his career on through the ordeals that followed until he laid his burdens down, and a record for consistency as a Christian patriot stands without blemish. Recall the cruelty of strong lights and guards with guns in his presence every minute of the time for months and his meditations concerning the deprivation and humiliation of the people who had honored him! It was the most distressing attitude ever occupied by an American citizen, even before his struggle against four burly men who held him as the blacksmith riveted the shackles upon his ankles. This treatment and his deportment united the Southern people in his behalf as they had never been before, and that unity of sentiment has been strengthened through all the intervening years, and the more ardently by those who knew him best.

It was in that crisis that Jefferson Davis exhibited heroism and personal courage never surpassed and only to be compared with another Davis—Sam Davis, the immortal, during his trial and under the shadow of the hangman's noose at Pulaski, Tenn., in 1863. The indignity put upon Mr. Davis was so great that, as the representative of millions of people who had honored him as high as was possible for four years, he begged the guards, under such a vicious commander, to kill him rather than put him in chains. His thorough knowledge of the rights of man under his condition, including his experience as Secretary of War for the United States under President Buchanan, caused him to realize fully the shame of his treatment.

All honor to the memory of Jefferson Davis, and detestation without anger now to the man who so brutally and so unjustly treated him! In the generations of the future Jefferson Davis will rise in the estimation of mankind as surely as that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers."

PROMISE OF A SECTIONAL MILLENNIUM.

There were many excellent speeches made in tribute to William McKinley on the recent birthday anniversary, but the most noted one was by a Republican Congressman from Chicago, Hon. Henry Sherman Boutell. In that tribute to the man who said the time had come when the North should share with the South the care of the graves of Confederate dead Mr. Boutell paid a worthy tribute to the South. Among many other good things, he said:

"No people were ever brought face to face with more utter desolation than that which confronted the men of the South on their return from Appomattox. It was not alone that they had lost the fight; that their ranks had been sadly thinned by the war; that their lands had been laid waste, their property confiscated or destroyed. Their whole social, industrial, and political fabric lay in ruins. Their task was not the hopeful one of restoring an old order, but the well-nigh hopeless one of bringing a new order out of chaos. But they set to work with the courage and patience that create hope and defy failure. And they have triumphed gloriously. To-day they are enjoying the fruits of a victory greater than was ever won in warfare. And we of the North rejoice with them in their prosperity; for are they not our people, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh?"

"The leaders of Southern thought in 1865 accepted the re-

sults of the war, and were willing to set to work to create a new order of things on the ruins of the old. They should have been allowed to retain their natural leadership over the ignorant whites and blacks. The most unfortunate result of our miserable reconstruction policy was that it destroyed the influence of the old leaders, instilled into the minds of the blacks feelings of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness' toward their natural and wisest guides, and arrayed the whites of all classes in solid opposition to the negroes. The fear of ignorant negro domination has persisted long after the danger of such domination has passed, working often an injustice to the negro and always a greater injury to the whites.

"The amelioration of the political situation in the South is a problem that must for years to come tax the wisdom and patience of our greatest statesmen and philanthropists. We of the North have in years past made the solution of this problem more difficult for our Southern brethren. We now owe them generous sympathy and patient forbearance. Their task is a long one, and beset with peculiar difficulties. We should concede that they have done and are doing what we would do under similar circumstances. The solution of this grave and complicated problem cannot be hastened by coercion, threats, or abuse.

"But whatever we of the North may do, whatever the government may accomplish, the real burden of this problem rests on our brethren of the South. In her work of solving this problem the South could have no better, no firmer friend than President Roosevelt; for all that the South needs, besides time, is a square deal, and no one knows better than the President that a square deal for the South means simply intelligent sympathy from Northern men, unprejudiced, even-handed justice from the Federal government."

JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

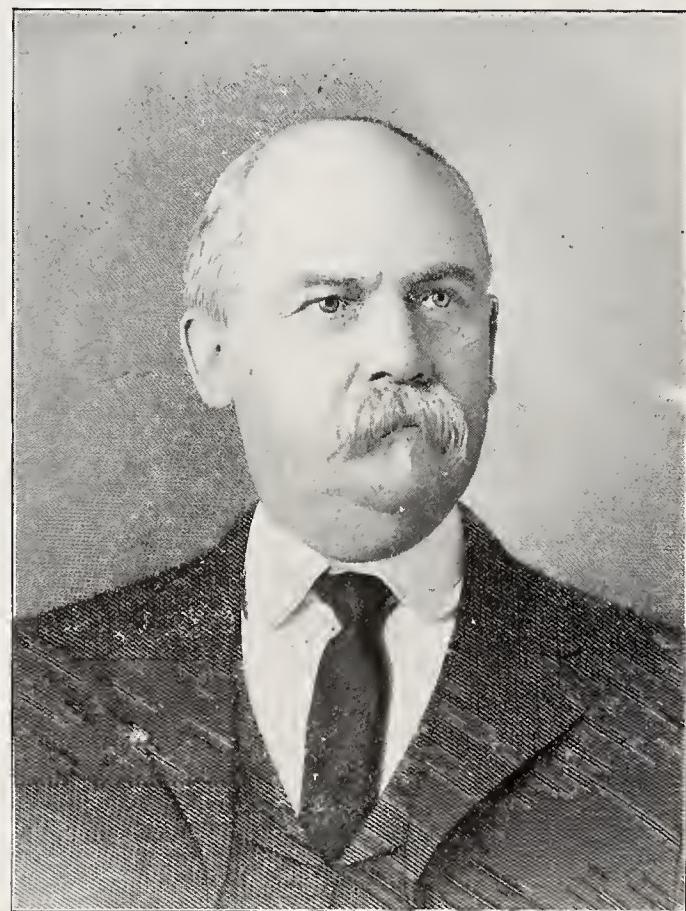
Walter Clark (now Chief Justice of North Carolina), son of Gen. David Clark and Anna M. (Thorne), his wife, was born in Halifax County, N. C., August 19, 1846. He was at the Hillsboro Military Academy, North Carolina, at the breaking out of the war, and in June, 1861, then fourteen years of age, was appointed second lieutenant and drillmaster of the Twenty-Second North Carolina Regiment (Pettigrew's), and accompanied it to Virginia. In July, 1862, he was appointed first lieutenant and adjutant of the Thirty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. M. W. Ransom, later United States Senator.

Adjutant Clark was then not yet sixteen. He was in the Maryland campaign, being slightly wounded at Sharpsburg in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, and was with his command on Marye's Heights at the first battle of Fredericksburg, when his brigade (Ransom's) aided in rolling back successive charges of the Federal line, among them Meagher's famous Irish brigade. In the summer of 1863, his brigade having been ordered to North Carolina to recruit, he resigned; and, having kept up his studies in camp, he joined the senior class at the North Carolina University, where he graduated with the first honor in his class June 2, 1864. The next day he was elected major of the Sixth North Carolina Battalion, and on July 3, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the Seventieth North Carolina Regiment (First Junior Reserves), being at that time seventeen years of age and the youngest officer of his rank in either army.

In October, 1864, he was commandant of the post at Wil-

liamston, the command embracing four companies of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of artillery, at the head of which he followed the enemy to Jamesville November 1. He was at the repulse of the enemy's gunboats at Poplar Point, on the Roanoke River, Christmas Day, 1864. His brigade having been assigned to Hoke's Division, he, with his regiment, shared in the repulse of Schofield at Southwest Creek March 8, 1865. At the three days' battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19-21, 1865, he commanded the skirmish line of his brigade, and held his ground when the skirmish lines of the other brigades of his division were driven in on March 21. He surrendered with the army of Joseph E. Johnston at High Point, N. C., and was paroled May 2, 1865.

He became superior court judge in 1885, and ascended the supreme court bench in 1889. In 1894 he was renominated by



JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

all three political parties, and elected unanimously. In 1902 he was nominated by the Democratic party for chief justice, and was elected for a term of eight years, beginning January 1, 1903. In 1874 he married the only daughter of W. A. Graham, Governor of North Carolina, Secretary of United States Navy, United States, then Confederate States Senator.

Judge Clark, now chief justice of his State, has done more historical work, perhaps, than any other who served the Confederacy. He edited the five large, handsome volumes of over three thousand pages, containing comprehensive histories of the many regiments and battalions of North Carolina Confederate troops. This work was published by the State, and is a credit to North Carolina and to the South.

His distinction as a Confederate and his worthy aspiration to be useful to his fellows are illustrated by his selection as chief justice of his patriotic State, purest of all in its Anglo-Saxon blood.

WAR PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY COL. GEORGE H. MOFFETT, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

I think some record should be made of the experiences of Confederate soldiers in Federal prisons. This is especially true in view of the many exaggerated stories set afloat by Northern writers of the hardships endured at Andersonville. The impartial historians of the future want facts only, facts that have not been colored by prejudice and have not been set down in malice. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is doing a good work in making a record of actual occurrences during the War between the States, and a hundred years hence its files will be sought by the impartial historian as one of the most reliable sources of information from the fact that it will give the personal experiences and testimony of men who were actual participants.

A military prison is no palace, nor is it a pleasure resort. This is true of all wars in all times and among all nations. The code of war prescribes humane treatment to prisoners, yet the degree of humanity may be governed by conditions. It is an accepted rule that the prisoner shall not be entitled to more consideration than the captor is able to bestow upon himself. And therein lies the degree of guilt in the comparative treatment of Union and Confederate prisoners. The Southern Confederacy was poor, its resources limited and rapidly diminishing, and it was shut out from all the rest of the world. It must also be borne in mind that Federal prisoners in Southern prisons were not exposed to the climatic rigors endured by Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons. The Federal Government was rich, its resources unlimited, and it had all the world to draw upon. If there was an exercise of inhumanity, the Confederate government may have had an excuse. The Federal government had none.

My experience as a prisoner of war in Federal prison pens covered a period of eighteen months—from December 21, 1863, to June 20, 1865. For the first two months I was confined in Camp Chase, and the remainder of the time in Fort Delaware. I was captured by Gen. Averill's forces on their return from the Salem raid in December, 1863, and was taken across mountains covered with snow and ice for a distance of over one hundred miles to Grafton, on the B. and O. Railroad, from whence we were transported by rail to Columbus, Ohio. While we suffered many hardships on the forced march across the mountains in midwinter, I had no reason to complain of the treatment received from our captors. They were veteran soldiers who had seen a great deal of service. Consequently they were respectful in their behavior, and shared their scanty rations with us. Our hardships on that march were merely incident to the conditions of war. It was not until we got away from them and into prison pens that the régime of inhumanity began.

I entered Camp Chase in the early morning of the first day of January, 1864, a day still remembered in that locality as the cold New Year. When we stepped from the cars and were lined up on the station platform at Columbus at about three o'clock in the morning, the thermometer was twenty-four degrees below zero and a stiff gale blowing. There were eighty prisoners in the bunch, and most of them scantly attired. The four-mile tramp across the bleak Scioto bottoms to Camp Chase in the face of that cutting cold wind was an event in our prison experience never to be forgotten. Sometimes I wonder if the young men of this day and generation could endure such ordeals. When we arrived at the prison, it was not yet daylight; and, as there was a standing order that

there should be neither light nor fire in the prison between nine o'clock in the evening and daylight next morning, we were drawn up in front of the provost marshal's office on the outside of the prison, and stood there in the cold nearly an hour before being admitted to the inclosure. In the meantime the provost and assistants employed the time in taking down our names, the commands we belonged to, the rank of the various prisoners, etc., for entry on the prison register. It was not cheerful tidings when the officials informed us that two of the sentries had frozen to death on their posts that night. Nor was it more cheering when at the early light we were admitted to the prison inclosure and saw men carrying out in blankets the dead bodies of prisoners. While we were not given positive information as to the cause of their death, we had our suspicions. Altogether it was a chilly New Year's reception for us.

Camp Chase was an improvised prison, constructed hastily for war purposes, and yet in many respects it was the most comfortable of all the Northern prisons. I can testify from actual experience that it was far superior for the habitation of prisoners to Fort Delaware. It may be of interest to the readers of the VETERAN to know something of the general plan and régime of Camp Chase. It was built on an open plain, where the winds had a fair sweep in winter and the sun rays an unobstructed descent in summer. The inclosure was a high board wall with a parapet on top, along which sentinels constantly paced backward and forth. Within this inclosure lay the prison village of rough board cabins, situated in rows with narrow streets between. They were single-room cabins, the walls built of undressed boards set upright and without joints, while the floors were rough plank loosely laid, and a roof overhead. There were a door and a small window at one side. Each cabin was about fifteen feet square, and the furnishings were a cooking stove, in which wood was used for fuel, two stools, and a small rough pine table; while at the rear the sleeping bunks in double tier were arranged against the wall. There was no bedding, except one blanket allotted to each prisoner. By adopting the triune fashion we had one blanket to spread on the rough boards and two for covering.

The diet was plain, yet the only fault we ever found was in the scarcity of it. When officials were asked to increase the quantity, the only reply was that they were doing the best they could for us under their instructions. It was not until we had been transferred to Fort Delaware that I learned in an authentic way that the "short ration" order had emanated from Washington—of which I will speak later. Rations were issued to us every third day, and we had to do our own cooking. We had a few cooking utensils, and each man was supplied with a tin plate, a tin cup, and an iron or pewter spoon. Our rations usually consisted of salt pork, with an occasional variation of either fresh or pickled beef, beans, and hominy. Once in a while, just to enjoy the novelty of a full stomach, we would eat up the three days' rations in one day, and then fast two. But experience taught us that that was an injurious system, so the rule was to spread out the short rations over the three days.

Twenty-four men were assigned to each cabin for prison quarters. We divided off into relays for cooks, dishwashers, etc., and thus managed to keep house after our peculiar fashion. As we had neither books nor newspapers, our principal occupation was indulging in reminiscences of better and happier days. If there had been a Federal victory anywhere, the guards were sure to let us know of it; but we never heard

of Confederate victories, except from new prisoners who were brought in from time to time.

Prison discipline was very strict and rigidly enforced. The slightest infringement of prison rules often brought lamentable consequences. I recall a pathetic illustration of this fact. A fresh prisoner, who was ignorant of the rule relating to the extinguishment of fires and lights, was turned into the prison one cold morning, and, having a match in his pocket, struck it with the intention of kindling a fire in the stove. The sentinel on the parapet, who saw the light through the window, fired immediately and killed the poor fellow. I witnessed a similar occurrence the next summer at Fort Delaware, where a young man merely threw a cup of water from the window, when a guard on the outside fired upon him, the ball passing through his neck, killing him instantly.

The prisoners of war were not the only living things in Camp Chase. There were bedbugs, "graybacks," and rats—all innumerable. Did we eat rats? I answer affirmatively, and will say further that in our opinion the Chinese are right when they class rat meat as a delicacy. A "rat killing" was about the only real amusement we had. Fresh meat, regardless of the species, was too much of a rarity among these hungry men to be discarded on account of an old prejudice. When properly dressed and fried in pork grease, a rat has the exact flavor of a squirrel. The uninitiated would never know the difference.

There was a good deal of sickness in the prison during the winter, principally smallpox and pneumonia; but it is only just to the prison surgeons to say they performed their duties well, and I was told that the hospital arrangements were fairly good. Still the death rate was heavy, mainly due to the debilitated condition of the men when stricken down with disease and to the rigors of the climate.

We endeavored to buoy up our spirits with the hope of a speedy exchange, for we had not yet learned of the "non-exchange" policy adopted by the Federal government as a means of depleting the Southern armies. If a Northern soldier was captured, they could readily fill his place by the enlistment of a foreign recruit. If a Southern soldier was taken prisoner and held, he was as good as dead, for there was no one to fill his place in the field. It may have been an effective policy; nevertheless it was barbarous.

Instead of an exchange, there came a transfer from bad to worse. Early in March there were rumors that John Morgan was out on another raid, and was expected to make a dash to release the prisoners at Camp Chase. Hence there was a cleaning out of the prison. A part of the prisoners were shipped to Johnson's Island, while the remainder of us, about five hundred in number, were transferred to Fort Delaware. One day we were marched over to Columbus, where we were placed in box cars and shipped to Pittsburg. At that point we were transferred from the box cars to old passenger coaches on the Pennsylvania road and forwarded to Philadelphia, and from that place transported by steamer down the Delaware River to our future prison. Nothing of note occurred in transit, except that from Pittsburg to Philadelphia I occupied a seat with a fellow-prisoner named McGowan, of East Tennessee, who was a very sick man, and required all the attention I could give him. There was no place for him to lie down, so I had to make a pillow of my shoulder, and he reclined there all night. When daylight came I was horror-struck to find him thickly broken out with smallpox, and he died soon after reaching Fort Delaware. I had been exposed more or less to this dreaded disease during my stay at Camp

Chase, but had relied upon a successful vaccination in my childhood to make me immune. But this was to be the crucial test, for he had lain with his face touching mine, and all the night I had breathed the contagious poison in that overheated car. Naturally, I watched the "nine-day" limit with anxiety, and sure enough I awoke in the night of the eighth day with the unmistakable symptoms. The next morning I asked my bunkmates not to report my case to the prison surgeon unless it became absolutely necessary, as I had a horror of pesthouses. They respected my wishes, and, while the attack was comparatively light, I got through it without taking a drop of medicine or having seen a doctor.

Fort Delaware is situated at the head of Delaware Bay, about fifty miles below Philadelphia, and commands the entrance to the harbor of that city. It is a strong fortress, built of stone, manned with heavy artillery, and is said to have been built many years ago under the direct supervision of Gen. James Longstreet, who was at that time a lieutenant of engineers in the regular army. It stands about the center of the stream on a piece of land containing about ninety acres, known as Pea Patch Island, and there is an equal distance of water on one side to the Delaware shore and on the other side to the New Jersey shore, being a stretch of about two miles to the nearest land. The fort proper was not used for prison purposes except in exceptional cases, when some unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to solitary confinement. The prison barracks were at the south end of the little island, on a low piece of ground immediately under the guns of the fort. The prison buildings looked like long cow sheds, with narrow spaces between the rows, and these narrow, open spaces were our only exercise ground. Each building, or "cow shed," was about three hundred feet long, divided into compartments by board partitions, and each compartment, or division, was occupied by four hundred prisoners. There were eight or ten rows of these "cow sheds," and each row divided into four compartments. Each division was named after the State from which the occupants hailed; for instance, there were four Virginia divisions, a Louisiana division, two Tennessee divisions, etc., and each division under the immediate charge of a sergeant or corporal, who was subordinate to the commissioned officers in charge of the whole barracks. There was also a partition wall separating the officers' barracks from the quarters of the privates and noncommissioned officers, and no communication allowed between them. The whole was surrounded by a high plank wall with parapets on top for the sentinel guards, while another line of guards surrounded the inclosure, and still a third detachment of guards were on constant duty inside the prison inclosure.

Inside the barracks was a triple tier of sleeping bunks on each side, lengthwise thereof, with a narrow aisle between the rows of bunks. In this aisle were two small coal stoves, one near each end, and these furnished the only warmth in that open, barnlike structure for a division containing four hundred men. They seemed to have acted upon Col. Sellers's idea—that all that was needed for warmth was the appearance of heat. The buildings were of the type I have described at Camp Chase, only more barnlike in appearance, cheaply constructed of rough boards set upright without joints, giving free ingress to the cold winds through innumerable cracks and crevices. They were cold in winter and hot in summer. The one-blanket-to-the-man rule was enforced here, as at Camp Chase, with this difference: at Camp Chase, if a man had an overcoat, he was allowed to retain it; at Fort Delaware it was taken from him.

After our arrival at Fort Delaware it did not take us long to realize that we had indeed come from bad to worse. The conditions at Camp Chase were bad enough, but infinitely worse at Fort Delaware. The latter, on account of its unhealthy location, had been condemned by a competent military tribunal as unfit for prison uses, yet the Federal government continued to use it for prison purposes until the close of the war. But to our mind the main difference was in the character of treatment received by the prisoners, and this was probably due to the difference in the temperament of the commanding officer. At Camp Chase the commander, Col. Webber, was a soldier with gentlemanly instincts, and, although hampered by instructions from the War Department, I have always believed he did the best for us that he could under his instructions. At Fort Delaware the commanding officer was of a different type. He was a Hessian brute.

If these minute details as to prison buildings and conditions have been wearisome, I will say by way of apology that I have given them for a double purpose: First, that the reader may have an intelligent understanding of our environments; secondly, inasmuch as the old prison buildings have all been removed, and the ground since adorned and beautified, the visitor to Fort Delaware to-day, without the aid of these records, could hardly realize that upon this fair spot of land could have been enacted the horrible cruelties which I am about to relate, or that in those days the most tender appellation the prisoners could apply to that spot of ground was to call it "Hell's Half Acre."

I have said the discipline at Camp Chase was strict, and strictly enforced. At Fort Delaware the discipline was brutal, and brutally enforced. For the slightest infraction of discipline, and sometimes without any cause, except from the malicious whim or caprice of a guard or officer, the most humiliating punishments were inflicted, usually accompanied by the severest torture. A common form of punishment was to "buck and gag" the victim. This was done by placing a gag in his mouth, then pinioning his arms behind him and running a stick through between the elbows and back. In this helpless condition the prisoner was thrown to the ground and left to lie there a whole day exposed to the broiling sun or to the chill of a wintry atmosphere, according to the season. But their most popular penal system was to hang up the victim by the thumbs—or "thumb-hanging," as it was technically known. In the passway between the mess hall and kitchen a number of swings were suspended, such as you see in the ordinary gymnasium. To these swings was a cord and pulley attachment. The process was to loop the cord over the two thumbs, and then with the use of the pulley to draw up the victim until his toes barely touched the earth. In this agonizing strain he would be suspended for hours. This was a daily occurrence, and I have seen six or eight "thumb-hangers" suspended at a time. Their fellow-prisoners were unable to relieve their torture or even speak a word of sympathy, for a guard stood by to shoot any one who interfered in their behalf. I was told by those who had undergone the punishment that the agony was inexpressible. There were numerous instances of dislocated shoulders and joints, thumbs would be cut to the bone by the tight cords, and in some cases mortification would set in and the thumbs would have to be amputated.

There were other modes of punishment, but the variety was so great and the victims so numerous that if I undertook to tell all it would fill volumes. Yet there was one instance in which the ludicrous was so closely allied to the pathetic

that I cannot refrain from making mention of it. Occasionally a bunch of prisoners would be taken out to do menial service on the island or around the fort. While this in a way was humiliating, yet there was always some glad enough to avail of this opportunity for an "outing" and to breathe an atmosphere beyond prison walls. One day a batch of prisoners was taken out to assist in unloading a steamer lying at the wharf and to carry the cargo of commissary supplies into the fort. In this batch was a bright-faced, curly-haired boy of about eighteen years of age, whose home, as I remember, was down about Lynchburg, Va., and who had been captured at Spottsylvania. When he got to the wharf, he was loaded up with an armful of bacon hams to carry into the fort. As he traversed the steep ascent leading to the fortress, pressed by the urgency of hunger, he dug out with his thumb and fingers little scraps of bacon, which he ate. He was detected by a guard, who reported him to the officer in charge, and the sentence for this petty offense on the part of the starving lad was that he should be given one of the raw hams and be compelled to pace a sentinel's beat, under charge of successive sentinels, until he had eaten the whole of it. There was to be no rest, no stop, no relaxation until all of the ham had been devoured. The boy performed his task bravely, for under the surveillance of an armed guard he tramped along that beat the remainder of the day, through the night, and into the next day, gnawing away at the raw ham until nothing was left but the bone. It is unnecessary to add that the cruelty of this method of punishment was as fantastic as it was fatal.

I will not stop to relate the multiplicity of humiliations and cruelties inflicted by that demon censor of the prison, nicknamed "Old Hackout," who hobbled in and out at all times of the day and night, carrying a big club which he wielded right and left, hitting anybody or everybody who might be in his reach. During the summer months it was a custom to march the prisoners into a little triangular space lying between the bay and the prison barracks, when they were herded like sheep in the market while the officers were searching the vacant barracks for contraband articles. Search day, as it was known, was always announced by the prison censor hobbling in and crying out in a loud voice: "Hack out! hack out!" It was thus he acquired his nickname.

I come now to the most mournful part of my story and the most tragical. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, to my mind it has never had a parallel in fiendish atrocity. I refer to their system of killing prisoners of war by a process of slow starvation. Upon entering the prison inclosure at Fort Delaware one of the first sights that greeted my eyes was a posted order, or bulletin, emanating from the War Department at Washington. After this lapse of time I will not undertake to recite the exact words of that remarkable order, but I do undertake to give its exact substance. I read it, then reread it again and again until its contents so blistered themselves upon my memory that the scars are still legible. Hence, there can be no mistake in my recollection of it. It began by reciting that it was "a retaliatory measure" in retaliation for hardships imposed upon Union soldiers confined in Rebel prisons, and then proceeded with instructions to commanders of Federal prison posts to reduce the diet of Rebel prisoners under their charge to one-fourth of the regulation allowance for army rations, and to allow no luxuries nor permit surplus comforts. The order was signed "E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War," and was attested by "A. Schoepf, Brigadier General Commanding" and by "G. W. Ahl, Assistant Adjutant General."

When I first read it, I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Was it possible that there was a civilized government on earth willing to place itself on record in practicing such an enormous barbarity? But there it was in legible characters posted up against the outside wall of the mess hall, near the entrance, in full view of all who cared to stop and read it. Probably the original of that order may be found to-day buried somewhere beneath the musty files of the War Department unless, possibly, some one merciful to civilization had the goodness of heart to destroy it. Yet it is a singular fact that in all the war histories I have read—and I have read many—I have seen no reference to it. Nor have I been able to find it in examination of the so-called "War Records" issued by the government. Perhaps it is better that it should have been buried with its author.

The following relation of actual facts will show how cordially the commander at Fort Delaware accepted the mandate of this order in the spirit which actuated it. The system of issuing rations at Fort Delaware differed from the custom at Camp Chase, in that they were cooked when issued. There was a large mess hall with narrow tables, only one plank wide, extending in rows from one end of the hall to the other. There were no dishes, not even a tin plate or pewter spoon. A ration for each man was placed on the table, and these rations about a foot apart. The prisoners were marched in by divisions, entering the hall by a door at one end of the hall and making their exit by another door at the other end. When a division of men entered the hall they were lined up by one of the tables, when each man picked up the ration assigned him; then they filed out of the other door and back to their barracks. Division after division was served in this way at each meal.

There were only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner, so-called. The breakfast was served from eight to nine o'clock and dinner from two to three. There was no supper. To show how literally the "no-luxury" part of the order was fulfilled, I will say that during my confinement of over fifteen months in Fort Delaware not a drop of coffee was served to the prisoners, nor did we even smell coffee. But it was not so much from the denial of luxuries as from the scantiness of the food served that we suffered. Here is the bill of fare for each and every day: Our breakfast consisted solely of one slice of bread and one small slice of meat, making in quantity and substance about a five-cent sandwich, such as can ordinarily be had at a cheap restaurant. No more, but liable at times to be less and without any liquid to wash it down except the green, brackish water we drew from the old tank in the prison yard, which furnished our sole water supply. The only variation in this breakfast fare was the occasional substitution of three small army crackers, or "hard-tack," for the slice of bread, and sometimes the little slice of meat was omitted so as to make it a dry morsel of bread or three little "hard-tacks," as the case might be. The dinner was an exact duplication of the breakfast, with the addition of about a pint of what they called soup—in reality the water in which the meats had been cooked—with a few beans or a little rice stirred in. These two feeds, miscalled meals, constituted our total daily supply.

There was just enough to keep the appetite whetted without satisfying it, causing a gradual lowering of vitality, an ever-increasing hunger—in short, a protracted starvation. It is a horribly excruciating form of suffering to be hungry, hungry, hungry all the time—just enough food to sharpen the appetite, but never enough to satisfy that everlasting gnawing sensa-

tion at the stomach. When a person dies of starvation caused from a total lack of food, there is a shorter limit to the suffering. But here the starvation process was long drawn out, all the more agonizing because of its protracted duration. We were hungry all the time, and the little food we got made us still more hungry. The slice of bread and the slice of meat were gulped down with a longing for more. But that was the limit to the supply, and as the days rolled by into weeks and the weeks into months there was no cessation of that perpetual gnawing sensation, unless death or sickness intervened to relieve the torture. As the vitality lowered from insufficiency of food and the consequent nerve exhaustion the brain sympathized with the empty stomach, until this hunger became a mania. It filled our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. Men would sit around in groups, indulging in reminiscences of bygone days when they had plenty of good eating. One remembered a Christmas dinner when the table groaned with good things; another recalled a certain wedding feast; still another would tell of the big peach cobblers and apple dumplings his mother made; and so the talk went the rounds, until the big-hearted Scotchman, McAlpin, would bring an end to these reminiscences with the remark: "What is the use of talking about all those things now, when I would be perfectly content to be my dog at home eating from the slop pail?" Then at night there would be dreams of roast turkey, plum puddings, of fruits clustering in the arbors, of strawberries growing wild; but just as the hand was reached forth to seize the tempting viands the dream vanished. The prisoner would turn over on his hard bunk to dream it over again. And this, too, in a land of plenty!

And, as if to intensify the tantalization of the situation, officers and guards would frequently come into the prison enclosure eating fruits, apples, or oranges, and then scatter the peelings around to see the famished prisoners scuffle for them. A favorite form of this malicious tantalizing process was to come in with a large slice of watermelon and eat it in the presence of the hungry prisoners. All eyes were riveted upon the luscious melon, jaws would drop and mouths water, but all they could get were the scattered fragments of the rind thrown out to them like bones to dogs.

Out of the hundreds and thousands of such instances, I will cite only one for example. There was Bob Rankin. He was one of those good boys who never had an evil thought. I had known Bob back in the halcyon days of childhood. We had played together, had hunted together, had been in the war together, were captured together, and up to this time had shared our prison privations together. I had known Bob's father, a fine type of the sterling Virginia farmer, a man of good breeding and dignified manners. I knew his mother to be a tender, loving, and lovable Christian woman. Possibly at that very moment these two old people, away down in their Virginia home, as they looked into each other's eyes, each saw in the expression the same anxious inquiry: "Where is our boy to-day? Does he still live?" There was Bob before me just out there in the prison yard, that narrow space between the "cow sheds" I have spoken of as our only exercise ground. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the mud was nearly ankle deep. As Bob sauntered along slowly, barely dragging one leg after the other, there was a lean and hungry look on his face. The few clothes he had on were in tatters, and he was barefooted. Suddenly the toe struck something that was quickly prized up through the mud. Upon the discovery that it was something to eat, I saw the look of delight that flashed across Bob's face as he

grabbed for it. It was a great big piece of watermelon rind. Without scarcely taking time to brush the mud away he fell to devouring it, and gulp after gulp it went down, until all had disappeared. A few days later Bob was taking his long sleep over in the bogs and quagmires of New Jersey. I missed him, yet somehow I derived a melancholy sort of comfort from the thought that Bob had died with a full stomach.

The cruelty in all this was that it should have occurred in a land teeming with abundance. As we looked out through our little pigeonhole windows across the bay to the Delaware side we could see golden fields of wheat waving in the sunlight, the corn in the ear, orchards laden with fruit, and cattle grazing in the green pastures. We knew that all the markets of the world were open to these people. Yet in the midst of plenty they denied to these helpless prisoners sufficient food to appease the pangs of hunger. And thus we reasoned that their cruelty was willful and deliberate.

Is it a wonder that at times the heart rebelled? But not for long, because above everything else we had a solemn realization that in God was our only trust. Still, death was a relief to those who could die. I did not pray to die, but I did ask that my appetite be taken away or for anything to lessen the torturing pangs of slow starvation. And in good time my request was granted.

The summer was very hot; and the heat, together with the bad water and foul atmosphere, multiplied sickness. It was the latter part of July when I was stricken down and carried out in a blanket to the hospital, where I spent the first night on the floor, because there was no vacant cot, in an establishment which had accommodations for over eight hundred patients. The nurse was kind enough to tell me that there would be plenty of vacant cots by morning, and I understood the significance of the remark. It was amply verified, and above the cot on which I was placed the next morning there still remained the card containing the name of the patient who had died during the night. I wondered if I was soon to follow him down into the "dead house" in the basement of the hospital building, where the dead were deposited each day and night to be taken out the next morning for burial over in New Jersey (where the prison cemetery was located). In tidiness and general cleanliness, the hospital was in pleasant contrast to the old barracks where I had lodged so long. Notwithstanding its overcrowded condition, the nurses were attentive in their ministrations, and a surgeon visited each ward twice a day. The medical department was the one redeeming feature of the prison. While the hospital diet was light, as a matter of course, consisting of milk, broths, toast, and jellies, yet it was daintily prepared and served. To my mind it was the one bright spot in a long line of darkness. The only inconvenience was from crowding the cots closely together in order to meet the urgent demands for hospital accommodation, and even then sick men died in the barracks because there was no room for them in the hospital.

The mortality was excessive. Two of my bunkmates had been brought into the hospital just the day before, all of us stricken with the same malady, yet before the end of the week both of them had died. In reply to an inquiry as to the death rate in the hospital, the steward told me that for the months of June and July it averaged over seventy deaths per day. I believed him, for I had the ocular demonstration. Each morning at an early hour carts would rattle up to the "dead house" just underneath our ward and would haul the dead to the wharf, where they were placed on a little steamer

and ferried over to the Jersey shore for burial. I recall one morning when by actual count seventy-two pine coffins containing dead bodies were loaded into the carts and taken away.

My hospital sojourn gave a good opportunity to study death in its many varied forms, until the death rattle became the most familiar sound. Men were dying all around me every day and every night, and almost every hour of the day or night. Some died in delirium, while other passed away as if falling into gentle slumber. But whether in delirium or calm repose, usually the last words were of home and of the dear folks down there. From out of the multitude of pathetic deathbed scenes I recall one which impressed me with its psychological features. Do the dying have a presentiment of the exact time when the soul will quit the body? He was a young Mississippian who occupied a cot in close proximity to my own, with whom I often conversed. He seemed to be enamored with the idea that an exchange of prisoners was to take place soon, and usually it was the theme of his conversation. He detailed to me many plans he had in mind of what he was going to do when he got back to Dixie. One afternoon I observed that he was unusually restless, tossing from one side to the other, until the bedding was all disarranged. It was during the period of my convalescence, and twice I got up and arranged his sheets and smoothed down the pillows for him. The last time I performed this service he asked the time of day. Looking out of the window to the sun, I replied that it lacked about two hours of sunset. Then he remarked: "Well, I have just two hours longer to be with you." I asked him what he meant by that remark. In a perfectly composed tone he replied: "I shall go out just as the sun goes down." I was lying on my cot about two hours later when I heard the boom of the sunset gun fired from the fort. Instinctively my gaze turned toward the young Mississippian. I saw the eyelids closing slowly as if into quiet sleep, but he had ceased to breathe. The prisoner of war had at last been exchanged.

Before I had fully recovered, but sufficiently convalesced to walk without assistance, I went back into the barracks, in order to make room in the hospital for some poor sufferer who needed medical attention more than I did. Upon my return to the barracks I found, to my inexpressible joy, that my appetite was gone. God had been good to me. It is a singular fact that the walls of the stomach seemed to have contracted to fit the "one-fourth" ration. It is true I continued to be weak and debilitated. I had shriveled and shrunken into a walking skeleton, yet the hunger pains were gone. Nor did they ever return in the excruciating form I have hitherto described.

The summer ripened into autumn, the autumn passed into another winter—so cold, cheerless, and desolate—the spring-time came again, and with it tidings of the fall of the Confederacy. But it was not until in the early summer an order came for the release of all prisoners of war.

On the morning of the 20th of June, 1865, I was called out to the provost's office to subscribe to my "amnesty," and when this was performed I was told that I was again a free man. Strange as it may seem to the reader, the announcement of our release excited no enthusiasm among the freed prisoners. Possibly our long and miserable confinement had made us callous to events. All the buoyancy of youth was gone. At sixteen years of age I had quitted college to go into the war, and had just recently passed my twentieth birthday when released from Fort Delaware. I felt that the best period of

my young manhood had been a wasted existence. Then again, we were men without a country. Our storm-cradled nation, once challenging the gaze of the world, had fallen to rise no more. With that feeling of being aliens in a strange land, it is no wonder that our heartstrings were tuneless now or that our home-going should have been shadowed by solemn reflections.

Within two hours from my release we were on a vessel steaming up the Delaware to Wilmington, where we took a train for Baltimore, to be again transferred to an old transport vessel which carried us down the Chesapeake to Fortress Monroe. Then another transfer to a smaller steamer, which took us up the James River, landing us at Richmond in the afternoon of the third day.

Back again in Dixie Land? But O how changed, and how different from what we had dreamed or hoped! It was a land of ruins. Yet in its desolation the dear old land seemed dearer to us than in the days of prosperity.

"Dear old Southland!

Much have we loved her in her glorious past,
Our lingering breath shall bless her to the last;
Though all her suns be sunk and all her stars be set,
And storm and darkness reign, we love her yet."

Col. Moffett, the author of the foregoing remarkable story, penned it evidently in sorrow rather than in anger. It is a record clear as sunlight, and it should be preserved.

LEE CAMP DINNER BY NEW YORK CAMP.

The fifteenth annual dinner of the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New York, in honor of Gen. R. E. Lee, was held in the large banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria January 25.

This annual entertainment, having become the great social event of the Southerners in New York, was as usual largely attended. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen dined at tables, and the boxes were filled with others. The guests and members occupied two hundred and eleven of the two hundred and twenty-eight tables in the great dining room.

Prior to the formal proceedings Commander Owen proposed a toast to the health of Mrs. Davis and to the memory of Jefferson Davis, which was drunk standing.

Of the announced toasts, the first was to "The President and the Army and Navy of the United States. As Aaron and Hur upheld the hands of Moses, so do the army and navy uphold the President." Another was to the memory of Robert E. Lee. Gov. A. J. Montague, of Virginia, spoke of "Lee as a Citizen," and Hon. A. C. Braxton, of Virginia, made an address upon the soldiers of the Confederacy, whose valor no geographical lines can circumscribe. Of the music, "Auld Lang Syne," "Bold Soldier Boy," "A Hot Time in the Old Town," and "My Virginia Sweetheart" were enjoyed.

Maj. Edward Owen was the originator of these annual dinners, with ladies present dining with the gentlemen. The first one was held at the Windsor Hotel in January, 1899. Since then they have been held at the Waldorf-Astoria, and are now recognized as one of the greatest social events of the city.

The Camp has made great progress under Maj. Owen as Commander. In 1897 and 1898 it numbered about one hundred and fifty members; now there are nearly four hundred members.

At the eighth annual dinner, in January, 1898, Maj. Owen was presented with a handsome repeater watch as a token of the appreciation of the Camp for the great service he had

rendered, and at the twelfth annual dinner, at the Waldorf-Astoria, he was presented a beautiful gold, diamond-studded commander's badge. This last presentation was a special compliment, in addition to the past commander's badge, and in recognition of his service in the advancement of the Camp.

The New York Camp was organized in 1890. The originators were Rev. W. W. Page, John F. Black, W. S. Keiley, J. R. McNulty, Joe H. Stewart, S. W. Jones, and Edward Owen. Maj. Owen was originally Paymaster and Secretary of the Executive Committee from that time until chosen commander, and in both offices he worked diligently for the interests of the Camp. In many engrossed resolutions of the Camp he has been honored. Prior to 1898 he declined the position of commander, but that year he accepted, and he has been reelected commander unanimously each year since.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

BY JAMES BEESON, HYTOP, ALA.

I see several mistakes in accounts of battles and troops in the VETERAN of late, and, as I presume it is your purpose to give facts for future historians, I ask space for corrections. One account of the Tennessee troops says that there were but three regiments from that State in the Army of Northern Virginia—the First, Third, and Seventeenth. There may not have been any but those three that remained there through the war, but I know that the Second, commanded by Col. Savage, was in Virginia in 1861 and on the battlefield of Manassas July 21.

I served in Company H, First Arkansas Regiment, from the beginning until July 12, 1864, when I was wounded through the right foot and rendered unable for field duty. The Second Tennessee was in the same brigade (Holms's, of Beauregard's Division) in Virginia and also with us the war through. Both regiments were transferred to the Army of Tennessee after the fall of Fort Donelson, and organized with that army just before the battle of Shiloh. We served in Walker's Brigade, Anderson's Division, through the Kentucky campaign and until the reorganization at Eagleville just before the battle of Murfreesboro. After that we served in L. E. Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, until the end, and the Second Tennessee was with us all the time.

Another writer says that thirty-three thousand Confederates defeated twenty-eight thousand Federals at Manassas on July 21, 1861. I am not prepared to dispute this statement, not knowing the numbers actually engaged on either side; but I should like to know where the other forty-seven thousand of McDowell's army were while that engagement was going on. The Confederates probably had thirty-three thousand on the field, and the combined forces of Beauregard and Johnston were between thirty-five and forty thousand; but the entire forces of an army are hardly ever engaged. But it is improbable that but little more than one-third of McDowell's "Army of the Potomac" were engaged in that battle.

Another writer speaks of Liddell's Division at Chickamauga. Cleburne's Division was composed of four brigades, Polk's, Granbury's, Liddell's, and Lowry's. Gen. Cleburne was in command of his division there. I personally saw him when we formed for the night battle Saturday about sunset and twice on Sunday after the battle opened.

Please don't fail to send a list of such persons as you think would appreciate copies of the VETERAN and who might desire to subscribe for it. Send also addresses of VETERANS who can't pay for it.

SERVANTS IN PRISON.

Capt. A. O. P. Nicholson, Columbia, Tenn., writes of two:

"In the interesting article of Dr Gourney's Battalion of Artillery in the January VETERAN the writer speaks of Capt. Hewett's servant as 'Bill.' His name was Dick, and he was faithful and loyal to his master to the end. The Federal officers at Johnson's Island offered all kinds of inducements to get Dick to leave Capt. Hewett and take service with them, but he stoutly declined, preferring to remain in prison and share the hardships with his master. They refused to issue him any rations, but each of us divided our own meager supply, which gave him a portion equal to ours. Dick was exchanged with his master only a short time before the surrender, and Capt. Hewett died soon after reaching Dixie."

"There was another faithful slave in Johnson's Island named John, who belonged to Capt. J. R. Wilson, now living in Florence, Ala. He also went through the hardships of prison with his master rather than accept his freedom and remunerative service from the Federals. John went out on exchange with his master, and lived for some years after the war, until his death, on the plantation of Capt. Wilson, in Mississippi. It is needless to say that John never wanted for anything his master could supply."

"How MEN WERE CROWDED IN PRISON.

"In my room, a space 10x12 in Block 2, room No. 10, were Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon, New Orleans, La., and Capt. J. P. Mumford, Bayou Sara, La., of the First Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. Col. C. S. Robertson, Bolivar, Tenn., and Maj. H. C. Bate, Gallatin, Tenn., of the First Confederate Cavalry; Capt. R. M. Hewett and his servant Dick, of Mile's Legion, New Orleans; Lieut. Harry Grimshaw, Seventh Louisiana Infantry; Lieut. William Minor, of Houma, La.; Lieut. F. B. Connor, of Natchez, Miss., aid-de-camp to Gen. W. T. Martin; and Capt. George Ralston, Withers's Artillery, Natchez, Miss.

"Of all these noble fellows, with whom I spent about two years, I don't know of any living, save Maj. Bate, of Nashville, Tenn., and myself. If there are any others, I should be glad to hear from them."

HOW SOME HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

BY J. W. MINNICH.

The old saying is true that "no matter how many may witness an event," no two will see it exactly alike. In the December, 1903, number of the VETERAN "J. D. J." describes the perilous ride of Lieut. Joe Davis near Knoxville. It was certainly a nervy thing to do "within thirty yards of their guns" (?), or even a hundred, which was more probable; but it is inconceivable how any one could ride along a whole or even a half brigade front and have them all turn loose at him at thirty yards and yet not bring down either man or horse. I don't intend to dispute either J. D. J.'s assertion or his figures; it is on another point. He says that Lieut. Davis's escort was "the only cavalry with Longstreet." Now he is clearly in error there. My brigade, the First Brigade of Georgia Cavalry, crossed the pontoon below Loudon, directly behind Longstreet's advance guard, and took the lead, pushing back the Federals on the Knoxville and Kingston road, until they made a stand at the junction of this road with the road to Loudon, along which Burnside was retiring and fully an hour in advance of him. There was only a small body of troops opposed to us, but we did not know how many of Burnside's infantry were supporting them. In

fact, we did not know that we were an hour or more ahead of his main body and not more than five hundred yards from the Loudon road.

Our battery was planted to the left of the Kingston road. Burnside was in a hurry to reach his fortifications around Knoxville, but he was not running by any means. His main body passed within five hundred yards of us, but ignored us entirely. On their appearance on our right in the open fields, we backed down the road about a quarter of a mile and let them pass. But that and the artillery duel which followed is another story. Next day we followed on Burnside's heels (being careful, however, not to blister them by our kicks), and conducted him safely into his works. I don't know where J. D. J. was that he did not see or hear of us, as at what, I believe, is now called "Campbell's Station" (though we called it "Coneord Station") we made noise enough the first day to be heard at either Loudon or Knoxville.

J. D. J. has forgotten some things, as we all forget more or less, a fact we should bear well in mind when writing for posterity. Now I have not quite forgotten that I saw a few horsemen, not of our brigade, off to our right toward the river. We supposed they belonged to some other cavalry corps. Perhaps they were part of the squad J. D. J. mentions. I have a very vivid remembrance of our arrival within sight of the town, about a mile or more distant.

Longstreet's main body of infantry and artillery had moved up the direct road to the town, while we had moved on the left flank by the road which led past the town to Blain's Cross Roads on up the valley and branched off to the left around the base of Clineh Mountain to Cumberland Gap. The Federals had not yet retired within the works. A considerable body occupied a piece of woods to the right of the road at the foot of the rising ground to the town, and as soon as we came within range their skirmishers opened on us. To our right was a plowed field; beyond it a point of woods, in which part of Longstreet's infantry were in line. I was sent over there with a dispatch, and as soon as I started across the field the whole shooting match in the edge of the woods turned loose at me, and kept it up until I reached the shelter of the brush. I pride myself on having accomplished the feat and my mission heroically (?). The risks I was subject to were great (?), the ground was soft from recent plowing and rains, and my nag's best efforts could not equal Dan Patch's. And the distance too was just about as far as a Springfield could throw a bullet, say nine hundred yards. 'Twas awful (?). And that is true history.

IKE DAVENPORT DID NOT CAPTURE THE HORSE.—Rev I. S. Davenport, of Rockwall, Tex., says: "I wish to correct a statement made by my good friend and fellow-soldier, E. P. Anderson, in the January VETERAN concerning my capture of a Federal officer's horse. (See page 35.) From Comrade Anderson's understanding his statement is true, as I told him when a somewhat reckless and unreliable boy soldier. The truth is that after an absence from the command with leave I returned with the horse he mentioned, and when asked how I came by it, with a boy's love to be admired told the story as Capt. Anderson wrote it to the VETERAN. It is humiliating to make this statement, but I do not wish to go on record for a deed I never performed. For nearly thirty years I've been preaching truth and righteousness, and try to practice what I preach. I hope I made a good soldier, and I also hope your readers will be charitable and not judge the man of to-day by the reckless and unreliable boy of the days of the great war."

Confederate Veteran.

AUGUSTA'S CONFEDERATE BENEFIT FUND.

BY N. K. BUTLER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, AUGUSTA, GA.

At the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Confederate Survivors' Association Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., held January 9, 1905, the attention of the Camp was called to an article that was in the December (1904) VETERAN, page 581, stating that the W. L. I. Charleston Association was the only association that had a permanent Confederate beneficial fund in the South. In accordance with a resolution offered and adopted by the Camp, I was requested to correct the mistake.

The C. S. A. Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., have a Confederate beneficial fund which is in charge of three trustees, who are elected to serve three years, one of the terms expiring each year. These trustees serve without pay. On May 19, 1897, the Camp turned over to the trustees \$2,900; since then there has been added two donations, amounting to \$815.55. They distributed to needy members as follows: In 1898, \$231; 1899, \$240.25; 1900, \$229; 1901, \$502.50; 1902, \$384.50; 1903, \$326.75; 1904, \$291—a total of \$2,205, an average annually of \$315—leaving in the hands of the trustees December 31, 1904, \$1,510.80.

The Confederate benefit fund is separate from the Camp fund. We have also a Ways and Means Committee that provides transportation, etc., for about forty comrades to attend the reunion. Our association claims to be the oldest in the South. Our first meeting to organize was held March 21, 1875, and was called Cavalry Survivors' Association, and only cavalrymen were eligible. On May 3, 1878, it was changed to Confederate Survivors' Association, and embraced all Confederate soldiers and sailors. Our first officers of the Cavalry Survivors' Association were: W. B. Young, President; F. Edward Eve and George W. Conway, Vice Presidents; James F. Thompson, Secretary; N. K. Butler, Treasurer; Henry Kennedy, Sentinel. Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans was the first President after consolidation, and he served until April 26, 1879. The second President, Col. Charles Colcock Jones, served up to his death, July 19, 1893. The third President, Capt. F. Edgeworth Eve, was elected April 26, 1894, and served until May, 1897.

On August 7, 1893, the association made an application to join the U. C. V., and received a charter January 16, 1894. We then changed the officers to correspond to the U. C. V. constitution. The first Commander, F. E. Eve, served until April 26, 1897; the second, Salem Dutcher, elected May 10, 1897, served to January 10, 1899; the third, B. H. Smith, Jr., elected January 10, 1899, served to January 8, 1900; the fourth, G. W. McLaughlin, elected January 8, 1900, served to January 14, 1901; the fifth, Joseph B. Cumming, elected January 14, 1901, served to January 13, 1902; the sixth, John W. Clark, elected January 13, 1902, is still Commander, having been reelected January 9, 1905.

The following officers were elected at our meeting January 9, 1905: John W. Clark, Commander; George F. Lamback, A. J. Twiggs, B. S. Pelot, Kent Bisell, Lieutenant Commanders; John M. Weigle, Adjutant; N. K. Butler, Secretary and Treasurer. The following resolution, offered by Salem Dutcher, was unanimously adopted: "Resolved by the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta (Ga.) Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., that the thanks of this Camp be, and they are hereby, extended to Comrade B. H. Smith, Jr., A. B. Saxon, and C. G. Goodrich for their most faithful and efficient management of the beneficiary fund of this Camp."

NORTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT APPOMATTOX.

Maj. George A. Armes, a retired United States Army officer, who purchased the land where our troops surrendered under Gen. Lee, including the McLean house and several adjoining farms, has kindly deeded to the North Carolina Commission a site for the monument they propose to erect on that historic ground to the North Carolina troops. The commission is composed of Hon. H. A. London, Col. F. J. Holt, Capt. W. T. Jenkins, Hon. C. B. Watson, and Hon. A. D. McGill. They have accepted the design for the monument, the work is progressing favorably, and it is their intention to have it ready to unveil on the 9th of April, 1905, the fortieth anniversary of Gen. Lee's surrender.

It is the intention of the commission to secure reduced rates on all railroads, especially from all points in North Carolina and Virginia, and all veterans who surrendered at Appomattox will be guests of honor on that occasion.

The Appomattox Confederate Cemetery is on the brow of the hill west of where the old McLean house stood, overlooking the little village. The grounds are inclosed by a handsome iron fence, the graves nicely sodded, trees and flowers planted, and marble headstones mark each grave—all of which is the work of the Appomattox Chapter of the U. D. C., which was organized by Mrs. C. W. Hunter in 1895. There are nineteen soldiers buried in this cemetery, eighteen Confederates and one Federal. All are unknown except eight; but all receive the same care, and on Decoration Day the same floral tributes. Following are the names of those known: Sergeant O. F. DeMesmer, Donaldsonville Artillery, Louisiana; J. H. Hutchins, Company A, Fifth Alabama Battalion; J. W. Ashby, Second Virginia Cavalry; J. A. Hogan, Company E, Twenty-Sixth Georgia Infantry; P. F. Winn, Battery E, Ninth Georgia Regiment; J. W. Douglas (command not known); A. B. Hicks, Company D, Twenty-Sixth Virginia; Capt. Miles C. Macon, Fayette Artillery, Virginia.

THE COFFIN OF GEN. LEE.

There is a singular incident connected with the burial of Gen. R. E. Lee. He died October 12, 1870. A few days before his death the great flood of that year in the upper waters of the James River had been disastrous, Lexington was cut off from communication with the outside world, and there was not a coffin in the town suitable for Gen. Lee. In this dilemma a box was found that had floated down the swollen river and was stranded. On opening it a beautiful casket was procured, and in this casket the body of the South's beloved chieftain was placed in the chapel of the university.

Under the above head the following lines are sent the VETERAN by Miss Nellie T. Simpson, of Gallatin, Tenn.:

"E'en Nature assumed the emblems of woe,
And drenched was her bosom with tears that did flow;
On the James' swollen tide a coffin she rolled,
A coffin the form of the hero to hold.

But selfish we are in our love and our grief
When we claim as ours only this Heaven-sent chief.
Shall Syria claim as her special dower
All the fragrance distilled from the stately queen flower?
Can Bethlehem claim as her right by birth
The Prince sent to teach good will to earth?
To all who love goodness, who greatness admire;
To all who to goodness or greatness aspire;
To peasant and crown-head, to convict or priest,
His life is a light like the star in the east."

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

ADDRESS AT NASHVILLE REUNION, BY R. H. M'KIM, D.D., LL.D.

It is with deep emotion that I rise to address you to-day. When I look over this vast concourse of the brave men and the noble women of the South—representing every one of the eleven sovereign States once associated in the Southern Confederacy—and when I look into the faces of the veteran survivors of that incomparable army that fought with such magnificent valor and constancy for four long years under those tattered battle flags, now furled forever, I am overwhelmed at once by the dignity and the difficulty of the task assigned me. There is such a vast disproportion between the powers which the occasion demands and those which I possess that I should not dare to essay the task but for my confidence in your generosity and forbearance to a speaker who at least can say: "I too loved the Confederacy and marched and fought under the banner of the Southern Cross."

A stranger coming into our midst and observing our proceedings might suppose that we were met here to celebrate the foundation of a State, or to acclaim the triumph of armies, or to exult in the victory of a great cause. But no! Nine and thirty years ago our new republic sank to rise no more; our armies were defeated; our banner went down in blood! What then? Are we here to indulge in vain regrets, to lament over our defeat, or to conspire for the reestablishment of our fallen cause? No! The love and loyalty which we give to that cause and to the defeated banner is a demonstration of the deep hold that cause had upon the hearts of the Southern people, and of the absolute sincerity and the complete devotion with which they supported it; but it is no evidence of unmanly and fruitless repining over defeat, nor of any lurking disloyalty to the Union, in which now, thank God! the Southern States have equal rights and privileges with all the other States of our broad land. We saw our banner go down with breaking hearts. When our idolized leader sheathed his sword at Appomattox the world grew dark to us. We felt as if the sun had set in blood, to rise

no more. It was as if the foundations of the earth were sinking beneath our feet. But that same stainless hero, whom we had followed with unquestioning devotion, taught us not to despair. He told us it was the part of brave men to accept defeat without repining. "Human virtue," he said, "should be equal to human calamity." He pointed upward to the star of duty, and bade us follow it as bravely in peace as we had followed it in war. Henceforth it should be our consecrated task, by the help of God, to rebuild the fallen walls of our prosperity.

And so we accepted the result of the war in good faith. We abide the arbitrament of the sword. We subscribe as sincerely as the men who fought against us to the sentiment: "One flag, one country, one constitution, one destiny." This is now for us an indissoluble Union of indestructible States. We are loyal to the starry banner. We remember that it was baptized with Southern blood when our forefathers first unfurled it to the breeze. We remember that it was a Southern poet, Francis Key, who immortalized it in the "Star-Spangled Banner." We remember that it was the genius of a Southern soldier and statesman, George Washington, that finally established it in triumph. Southern blood has again flowed in its defense in the Spanish war; and, should occasion require, we pledge our lives and our sacred honor to defend it against foreign aggression as bravely as will the descendants of the Puritans. And yet to-day, while that banner of the Union floats over us, we bring the offering of our love and loyalty to the memory of the flag of the Southern Confederacy! Strange as it may seem to one who does not understand our people, inconsistent and incomprehensible as it may appear, we salute yonder flag—the banner of the stars and stripes—as the symbol of our reunited country at the same moment that we come together to do homage to the memory of the stars and bars. There is in our hearts a double loyalty to-day—a loyalty to the present, and a loyalty to the dear, dead past. We still love our old battle flag with the Southern Cross upon its fiery folds! We have wrapped it round our hearts! We have enshrined it in the sacred ark of our love; and we will honor it and cherish it evermore, not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of a heroic epoch, as the sacred memento of a day that is dead, as the embodiment of memories that will be tender and holy as long as life shall last.

Let not our fellow-countrymen of the North mistake the spirit of this great occasion. If Daniel Webster could say that the Bunker Hill Monument was not erected "to perpetuate hostility to Great Britain," much more can we say that the monuments we have erected, and will yet erect, in our Southland to the memory of our dead heroes are not intended to perpetuate the angry passions of the Civil War or to foster or keep alive any feeling of hostility to our brethren of other parts of the Union. No; but these monuments are erected, and these great assemblages of our surviving veterans are held, in simple loyalty to the best and purest dictates of the human heart. The people that forget its heroic dead are already dying at the heart; and we believe it will make for the strength and the glory of the United States if the sentiments that animate us to-day shall be perpetuated, generation after generation. Yes, we honor, and we bid our children honor, the loyalty to duty, to conscience, to fatherland that inspired the men of 1861; and it is our prayer and our hope that as the years and the generations pass, the rising and the setting sun, the moon and the stars, winter and summer, spring and autumn will see the people



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Confederate Veteran.

of the South loyal to the memories of those four terrible but glorious years of strife, loyally worshiping at the shrine of the splendid manhood of our heroic citizen-soldiers, and the even more splendid womanhood, whose fortitude and whose endurance have challenged the admiration of the world. Then, when the united republic, in years to come, shall call "To arms!" our children and our children's children will rally to the call, and, emulating the fidelity and the supreme devotion of the soldiers of the Confederacy, will gird the stars and stripes with an impenetrable rampart of steel.

But it is not the dead alone whom we honor here to-day. We hail the presence of the survivors of that tremendous conflict. Veterans of more than forty years! you have come from all over the South—from the Patapsco and the Potomac, the James and the Rappahannock, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande—from the seashore, from the Gulf, from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and some of you even from the shores of the Pacific Ocean—to pay your tribute to the defeated cause and the dead heroes who laid down their lives for it. May I, on behalf of this great assembly—on behalf of the whole South—offer *you* a tribute of respect and veneration to-day? We hail you as the honored survivors of a great epoch and a glorious struggle. We welcome you as the men whom, above all others, the South delights to honor.

It is indeed a matter of course that we, your comrades and your fellow-Southerns, should honor you. But we are not alone. Your brave antagonists of the Northern armies begin at last to recognize the purity of your motives, as they have always recognized the splendor of your valor. The dispassionate historian, even though his sympathy is given to the North, no longer denies the sincerity of your belief in the sacredness of your cause. The world confesses the honesty of your purpose and the glory of your gallant struggle against superior numbers and resources. Most of you that survive have no insignia of rank, no title of distinction. You were private soldiers, but I see round your brows the aureole of a soldier's glory. You are transfigured by the battles you fought, Nashville, Franklin, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, in the West; and Manassas, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, in the East.

But you have done more than bare your breast to the foe-man's steel. You have shown the world how the defeats of war may be turned to the victories of peace. You have taught mankind how a proud race may sustain disaster and yet survive and win the applause of the world. In those terrible years of Reconstruction—how much more bitter than the four years of war!—you splendidly exemplified the sentiment,

"Merges profundo, pulchrior exilit!"

Out of the depths of the bitter flood of reconstruction the South emerged, through your fortitude, through your patience, through your courage, more beautiful than ever.

For all this your people honor you in your old age. They cherish the memory of your deeds, and will hand it down, a priceless heirloom, to their children's children. You are not pensioners on the bounty of the Union, thank God! Your manhood is not sapped by eating the bread of dependence. You have faced poverty as bravely as you faced the cannon's mouth, and so I salute you as the aristocracy of the South. Your deeds have carved for you a place in the temple of her fame. They will not be forgotten—the world will not forget them. Your campaigns are studied to-day in the military schools of Europe; yes, and at West Point itself.

[The speaker here paid tribute to our valiant dead and quoted tributes from Northern sources already published in the VETERAN.—ED.]

Comrades, standing here at the foot of that unseen column, reared by the valor and the virtue of the citizen-soldiers of the armies of the South, I feel that a duty is laid upon me which I may not refuse to perform. From the hills and valleys of more than a thousand battlefields, where sleep the silent battalions in gray, there rises to my ear a solemn voice of command which I dare not disobey. It bids me vindicate to the men of this generation the course which the men of the South followed in the crisis of 1861. It is not enough that their valor is recognized. It is not enough that their honesty is confessed. We ask of our Northern brethren—we ask of the world—a recognition of their patriotism and their love of liberty. We cannot be silent as long as any aspersion is cast by the pen of the historian or by the tongue of the orator upon their patriotic motives or upon the loftiness of the object they had in view through all that tremendous conflict. We make no half-hearted apology for their act. It is justice for which we plead, not charity.

The view of the origin and character of the course of action followed by the Southern States in 1861, which has so widely impressed itself upon the popular mind, may be summed up in four propositions. First, that the secession of the Cotton States was the result of a conspiracy on the part of a few of their leaders, and that it was not the genuine expression of the mind of the people. Secondly, that the act whereby the Southern States withdrew from the Union was an act of disloyalty to the Constitution and of treason to the United States government. Thirdly, that the people of the South were not attached to the Union, and were eager to seize upon an excuse for its dissolution. Fourthly, that the South plunged into a desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and made that institution the corner stone of the new Confederacy which it sought to establish.

I propose briefly to show that every one of these propositions, when scrutinized under the impartial light of history, must be pronounced essentially erroneous.

1. I need not spend much time upon the first of these propositions. The evidence at the disposal of the historian is conclusive that the action taken by the Cotton States in withdrawing from the Union had the support of an overwhelming majority of the people of those States. There was no conspiracy. The people were in advance of their leaders. The most recent, and perhaps the ablest, of the Northern historians acknowledges this, and says that had not Davis, Toombs, and Benjamin led in secession the people would have chosen other leaders. The number of unconditional Union men in the seven States that first seceded, he declares, was insignificant; and he makes the remarkable admission that "had the North thoroughly understood the problem, had it known that the people of the Cotton States were practically unanimous and that the action of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee was backed by a large and genuine majority, it might have refused to undertake the seemingly unachievable task." [Rhodes's History of the United States, Vol. III., p. 404.] There can be no question, then, that the impartial historian of the future will recognize that, whether right or wrong, the establishment of the Southern Confederacy was the result of a popular movement—was the act not of a band of conspirators, but of the whole people, with a unanimity never surpassed in the history of revolutions.

2. I come now to the question whether the act of the South-

ern States in withdrawing from the Union was an act of disloyalty to the Constitution and of treason to the government of the United States. This once burning question may now be discussed without heat. It is no longer a practical, but a thoroughly academic, question. The right of secession, if it ever existed, exists no longer. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution has changed the character of our political fabric. When we surrendered at Appomattox the right of secession was surrendered forever.

But when we say that right does not exist to-day we do not acknowledge that it did not exist in 1861. On the contrary, we maintain that it did exist, and that those who maintained its existence had upon their side, logically and historically, the overwhelming weight of evidence. Our late antagonists, who are now our brethren and our fellow-citizens, cannot be expected to agree with us in this proposition; but we put it to their candor and their sense of justice to say whether the South had not as good a right to her opinion of the meaning of the Constitution as the North had to hers. There were in 1860 two interpretations of that instrument; there were two views of the nature of the government which was established. On what principle and by what authority can it be claimed that the view taken by the South was certainly wrong and that the view taken by the North was certainly right? Or, waiving the question which view was really right, we ask our Northern friends to tell us why the South was not justified in following that interpretation which she believed to be the true one. She had helped to build—nay, she was the chief builder of—the fabric of the Constitution. A Massachusetts historian [Mr. John Fiske] has said that of the five great men who molded the nation four were men of the South—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall—and, though these great men differed in political opinion, yet three at least, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, are on record as declaring that the Constitution was a compact between the States, and that those thirteen States were thirteen independent sovereignties.

Let the young men of the *New* South remember the part the *Old* South took in the planting and training of Anglo-Saxon civilization on these Western shores.

Our New England brethren have been so diligent in exploiting the voyage of the Mayflower and the landing of the pilgrims and their services to morality and civilization and liberty in the new world that they seem to have persuaded themselves, and would fain persuade the world, that American liberty is a plant chiefly of New England growth, and that America owes its ideas of political independence and representative government and its reverence for conscience to the sturdy settlers of our Northeastern coasts. Her orators and her poets year after year on Forefathers' Day not only glorify, as is meet, the deeds of their ancestors, but seem to put forward the claim, in amazing forgetfulness of history, that it is to New England that the great republic of the West owes the genesis of its free institutions, the inspiration of its love of civil and religious liberty, and its high ideals of character. Rev. Dr. Coyle, in a recent sermon before the Presbyterian General Assembly, refers to "the Puritan Conscience which put rock foundations under this republic."

It is then not amiss to remind the Southern men of this generation that fourteen years before the Mayflower landed her pilgrims at Plymouth Rock three English ships—the Susan Constant, the Godspeed, and the Discovery—came to anchor in the James River, Virginia, and that the vine of English

civilization and English liberty was first planted, not on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, but at Jamestown Island, Va., on the 13th of May, 1607. What Webster so nobly said of the Mayflower may be as truly said of these three ships that bore the first Virginia colony. "The stars that guided them were the unobscured constellations of civil and religious liberty. Their decks were the altars of the living God." Let me also recall the fact that on July 30, 1619, eighteen months before the pilgrims set foot on American soil, the vine of liberty had so deeply taken root in the colony of Virginia that there was assembled in the church at Jamestown a free representative body (the first on American soil)—the House of Burgesses—to deliberate for the welfare of the people. There also, more than a century before the Revolution, when Oliver Cromwell's fleet appeared to whip the rebellious Old Dominion into obedience, Virginia demanded and obtained recognition of the principle, "No taxation without representation;" and there, in 1676, just one hundred years before the revolt of the colonies, that remarkable man, Nathaniel Bacon, "soldier, orator, leader," raised the standard of revolt against the oppressions of the British crown.

But this is not all. That spot on Jamestown Island, marked to-day by a ruined, ivy-clad church tower and a group of moss-covered tombstones, is the sacred ground whence sprang that stream of genius and power which contributed most to the achievement of American independence and to the organization of American liberty. That first colony, planted in Tidewater, Va., was, in the revolutionary period, prolific in men of genius and force and intense devotion to liberty never perhaps equaled in modern times in any region of equal size and of so small a population. This is acknowledged by careful and candid historians to-day, among whom I may mention Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts. It was a Southern orator, Patrick Henry, who gave to the colonists in his matchless eloquence the slogan, "Give me liberty or give me death!" It was a Southerner, Richard Henry Lee, who brought forward in the first Congress the motion that these colonies by right ought to be free and independent! It was a Southerner, Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the immortal Declaration of Independence! It was a Southerner, George Mason, who had earlier drawn the Virginia Bill of Rights, a document of even profounder political statesmanship, and which was taken by Massachusetts as the model of her own Bill of Rights! It was a Southerner, George Washington, who made good the Declaration of Independence by his sword after seven years of war! It was a Southerner, James Madison, who earned the title "Father of the Constitution!" It was a Southerner, John Marshall, who became its most illustrious interpreter!

I ask, then, in view of all this, whether the South was not justified in believing that the views of constitutional interpretation which she had inherited from such a political ancestry were not the true views?. Let our Northern friends answer, in all candor, whether the South, with such a heredity as this, with such glorious memories of achievement, with such splendid traditions of the part her philosophers and statesmen and soldiers had taken, both in the winning of independence and in the building of the temple of the Constitution, had not good reason for saying: "We will follow that interpretation of the Constitution which we received from our fathers—from Jefferson, Madison, and Washington—rather than that which can claim no older or greater names than those of Story and Webster." For be it remembered that for forty years after the adoption of the Constitution there was approximate unanimity in its interpretation upon the great

issue on which the South took her stand in 1861. In truth Webster and Story apostatized from the New England interpretation of the Constitution. It is a historical fact that the Constitution was regarded as a compact between the States for a long period (not less than forty years after its adoption) by the leaders of opinion in the New England States. Moreover, in the same quarter, the sovereignty of the States was broadly affirmed; and also the right of the States to resume, if need be, the powers granted under the Constitution. Samuel Adams objected to the preamble to the Constitution. "I stumble at the threshold," he said; "I meet a national government instead of a federal union of sovereign States." To overcome this, Gov. Hancock brought in the tenth amendment as to the reservation to the States of all powers not expressly delegated to the general government. The Websterian dogmas had then no advocates in New England. Hancock, Adams, Parsons, Bowdoin, and Ames were all for State sovereignty.

These statements will no doubt be received by many with surprise, possibly with incredulity. Permit me, then, briefly to justify them by the unquestionable facts of history. The impartial historian of the future will recall the fact that the first threat of secession did not come from the men of the South, but from the men of New England. Four times before the secession of South Carolina the threat of secession was heard in the North—in 1802-03, in 1811-12, in 1814, and in 1844-45. The first time it came from Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, a friend of Washington and a member of his Cabinet; the second time, from Josiah Quincy, another distinguished citizen of Massachusetts; the third time, from the Hartford Convention, in which five States were represented; the fourth time, from the Legislature of Massachusetts. On January 14, 1811, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in the debate on the admission of Louisiana, declared his "deliberate opinion that if the bill passes the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; . . . that as it will be the right of all [the States] so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must." In 1812 "pulpit, press, and rostrum" of New England advocated secession. In 1839 ex-President John Quincy Adams urged publicly that it would be better for the States to "part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint," and declared that "the people of each State have the right to secede from the confederated Union." In 1842 Mr. Adams presented a petition to Congress from a town in Massachusetts, praying that it would "immediately adopt measures peaceably to dissolve the union of these States." In 1844, and again in 1845, the Legislature of Massachusetts avowed the right of secession, and threatened to secede if Texas was admitted to the Union. Alexander Hamilton threatened Jefferson with the secession of New England "unless the debts of the States were assumed by the general government." February 1, 1850, Mr. Hale offered in the Senate a petition and resolutions, asking that body to devise, "without delay, some plan for the immediate peaceful dissolution of the American Union." Chase and Seward voted for its reception.

The occasions calling forth these declarations of the purpose of dissolving the Union were the acquisition of Louisiana, the proposed admission of Louisiana as a State into the Union, the dissatisfaction occasioned by the war with Great Britain, and then the proposed annexation of Texas. These measures were all believed by the New England States to be adverse to their interests. The addition of the new States

would, it was thought, destroy the equilibrium of power and give the South a preponderance; and therefore these stalwart voices were raised, declaring that there was in the last resort a remedy, and that was the dissolution of the Union. This was the language used by the Legislature of Massachusetts: "The commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but it is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth."

This stalwart utterance of Massachusetts expresses exactly the attitude of the seceding States in 1861. They believed that "the compact between the people of the United States" had been violated, that they could no longer enjoy equal rights within the Union, and therefore they refused to submit to the exercise of "undelegated powers" on the part of the national government. Thus the North and the South, at these different epochs, held the same view of the right of withdrawal from the Union.

The South held with great unanimity to the doctrine of State sovereignty, and that that sovereignty was inviolable by the general government. She had good reason to believe it, for it had been the faith of her greatest statesmen from the very foundation of the republic. Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, held to that faith; and when Patrick Henry opposed the adoption of the Constitution upon the ground that the words "we, the people," seemed to imply a "consolidated government" and not "a compact between States," he replied that it was not "we, the people," as composing one great body, but the people of thirteen sovereignties.

Daniel Webster, in his great speech in reply to Mr. Hayne in 1830, and again in 1833 in his reply to Calhoun, argued that the Constitution was not a "compact," not a "confederacy," and that the acts of ratification were not "acts of accession." These terms, he said, *would imply the right of secession*, but they were terms unknown to the fathers; they formed a "new vocabulary," invented to uphold the theory of State sovereignty.

Alexander Hamilton spoke of the new government as "a Confederate republic," a "Confederacy," and called the Constitution a "compact." Gen. Washington wrote of the Constitution as a compact, and repeatedly uses the terms "accede" and "accession," and once the term "secession." Massachusetts and New Hampshire, when ratifying the Constitution, referred to that instrument as "an explicit and solemn compact." . . .

Mr. Webster, in the very last year of his illustrious life, distinctly recognized the right of secession, for in his speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851, he said: "If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution intentionally and systematically, and persist in so doing, year after year, and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound by the rest of it? And if the North were deliberately, habitually, and of fixed purpose to disregard one part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its other obligations? . . . I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side."

Looking back then to-day, my comrades, over the four and

forty years which separate us from the acts of secession passed by the Southern States, we say to the men of this generation and to those who will come after us that the opprobrium heaped upon those who then asserted the right of secession is undeserved. That right had not then been authoritatively denied. On the contrary, it had been again and again asserted, North and South, by eminent statesmen for nearly sixty years after the formation of the Union. Those who held it had as good right to their opinion as those who denied it. The weight of argument was overwhelmingly in their favor. So clear was this that the United States government wisely decided after the fall of the Confederacy that it was not prudent to put Jefferson Davis upon his trial for treason. Let it be remembered that the formation of the United States, in 1788, was accomplished by nine of the States seceding from the Confederacy which had existed for eleven years, and which had bound the States entering into it to "a perpetual Union." *Thus the Union itself was the child of secession!*

There was a time during those dark years of reconstruction when public opinion in the North demanded that we who had fought under the Southern flag should prove the sincerity of our acceptance of the results of the war by acknowledging the unrighteousness of our cause and by confessing contrition for our deeds.

But could we acknowledge our cause to be unrighteous when we still believed it just? Could we repent of an act done in obedience to the dictates of conscience? The men of the North may claim that our judgment was at fault; that our action was not justified by reason; that the fears that goaded us to withdraw from the Union were not well grounded; but so long as it is admitted that we followed duty as we understood it they cannot ask us to repent. A man can repent, I repeat, only of what he is ashamed, and it will not be claimed that we should be ashamed of obeying the dictates of conscience in the face of hardship and danger and death.

Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts, who now occupies a seat upon the Supreme Bench of the United States, uttered these generous words nearly a quarter of a century ago: "We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win; we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble; but we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief."

All honor to the valiant soldier and accomplished scholar who uttered those words! All honor, too, to another noble son of New England, Charles Francis Adams, who has more recently declared, recognizing the same principle, that both the North and the South were right in the great struggle of the War between the States, because each believed itself right. When Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were cadets at West Point, the text-books in use on political science were by St. George Tucker, a Southern writer, and William Rawle, a Northern writer, and both taught the right of a State to secede. Can these illustrious men be attainted as traitors because they put in practice the principles taught them by the authority of the government of the United States?

I come now to the third proposition—viz., that "the people of the South were not attached to the Union, and were eager to seize upon an excuse for its dissolution."

In considering this assertion it will be necessary to distinguish in our reply between the States that first seceded and

the border States of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Arkansas, which later gave in their adhesion to the Southern Confederacy. As to the former—the Cotton States—if it be true, as candid historians acknowledged, that their people "*all* held that the North was unconstitutional and unjustly attempting to coerce the sovereign States;" if it be true, as we have seen is now conceded, that the people of those States solemnly believed that their liberties were assailed, and that the war waged against them was a war of subjugation—then I submit that they were constrained to choose between their love of the Union and their love of liberty; and I do not believe that any brave and candid patriot of any Northern State will condemn them because, holding that belief, they made the choice they did. The judgment of the South may be impeached, but not her patriotism, not her love for the Union, if, shut up to such an alternative, she preferred liberty without union to union without liberty. Yet her judgment was sustained by some of the most illustrious men of the North. Millard Fillmore had said, in 1856, in referring to the possible election of Fremont as a sectional President: "Can they have the madness or folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a chief magistrate?" And Rufus Choate the same year wrote that if the Republican party "accomplishes its objects and gives the government to the North I turn my eyes from the consequences."

The case of the border States is somewhat different. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee were all opposed to secession. They refused to follow the lead of South Carolina. For example, as late as April 4 Virginia voted by eighty-nine to forty-five against the ordinance of secession. They believed the Southern States had just grievances against the North, and that there was much to justify the fears which they entertained, but they were not prepared to dissolve the Union. They still hoped for redress within the Union by constitutional means. Moreover, the men who became our greatest generals and our most illustrious and determined leaders in the Southern Confederacy were, a majority of them, earnest Union men. I think it may be said, too, that the States which furnished most of the munitions of war and most of the fighting men were opposed to secession. The Union, which their forefathers had done so much to create, first by the sword and then by the pen and the tongue, was dear to their hearts. When, after the Revolution, it became apparent that jealousy of the preponderance of Virginia, resulting from the vastness of her domain, would prevent the formation of the Union, that State, with truly queenly generosity, gave to the Union her Northwestern Territory, out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota were afterwards carved. This was in 1787. Has any other State, or group of States, done as much in proof of attachment to the Union? Moreover, she dedicated this vast territory as free soil by the ordinance of 1787.

But there came a cruel issue. On the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to coerce the seceded States back into the Union. The border States were called upon to furnish their quota of armed men to march against their Southern brethren. Thus an issue was forced upon them which the future historian, however antagonistic to the South, must ponder with sympathy and emotion. The men of these border States were compelled to decide either to send soldiers to fight against their brethren or to say: "We will throw in our lot

with them and resist military coercion." Now, whatever division of sentiment existed in regard to the policy, or even the right, of secession, there was almost complete unanimity in these States in repudiating the right of coercion. That right had been vehemently repudiated in the discussions in the Constitutional Convention by James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, and Edmund Randolph. The South remained true to the doctrine of the fathers on this point. Mr. Madison opposed the motion to incorporate in the Constitution the power of coercing a State to its duty, and by unanimous consent the project was abandoned. Alexander Hamilton denounced the proposal to coerce a State as "one of the maddest projects ever devised." Edmund Randolph said it meant "civil war."

But, waiving all this, I come back to the question, Can any blame attach to the people of the border States for choosing as they chose in the face of the cruel alternative, which was forced upon them by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, to abandon the Union or to draw their swords against their Southern brethren?

It has been well and wisely said by a recent historian (Mr. Rhodes) that "the political reason of Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky inclined them to the North; their heartstrings drew them to the South." I put it to any man with a heart to say whether, when the bayonet is directed against the bosom of a member of one's own household, he is to blame for throwing himself in the breach in defense, even though the bayonet be in the hand of the officer of the law. I affirm that the ties of blood and kindred are more sacred even than those which bind a man to the government of his country. Could the men of Virginia and North Carolina and Tennessee be expected to raise their hands against their family altars and firesides, whatever view they might have taken of the constitutional questions at issue? But the men of those States believed with great unanimity that the sovereignty of a State was inviolable by the general government. That was the faith they had received from their fathers, from a long line of illustrious statesmen and political philosophers. Of this let one decisive example suffice. Though Robert E. Lee abhorred the idea of secession and loved the Union with a passionate devotion, yet when he was asked by a member of a committee of Congress whether he did not consider that he was guilty of treason in drawing his sword in behalf of the South he answered: "No, I believed my allegiance was due to the State of Virginia."

The people of the South believed, as we have said, that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. They believed the general government had no rightful power of coercion. Their New England brethren had for many years confirmed them in that belief. . . .

I come now to consider the opinion, so widely held, that the South plunged into a desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and made that institution the corner stone of the new Confederacy which it sought to establish. Before dealing directly with this, however, a little history upon the subject of the relation of the South to slavery will be salutary.

Certainly we have no tears to shed over its abolition. There is not a man in the South who would wish to see it re-established. But there are several facts, unknown to some and ignored by other historians, which are essential to a right understanding of this question. I shall hold them up to the light to-day because I would not have the attitude of that dear, noble Old South misrepresented or misunderstood by our descendants.

In the first place, let it never be forgotten that it was the government of England, and not the people of the South, which was originally responsible for the introduction of slavery. In 1760 South Carolina passed an act to prohibit further importation of slaves, but England rejected it with indignation.

The colony of Virginia again and again protested to the British king against sending slaves to her shores, but in vain—they were forced upon her. One hundred petitions against the introduction of slaves were sent by the colonists of Virginia to the British government. Then, too, Virginia was the first of all the States, North or South, to prohibit the slave trade, and Georgia was the first to incorporate such a prohibition in her organic constitution. In fact, Virginia was in advance of the whole world on this subject; she abolished the slave trade in 1778, nearly thirty years before England did, and the same period before New England was willing to consent to its abolition. Again, at the formation of the Constitution, Virginia raised her protest against the continuance of that traffic; but New England raised a voice of objection, and, uniting her influence with that of South Carolina and Georgia, secured the continuance of the slave trade for twenty years more by constitutional provision. On the other hand, the first statute establishing slavery in America was passed by Massachusetts in December, 1641, in her code entitled *Body of Liberties*. The first fugitive slave law was enacted by the same State, while every Southern State legislated against the slave trade. Thus slavery was an inheritance which the people of the South received from the fathers; and if the States of the North, very soon after the Revolution, abolished the institution, it cannot be claimed that the abolition was dictated by moral considerations, but by differences of climate, soil, and industrial interests. The Supreme Court in 1857 used the following language: "This change had not been produced by any change of opinion in relation to this race, but because it was discovered by experience that slave labor was unsuited to the climate and productions of these States, for some of them . . . were actively engaged in the slave trade."

Goodell's "Slavery and Antislavery"—an authority not friendly to the South—says (pp. 10, 11) that the merchants of New England seaports "almost monopolized the immense profits of that lucrative, but detestable, trade."

"The principal operation of abolition in the North," says an English authority, "was to transfer Northern slaves to Southern markets." (Ingram's "History of Slavery," London, 1895, p. 184.)

On March 26, 1788, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law ordering all free negroes out of the State. If they would not go voluntarily, they were to be whipped out.

It existed in several of the Northern States more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution, while the importation of slaves into the South continued to be carried on by Northern merchants and Northern ships, without interference in the traffic from any quarter, until it was prohibited by the spontaneous action of the Southern States themselves.

Note this also: The contest between the North and the South over the extension of slavery to the territories was a contest on the part of the South for equal rights under the Constitution, and it ought to be clearly understood that it did not involve the increase of slavery. Had that right been conceded, not one additional slave would have been added to the number existing in the country. "It was a question of the dis-

tribution or dispersion of the slaves rather than of the extension of slavery. Removal is not extension. Indeed, if emancipation was the end to be desired, the dispersion of the negroes over a wider area, among additional territories eventually to become States, and in climates unfavorable to slave labor, instead of hindering, would have promoted this object by diminishing the difficulties in the way of ultimate emancipation." This is the language of Jefferson Davis, but the argument is Henry Clay's. In 1820 he argued that the extension of slavery was farseeing humanity, and Mr. Jefferson agreed with him, saying that spreading the slaves over a larger surface "will dilute the evil everywhere and facilitate the means of getting finally rid of it." Mr. Madison took the same view, and these three statesmen were all earnest emancipationists.

"In 1822 there were five or six abolition societies in Kentucky. In 1819 the first distinctively emancipation paper in the United States was published in Jonesboro, Eastern Tennessee." There were eighteen emancipation societies in that region organized by the Covenanters, Methodists, and the Quakers.

A Massachusetts writer, George Lunt, says: "The States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists."

The people of the South believed they were, at heart, more friendly to the negro race than their Northern brethren, and such facts as the following appeared to justify their belief. In 1830 Senator Benton called attention to the "actual expulsion of a great body of free colored people from the State of Ohio, and not one word of objection, not one note of grief." The whole number expatriated was estimated at ten thousand. He added: "This is a remarkable event, paralleled only by the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the Huguenots from France." In 1846 the liberated slaves of John Randolph were driven by a mob away from the lands which had been purchased for them in Ohio. In 1855 the Topeka (Kan.) *Constitution*, adopted by the Freesoilers, contained an article, ratified by a vote of almost three to one, forbidding any free negro to reside in the State, and this was accepted by the Republican House of Representatives. In 1860 the Constitutions of thirty out of thirty-four States of the Union excluded negroes from exercising the suffrage. Facts like these did not tend to confirm the confidence of the people of the South in the sincerity of the agitation on behalf of the negro.

And now I call your attention to a fact of capital importance in this discussion—viz., that the sentiment in favor of emancipation was rapidly spreading in the South in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is stated on high authority that in the year 1826 there were one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies in the whole country, and of this number one hundred and three were established in the South. It is well known that one branch of the Legislature of Virginia came within one vote of passing a law of emancipation in the year 1832, and I was assured in 1860 by Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, the grandson of Mr. Jefferson—himself an influential member of the Legislature in 1832—that emancipation would certainly have been carried the ensuing year but for the revulsion of feeling which followed the fanatical agitation of the subject by the abolitionists of the period. The Legislature of 1832 defeated the emancipation bill by only one vote.

It is our belief that, but for passions naturally roused by the violent attacks made upon the moral character of the Southern slaveholder, slavery would have been peaceably abolished in the border States before the middle of the nineteenth century.

Fanatics and abolitionists demanded immediate emancipation without compensation or consideration of any kind. England in 1833 abolished slavery in the West Indies, but she compensated the slave owners, devoting \$100,000,000 to that purpose. But never in all the long abolition agitation of thirty years, from 1831 to 1861, was there any proposition to remunerate the South for the loss of her slaves. Her people were expected to make a sacrifice for emancipation never demanded before of any people on earth. I do not forget that in March, 1862, Mr. Lincoln proposed remuneration to the border States which had not seceded; but it came too late, when flagrant war had embittered the hostility between the sections.

Mr. Gladstone admitted that the extinction of slavery was "a consummation devoutly to be desired and in good earnest to be forwarded," yet held that "immediate and unconditional emancipation without a previous advance in character must place the negro in a state where he would be his own worst enemy." The people of the South, too, realized the difficulty and the danger of emancipation. She was, as Jefferson said, in the position of the man who held the wolf by the ears—she didn't want to hold on, but she was afraid to let go.

If it is charged that slavery was the corner stone of the Southern Confederacy, what are we to say of the Constitution of the United States? That instrument as originally adopted by the thirteen colonies contained three sections which recognized slavery.

But after all that may be said we are told that slavery was the cause of the war and that the citizen-soldiers of the South sprang to arms in defense of slavery.

Yes, my comrades, calumny, masquerading as history, has told the world that that battle flag of yours was the emblem of slave power, and that you fought not for liberty but for the right to hold your fellow-men in bondage.

Think of it, soldiers of Lee! Think of it, followers of Jackson and Stuart and Albert Sidney Johnston! You were fighting, they say, for the privilege of holding your fellow-men in bondage! Will you for one moment acknowledge the truth of that indictment? Ah, no! that banner of the Southern Cross was studded with the stars of God's heaven. You could not have followed a banner that was not the banner of liberty! You sprang from the loins of freemen! You drank in freedom with your mothers' milk! Your revolutionary sires were not inspired by a more intense devotion to liberty than you were!

Tell me, were you thinking of your slaves when you cast all in the balance, your lives, your fortunes, your sacred honor, in order to endure the hardships of the march and the camp and the peril and suffering of the battlefield? Why, it was but a small minority of the men who fought in the Southern armies—hardly one in ten—that were financially interested in the institution of slavery.

There is, however, a court to which this contention may be referred for settlement—one whose decision all men ought to accept. It is composed of the three men who may be supposed to have known, if any man knew, the object for which the war was waged—Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, and Robert E. Lee. And their decision is unanimous. Mr. Lincoln always declared that the object of the war was the restoration of the Union, and not the emancipation of the slaves. Mr. Davis as

positively declared that the South was not fighting for slavery, but for independence. And Robert E. Lee expressed his opinion by setting all his slaves free January 8, 1863, and then going on with the war for more than two years longer. . . .

The generation which participated in that great struggle is rapidly passing away, and we believe that no fitting occasion should be neglected by those who yet survive to vindicate the motives and to explain the principles of the actors in that great drama. Only by iteration and reiteration by the writers and speakers of the South will the real facts be rescued from oblivion, and the conduct and characters of our leaders, and the heroic men who followed them, be understood and honored as they ought to be. And, my friends, the fulfillment of this duty will make for unity and fraternity among Americans, not for sectionalism. It will strengthen, not weaken, the bonds of the Union in the years to come if the generations yet unborn are taught to recognize that the principles and the aims of the men of the South were as high and as pure as those which animated their foemen of the North. Let the Union of the future be founded on mutual respect, and to this end let the truth concerning the principles and acts of the old South be told—the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Comrades and fellow-citizens, we thank God that to-day the sun shines upon a truly reunited country. In the providence of God the Spanish war has drawn North and South together in bonds of genuine brotherhood. Their blood has watered the same soil; the common patriotism has glorified again the land of Washington. . . . There was no North or South on those fields of battle, or in Santiago Harbor, or in front of Manila. Yes, and as was well said by our own Hilary Herbert at the Peace Jubilee, "Out of the grave of sectionalism arose the triumphant spirit of Americanism."

For one moment let us turn from the sacred past—from the memories of this day and hour—and look into the future. Surely a Pisgah prospect of beauty and hope! A great destiny opens before America. Great are her privileges, her opportunities, her responsibilities.

But this occasion belongs not to the future but to the past. Let our closing thoughts then be dedicated to the memory of our dead—that mighty host of brave soldiers and sailors who fell under the banner of the lost Confederacy forty years ago, of those now silent battalions of Southern soldiers that sleep on so many hard-fought fields.

I will not attempt then to pronounce a fitting panegyric upon those brave men nor upon their splendid leaders: captains whose valor, whose prowess, whose skill, whose heroic constancy were never outshone on any field; in any age, by any leaders of men; not by Agamemnon, "king of men;" not by Achilles, the "swift-footed," "the invincible;" not by Ulysses, "the wise;" nor by Ajax, "the mighty;" not by Miltiades at Marathon; nor by Leonidas himself at Thermopylæ; nor by any of the long line of illustrious heroes and patriots who, in ancient and in modern times, have shed luster on manhood by their valor or by their constancy. Comrades, it is my conviction that the Muse of History will write the names of some of our Southern heroes as high on her great roll of honor as those of any leaders of men in any era. Fame herself will rise from her throne to place the laurel with her own hands upon the immortal brows of Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson. I grant, indeed, that it is not for us who were their companions and fellow-soldiers to ask the world to accept our estimate of their rightful place in history. We are partial, we are biased in our judgments, men will say. Be it so. We are content to await the calm verdict

of the future historian, when with philosophic impartiality the characters and achievements and motives of our illustrious leaders shall have been weighed in the balances of truth. What that verdict will be is foreshadowed, we believe, by the judgment expressed by Gen. Lord Wolseley, who said: "I believe Gen. Lee will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

What you ask of me, however, comrades, in these closing moments is quite apart from the task of the historian or the orator. It is simply to give honest utterance to the love and admiration that glow in the breast of every one of us for those, our companions in arms, who fell on the almost countless bloody fields of that Titanic struggle in repelling the invaders from our soil. All honor to their memory! We cannot call their names. They are too numerous to be told over, even if we had here the muster rolls of all the Confederate armies. But if their names could be called, we could answer: "Dead on the field of honor!" . . . Yes, for these men to whom we pay the tribute of our homage were heroes, if ever heroes were. What hardships did they not uncomplainingly endure on the march, in the bivouac, in the trenches! What sacrifices did they not cheerfully make for a cause dearer than life itself! What dangers did they not face with unquailing front! Who that ever saw them can forget those hardy battalions? Rusty and ragged were their uniforms, but bright were their muskets and their bayonets, and they moved like the very whirlwind of war!

They fill, most of them, nameless graves. They were private soldiers. Fame will not herald their names and deeds to posterity. They fought without reward and they died without distinction. It was enough for them to hear the voice of duty and to follow it, though it led them by a rugged path to a bloody grave. "Tell my father or my mother I tried to do my duty," was the last message of many a dying soldier boy to his comrades on the field of battle. O, it is for this we honor and revere their nameless memories to-day. They were not soldiers of fortune, but soldiers of duty, who dared all that men can dare and endured all that men can endure in obedience to what they believed the sacred call of country. . . . They loved their State; they loved their homes and their firesides. They knew little of the warring theories of constitutional interpretation. But one thing they knew: armed legions were marching upon their homes, and it was their duty to hurl them back at any cost. For this, not we only who shared their perils and hardships do them honor—not the Southern people only—but all brave men everywhere. Nameless they may be, but the name of "Confederate soldier" will echo around the world through the coming years, and will be accepted as the synonym of valor, of constancy, and of loyalty to the sternest call of duty.

My comrades, I have been in the Eternal City, surrounded by the deathless relics and monuments which commemorate the glorious achievements of the citizens and soldiers of ancient Rome. I have paced the aisles of that stately church in which Venice has piled up the splendid memorials in brass and in marble of the men who made her name great in Europe—who made her to sit as a queen upon her watery throne among the nations. I have stood under a dome in Paris, on the spot upon which France has lavished with unstinted hand her wealth and her art to shed glory upon the name of her greatest soldier—

his sarcophagus reposes upon a pavement of costly marbles gathered from all quarters of the globe, and so arranged as to represent a Sun of Glory irradiating the name of the hero of Merango and of the Pyramids, of Jena and of Austerlitz. And I have meditated in awe-struck silence beneath the fretted roof of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the almost countless memorial marbles which twenty generations of Englishmen have erected to celebrate the fame of their most illustrious kings and nobles, soldiers and patriots, jurists and statesmen, poets and historians, musicians and dramatists.

But on none of these occasions have I been so impressed with the patriotic and unselfish devotion that human nature is capable of as when I have contemplated the character and the career of the private soldiers of the Confederacy. Not for fame or for reward, not for place or rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died! No stately abbey will ever cover their remains. Their dust will never repose beneath fretted or frescoed roof. No costly bronze will ever blazon their names for posterity to honor; but the Potomac and the Rappahannock, the James and the Chickahominy, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, as they run their long race from the mountains to the sea, will sing of their prowess for evermore! The mountains of Virginia and Tennessee and Georgia will stand eternal witnesses of their valor.

As I recall the magnificent valor of those half-fed, half-clad legions of the Confederacy the thought comes: "But after all they failed. The Confederacy fell. The banner of the Southern cross sank to earth to rise no more."

But was it in vain? I do not believe it. It is true that their flashing bayonets did not establish the new Confederacy. It is true that those proud armies of Lee and Johnston were slowly worn away by attrition until, reduced to gaunt skeletons of what they had been, they surrendered to the vast hosts of the Union armies. But it is not true that those gallant Southrons suffered and died in vain. No brave battle fought for truth and right was ever in vain! The truth survives, though the soldier of the truth perishes. His death, his defeat, becomes the seed of future success. . . . "Being dead they yet speak." They tell us and our children and children's children that courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty to conviction is sublime; it is better than mere success; it carries with it its own reward. Death was not too high a price to pay for the exhibition to the world of such heroism as theirs. That cannot die. It shines as the stars with a deathless light above the sordid and selfish aims of men. It will inspire generations to come with noble ideals of unselfish living. It is a new example of the profound words of Jesus: "He that loseth his life shall find it."

Let us note, then, wherein they failed and wherein they did not fail. They failed to establish the Southern Confederacy. Why? For no other reason but this—God decreed otherwise. Yes, my comrades, the military genius of our commanders was not at fault, the valor of the Confederate armies was not at fault. . . . It was the cause of liberty that fired their souls to do, to dare, and to die. They conceived that the Federal government was trampling on the liberties of the States, and they rose in their defense. It was the sacred heritage of Anglo-Saxon freedom, of local self-government won by Runnymede, that they believed in peril when they flew to arms as one man from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. They may have been right or they may have been wrong, but that was the issue they

made. On that they stood. They died for the preservation of the supreme and sacred right of self-government. . . .

It is my belief that the close and candid student of public opinion in our country these forty years past will conclude that this protest of theirs has not been in vain. In spite of the historians who have misread the causes and the objects of the war on the part of the South, the fact that the Confederate soldiers and the people of the South made their superb struggle and their marvelous sacrifices for the right of local self-government has silently impressed the minds of the American people, with the result that that right has been steadily gaining in the strength of its hold upon the people of many of the States of the Union. Members of Congress from the South observe a great change in this respect in the sentiments of their fellow-members from the North and the West. Moreover, the limitation of the authority of the general government to those powers distinctly delegated and the reservation to the States of the powers not delegated has been affirmed again and again by the Supreme Court since the war.

So convinced am I of this that I make bold to predict that the future historian will say that while the armies of the North saved the Union from dissolution the armies of the South saved the rights of the States within the Union. Thus victor and vanquished will both be adjudged victorious; for if it is due to the Federal soldier that the Union is henceforth indissoluble, it is equally due to the Confederate soldier that this indissoluble Union is composed, and shall forever be composed, of indestructible States.

Yes, ye gallant defenders of our stainless Confederate banner, ye did not die in vain! Your deeds have cast a halo of glory over our Southern land which will only grow brighter as time advances. Your memory will be a priceless heritage which we will transmit to our children's children untarnished. None shall ever write "Traitor" over your graves unrebuted by us while God gives us the power of speech! Farewell, brave comrades, farewell till the tryst of God beyond the river. The bugle has sounded "taps" over your graves. After all these years its pathetic notes still vibrate in our ears, reminding us that we shall see your faces no more on earth. But we clasp your dear memory to our hearts to-day once more. Ye are "our dead;" ours ye were in those stern years from 1861 to 1865, when we marched and camped and battled side by side; "ours" by the sacred bond of a common consecration to a cause which was holy to us.

THE NORTHWESTERN DIVISION, U. D. C.—The third annual reunion of this Division of Confederate Veterans was held at Helena, Mont., on October 5. Owing to the active interest taken by the local organizations, the N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., assisted by the Winnie Davis Chapter of the U. D. C., the meeting was the largest and most successful in every way that has yet been held in the Northwest. Pressing invitations were sent to all Camps in the Northwest and to veterans living where there were no organizations. The railroads gave reduced rates, and a large crowd took advantage of them to attend the reunion. The business meeting was presided over by C. P. Blakeley, of Bozeman. Paul A. Fusz, of Philipsburg, was elected Major General commanding the Division, U. C. V., and George F. Ingram Commander of the Montana Brigade. At night the visiting Veterans and Daughters were given an elegant reception by the local organization. Commander Fusz has appointed his staff, and will endeavor to have all veterans in the Northwest in organizations before the next reunion.

Confederate Veteran.

THE FIGHT AT CLINTON, LA.

BY A. CURL, FIRST LIEUT. CO. C, ELEVENTH ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

During the last days of April, 1863, Col. Grierson, commander of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, made a memorable raid from Memphis, Tenn., south through the State of Mississippi, to Baton Rouge, La.

The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Infantry were part of the garrison at Port Hudson. There was a small cavalry force doing outpost duty in East Louisiana and South Mississippi, ranging from twenty to fifty miles out from Port Hudson. This little detachment was commanded by Col. George Gant, of Tennessee. It was composed of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana troops, and with it was also a small field battery, commanded by Capt. Roberts. When the news of Grierson's raid reached Port Hudson, Gen. Gardner, in command at that place, sent some troops out to different points, with a view to cutting off Grierson's advance. Col. Miles, of Louisiana, was sent with what was known as Miles's Legion to the Amite River bridge. The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Regiments were sent to Clinton, a small town about twenty miles from Port Hudson. Col. John Logan, of Arkansas, was the senior colonel, and commanded the detachment. Grierson did not touch Clinton, but went by way of the Amite bridge, reaching that place and effecting a crossing before Miles got there, and Col. Gant failed to catch up with Grierson during his passage through the country.

Miles, with his legion, returned to Port Hudson; but the two Arkansas regiments left in the country were consolidated with the cavalry of Col. Gant and Roberts's Battery, and Col. Logan was placed in command of the entire force. The Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas Regiments were consolidated and commanded by Col. Griffith; while Col. Powers, of Arkansas, had command of the cavalry and Capt. Roberts the battery.

On the 3d of June Logan's force was encamped about a mile north of Clinton, off the road that leads to Port Hudson. About three o'clock in the afternoon "Boots and saddles" was sounded. Grierson had come out from Banks's army, and was approaching Clinton. A run was made for

Clinton, and, passing through the town, we met the Federals on the opposite side, sheltered behind the banks of a creek. We went in under fire, and an engagement ensued which lasted for perhaps an hour and a half. Col. Powers, with the mounted men, eventually turned the enemy's left, and they retreated southward, followed by our forces. About a mile from where the retreat and pursuit began there was a creek, across which the Port Hudson road passed over a bridge.

In making their way through the underbrush, our front line became scattered, some wading the creek, others crossing on the bridge. Company C, of which the writer was first lieutenant, was in the wagon road just behind Capt. Green's company, of the same regiment. Just beyond the bridge the Federals had unlimbered a piece of artillery, with which and some small arms they were sweeping the bridge. Company C came up, and Capt. Burke, of our company, ordered us to cross, which we did in double-quick. Sergeant William Curl was the first to cross, and Capt. Burke the next. An effort was made to capture the enemy's gun, but they succeeded in getting it away before we reached it. Half a mile farther on the Federals halted again in an open field, with a lane running through it, and formed a line of battle. We were ordered to form on the right and left of the lane and advance. Acting on this order, I jumped over the rail fence on the left side of the lane and started up through the field just as the Federals opened fire on us with small arms and artillery, to which we replied promptly.

At the time I crossed the fence and started forward through the field Sergeants Curl and Mason Speer started up the lane. After going about eighty yards, I looked around to see the condition of things, and discovered that I was alone. The line of battle had been formed at the fence, and all the fighting from the Confederate side was being done from there. When the writer found himself alone, between two fires, he went back to that fence, and it is useless to say that he went in a hurry. Curl and Speer found themselves in the same predicament, having gone even farther toward the enemy before discovering their mistake. The fight continued sharp and hot for perhaps twenty or thirty minutes, when the



GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON.



GEN. W. J. HARDEE.



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Federals again retreated, and were pursued by the mounted portion of the Confederates some distance toward Port Hudson. Our regiment lost some good men, killed and wounded. It was one of those small, red-hot engagements, something more than a skirmish, but not of sufficient importance to be called a battle, of which there were thousands during the war.

THAT FIGHT AT FORT GILMER.

BY W. A. FLANIGAN, COMPANY G, FIFTEENTH GEORGIA INFANTRY.

In the June VETERAN George Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., gives an account of some desperate fighting done by five Confederate soldiers in a fort near Petersburg that he thinks was called Fort Gilmer. In the December VETERAN Dr. May, of Texas, in reply to this article, says he was one of the five men referred to by Gen. Reese.

I do not contradict either of these gentlemen, for there may have been more than one Fort Gilmer; but the time, place, and circumstances they mention so nearly accord with incidents participated in by the regiment to which I belonged that I make a statement.

I was a member of the Fifteenth Georgia Infantry, Benning's Brigade. When we were occupying the first line that Comrade May speaks of, the Texas Brigade was on our left. After we abandoned this position to re-form on the inner line and occupy the forts I do not know where it was, neither do I know where the rest of our brigade (Benning's) was except the Second Georgia. When we fell back to the inner line, half of my regiment, about thirty-five or forty of us, occupied Fort Gilmer and the other half went into a little fort, a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to our left, called Fort Fields. On our right, three or four hundred yards distant, was another little fort (I do not remember the name) occupied by some sixty men of the Second Georgia of our brigade. I do not know the location of the rest of our brigade, but I do know that the Fifteenth Georgia occupied Fort Gilmer and Fort Fields and the Second Georgia occupied the other little fort on the right of Fort Gilmer, as already stated. After we repulsed the attack on Fort Gilmer ten or twelve of us ran across to Fort Fields and helped the boys drive the enemy back from that point. About that time they made a rush at the little fort on our right, occupied by the Second Georgia, and some of our regiment started to help the Second; but before they reached the fort the fight was over, and the prisoners were coming in. Now there may have been but five men in the fort (Gilmer), as Gen. Reese and Comrade May state; but there were between thirty-five and forty men, with hot, smoking guns, in the Fort Gilmer that I was in.

There were only sixty-odd men in the Second Georgia, but they whipped a brigade of the enemy that day, capturing many prisoners, amongst them a major who, after seeing the small force opposed to him, asked Col. Shepherd if they were all the men he had; and when informed that they were he said if the Colonel would put him on the outside and give him only the men captured he would have the fort in a few moments.

We were sent from the Crater just the night before the blow up (a close miss) over to Richmond for local defense and to recruit the brigade, which did not have as many men in it then as some of the regiments formerly had; for instance, the Fifteenth Georgia carried into the fight at Gettysburg nine hundred muskets, and we came out with four hundred and fifty.

There are quite a number of these old fellows yet living who will verify my statement as to the fight at Fort Gilmer. True history is what we want: no more, no less.

MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

At a recent meeting of the J. Harvey Mathews Chapter, U. D. C., of Memphis, Tenn., Miss Mary M. Solari read a strong and pathetic paper, advocating the erection of a monument to the faithful old slaves who remained loyal and true to their owners in the dark days of the sixties and on through the infamous reconstruction period. After referring to an article that appeared in the November VETERAN from a correspondent averse to building such a monument, she says in part:

"In the hearts of the mighty fallen is deep rooted the feeling of inextinguishable gratitude to the loyal slaves to whose care the women and children were intrusted during the entire period of the War between the States. It is a sentiment that still remains smoldering in the souls of those who owned them. To those slaves who watched the fireside, tilled the soil, helped spin, weave, and make raiment for the master and sons on the battlefield—to those slaves who protected and provided for the families at home is due a monument that will tell the story to coming generations that cannot be taught the lesson of self-sacrifice and devotion of the slave in any other way. If a time is ever ripe for a noble deed, now is that time, for the grand, courteous Southern slave owner is fast passing away; and to erect the monument would be to hand down to posterity an open book, in which our Southern children can learn that every negro is no 'black fiend.' The North would not understand the sentiment. Of course not.

"Erecting this monument would influence for good the present and coming generations, and prove that the people of the South who owned slaves valued and respected their good qualities as no one else ever did or will do. It would bespeak the real conception of the affection of the owner toward the slave and refute the slanders and falsehoods published in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"There did exist in the days of trial and hardship not only a perfect understanding but the kindest sympathy, and in thousands of plantations and homes where every white male on the place able to bear arms would go to the battlefield the helpless families of women and children were left entirely to the care and protection of the trusted slaves.

"This monument would have great effect as a proof of the feeling of gratitude that centers the hearts of Southern people from the sixties to the present day, and would link ages of the past to the coming years, when our grandchildren and theirs in turn would stop to inquire the meaning of it and the motive that prompted its erection, learning therefrom truths in the history of the Southern States and from a truthful source.

"The 'Monument to the Blacks' would not only tell the traditions, romance, poetry, and picturesqueness of the South, but would speak the pathetic scenes enacted in many grand old Southern homesteads. No one who was rocked to sleep by the sweet lullaby of the faithful black 'mammy,' listened to her weird ghost stories, nursed at her breast, or played about her cabin door would ever be willing to have these tender memories die out. There is the side of sentiment, the side of gratitude, that those who have felt the touch can never give up, nor can they forget the debt due the faithful 'ten per cent of slaves that remained with their masters after freedom.'

"If 'this is not the time for erecting monuments to the old slaves,' one will never be erected, for the men and women who hold them in tender remembrance will ere long be called to a greater reward, and they alone can fully understand the

motive of such a work and the necessity to leave a mark by which their children's children may perpetuate the heroic deeds of the slaves who were devoted and true to their ancestors in times of deadliest peril. Erect the monument; it will result in much good, as it will tell future generations that the white men of the South were the negro's best friends then and that the men of the South are the negro's best friends to-day.

"Instances portraying the fidelity of the slaves might be told to fill endless volumes, and would recite the sweetest stories of heartfelt devotion, the most unselfish acts, prompted by pure love; self-forgetting, they would sacrifice comfort—yea, even go hungry—and with a smile serve those to whom they felt an undying fealty. They could not express all they felt, but for mammy's 'girl' or 'boy' they could work and suffer and teach a blessed lesson of endurance and glorified fortitude; for, as Miss Dromgoole so sweetly expresses it:

Her face is as black as ebon
Wrinkled and seamed and old;
But her heart, I know, is as white as snow,
And true as the rarest gold.

Her brown hands, old and feeble
With touch of the passing years,
Would banish each trace of care from my face
And brush from my heart the tears.

Mammy and friend, I loved her,
Humble and all unfamed;
But I love to trace in her love the face
That robber years have claimed.

Her face is as black as ebon,
Her soul as fair as the day;
And her prayers, I know, wherever I go,
Will follow me all the way."

THE "COON" WAS EXCHANGED.

BY G. B. GARWOOD, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

About September 10, 1862, a number of us were sent from Camp Douglas on exchange over the Illinois Central railroad to Cairo. From there we were to go by boat to a point near Vicksburg. Shortly after we were placed on board the boat some of my comrades said they had captured a pet coon, and invited me to go and take a look at him. I did so, and found it was a two-legged "coon" and as black a one as I ever saw. The boys had found him hid in a coal bin, and, upon investigation, learned that he had early in the war run away from his master, made his way North, and after "enjoying" his freedom for some months was tired of the luxury, and penniless and friendless was trying to beat his way back home to "old marster and mistis." We divided our rations of raw bacon and hard-tack with him, and advised him to stick close to the coal bin, for, as he was about the same color, he was less likely to be discovered there.

An hour or two before reaching our destination I overheard a heated controversy between the officer in command of the prisoners and the captain of the boat about a barrel of whisky concealed in the barroom. From the conversation I learned the location of the barrel. I didn't wait to hear the conclusion of the controversy, but reported what I had heard to one or two of my friends. One of them secured a brace and bit from the old carpenter of the boat, who was so kindly disposed toward us as not to ask any questions, and on the

second attempt, after boring through the thin partition, we struck the barrel and—well, it is only necessary to say that in a short time we had it drained as far down as it would leak out. The boat was soon after tied up at the point we were to be exchanged. We had arranged to pass our coon out on the name of a Confederate who died in line, and, notwithstanding we had braced him up with a drink or two out of the leaky barrel, his heart failed him at the last moment, and he refused to answer when the dead man's name was called. As it happened, my name came next to our dead comrade's, and the darky and I were standing side by side. When this name was called the second time I answered, and gave the "coon" a push that sent him between the crossed muskets of the guards standing at the edge of the stage plank. The officer looked surprised, and asked if that was his name. "Of course it is," I answered; "but he is as deaf as a post." I don't think the negro made a halt after I pushed him, for when he struck the bank he made straight for the woods, and the last we saw of him he was going at top speed. If any of my old comrades are living who were on that exchange with me, I should be glad to hear from them.

THIRTY-SEVENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY AGAIN.

BY C. B. PRICE, HANSONVILLE, VA.

Please correct a statement made in the January *VETERAN* by Comrade W. C. Tyler, of Kansas City, in a sketch of the Thirty-Seventh Virginia Infantry. He says: "The regiment was made up largely from the counties of Washington, Scott, and Tazewell, Southwestern Va."

I was a member of this regiment. It was composed of five companies from Washington County, commanded by Capts. John Terry, William White, James White, George Graham, and — Grant; three companies from Russell County, commanded by Capts. J. F. McElhaney, Samuel Hurst, and John Kendrick; one company from Lee County, Capt. Gibson; and one from Scott County, Capt. Wood. These are the original company commanders as I remember them. I simply write to claim recognition for our Russell and Lee County boys, who Comrade Tyler omitted to mention as members of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry, who followed their immortal commander from Kernstown to the night of his death, at Chancellorsville, then under Jeb Stewart, next "Old Jubal" Early, and at Appomattox under our beloved Gen. John B. Gordon.

Comrade Tyler gives a correct account of the services of the regiment as near as I can remember it after a lapse of forty years.

I hope all of our old comrades who are able will comply with his request to subscribe for the *VETERAN*, and get others to do likewise. We did our duty well when, as soldiers, we helped to make the glorious history of the Confederacy, and it is none the less our duty now to encourage and sustain its publication. The future historian will look to the cold facts and figures of the statistician for his information as to the disadvantages we were under and the great odds we had to fight; but to feel the warm heart beats of the Confederacy and understand the feelings that prompted the suffering, endurance, devotion, and heroism of the sons and daughters of the South from 1861 to 1865 he must turn to the pages of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. It is a duty we owe, not only to ourselves and our dead comrades but to our posterity, to sustain this publication "while it is yet light," for the shadows are fast gathering around us.

A "YANK" VISITS THE SOUTH.

BY E. EBERHARD, AKRON, OHIO.

My trip of several weeks through the South proved one of the most interesting and pleasant episodes of my life. Knowing the proverbial geniality of Southern people, I had anticipated a fairly good time among them while looking over my old campaign and battlefields, unless perchance some one in certain localities should find out my former regimental relations and confront me with some musty old bills for chickens and other sundries that had been overlooked by us in our hurry to keep ahead of Gen. Forrest's cavalry. I was well pleased, however, that the old bills were forgotten and old scores buried. I met with most cordial greetings everywhere, and was the recipient of many courtesies at the hands of your people, especially the old Confederate veterans. I am free to admit that I am very much in love with the South.

It gave me no less pleasure to see general prosperity, good cheer, and progress in every direction. I observed with real satisfaction how your people have under way the solution of the serious and perplexing problems confronting them with so much level-headed practical wisdom and energy. No fair-minded observer who has the least idea of the magnitude of the difficulties in the reconstruction and rehabilitation of your social fabric upon a new basis can fail to rejoice in the progress already made—your public schools open to all children, the ballot box open to all alike under similar conditions, and the rights of property and person guaranteed to all alike by the laws of your States.

I am profoundly convinced that the genuine efforts of the South to bring order out of the chaotic condition into which the vicissitudes of a disastrous war and the more disastrous blundering of politicians had plunged their States merits the best wishes and coöperation of every good and patriotic citizen of our beloved America. It would be a blessed event in our country's history if those of the North and the South who faced each other upon the field of battle would, with others of like mind, come closer together and learn each other's conditions, difficulties, and needs. This could not fail to promote the good will necessary to a rational solution of questions that seem to threaten interminable controversy.

In this connection it is well for us Yankees, when we become excited and raise our hands in holy horror at what we think is quite terrible in some of the social and economic institutions of the North, that we have a few bosses that are not angels and a few regrettable events taking place right here on our own enlightened Western reserve, notwithstanding we have no social conditions to contend with.

The War between the States, its long duration and the intense struggle, instead of fostering malice, has created the liveliest interest in me for the South and its people. My growing conviction of late years that the Southern people were willing and most able, because best informed, to handle all questions of especial interest to them and their section was fully vindicated by what I saw on my recent visit among them.

WANTS TO LOCATE HIS "JOHNNIE."

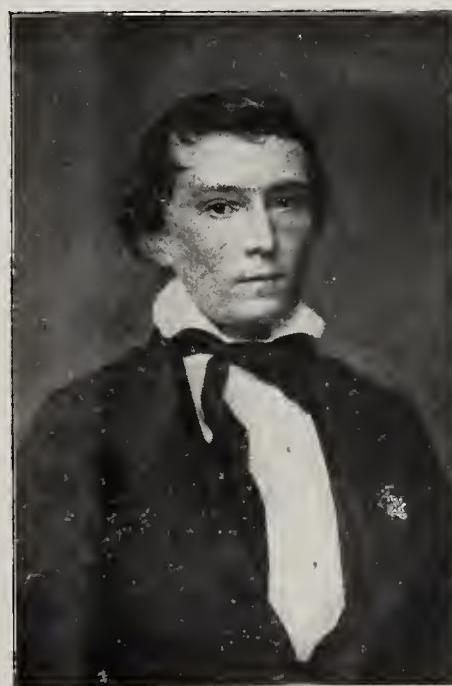
Mr. James W. Dotson, of the Federal National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., writes: "I read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN with much interest, for we old fellows on opposite sides during the war whose business it was to give and take hard knocks learned to have a wholesome respect and admiration for each other before we settled our 'family fuss.' It was my good fortune to render a little assistance to a wounded 'Johnnie,' a mere lad, at the battle of Nashville. The nerve of the game little rascal so impressed me at the time that I've often wondered if he is living; if so, I should be glad to hear from him. It was the evening of December 16. Hood's army had given away. I was with Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps on our right (your left), and I think Gen. Cheatham's troops were in the immediate front of the command I belonged to. We had followed the retreating Confederates out to the foothills. The day was dreary, which with the smoke of battle made the night come on quickly. Our front line had been relieved by fresh troops, and I was going to the rear, over the ground we had fought, with my command when my attention was attracted to a wounded Confederate unable to stand up. Examination showed he had been shot through the foot, the bullet crushing the bones and making a most painful wound. By having him swing on to my shoulder and use my gun for a crutch I succeeded



ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN,
Confederate States Navy.



HON. WILLIAM L. YANCEY,
Statesman.



HON. ALEX H. STEPHENS,
Vice President.

at length in getting him over the hill, where our regimental surgeon was attending to some of our boys the Johnnie's had 'tagged' that evening. I soon had him engaged in picking the shattered bone out of my young prisoner's foot, and saw that he was made as comfortable as practicable for the night before leaving him. I think he was taken to Nashville next day, but I've never seen or heard of him since. While this was nothing more than an act of humanity that any man should have done, yet it afforded me special satisfaction, as it enabled me to get even with the 'Johnnies,' for I had, a short time before, been captured by some of Gen. Forrest's men and treated with the greatest kindness."

WHO CAPTURED THE NEGRO FLAG?

BY G. T. CULLINS, CALEDONIA, ARK.

Just after the Nashville reunion I wrote an article on our second campaign to Nashville, in which I gave an account of the battle there as I saw it. I stated that my regiment (Eighteenth Alabama Infantry) captured the Thirteenth United States Colored Infantry flag with this inscription: "Presented by the Colored Ladies of Murfreesboro."

Comrade Carpenter, of Eutaw, Ala., states in the January VETERAN that I confused an incident. He says that he was in command of the Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, and that Capt. Knox, of Company B, was on his extreme right; that after the firing had somewhat ceased and the negroes began to retreat, Knox, seeing the color bearer still standing at his post, jumped over the breastworks, caught up one of the enemy's guns, shot the color bearer, and captured the flag, designating it as the same by the inscription. There were very few negroes who retreated in our front, and none were at their post when the firing ceased; for we fired as long as there was anything standing to shoot at. When the firing ceased, Lieut. Page, who was adjutant of our regiment at the time, leaped over the stone fence and picked up the flag, which was lying a few feet in our front. The bearer was then dead, as were nearly all of his comrades. Lieut. Page was shot down by a cross fire from the left a few moments after he crossed back over the stone fence. I was in a few feet of this flag when it was picked up, and had my hands on it just after it was brought in. Now it has been forty years, and I have talked with many old comrades who were witnesses, but I never heard the matter questioned before.

Comrade Huffman, of Bessemer, Ala., who was a member of Company G, Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, was present at the stone fence engagement, and corroborates my statement in the September VETERAN, relating that he mentioned the incident to Gen. S. D. Lee at the Nashville reunion, and that he said he remembered it distinctly. Comrade L. B. Thweatt, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., a messmate of mine, was with me at the Nashville reunion, and we visited this historic spot together and talked the matter over concerning the captured flag and corroborated each other's memory. Comrade Carpenter also states that while camped at Columbia Gen. Clayton sent for this flag. Now my recollection is that our brigade did not go back by Columbia, but turned aside below Franklin and moved out by Pulaski.

I should like for Comrades Thweatt, Huffman, and all others who remember the facts to speak out and verify or contradict my statement.

GEN. FORREST SAID: "GO IT, LITTLE ONE!"—Capt. C. F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who was a member of Gen. Buford's staff, writes: "I have read with much interest Henry Ewell Hord's articles in the VETERAN about Gen. Forrest's

fight at Brice's Cross Roads, and corroborate all he says about Lyon's Brigade, for Gen. Buford had loaned me to Gen. Lyon that day to serve as his aid-de-camp. But Hord fails to mention an incident, either from modesty of his courage or vanity of his appearance, that I heard and witnessed during the fight. The Third Kentucky, as he states, had been drilled and served as infantry until they were assigned to Forrest, and evidently thought they could do no good fighting on horseback. It was after Morton's Battery had joined us at Brice's Cross Roads, and we had just started the Yankees on the go, that Gen. Forrest rode up to Hord's regiment (the Third Kentucky) and was cursing them into shape to charge on horseback in order to overtake and capture as many prisoners as possible, when Hord, mounted on a little dun-colored mustang, rode around in front of the line near Forrest. His hat was gone, and his white head glittered in the sunshine like a ball of silver; his face, as smooth as a girl's and as red as a beet, was streaked with sweat and dirt; a liberal part of his gray shirt (he had no jacket) had worked out over the waistband of his pants and fluttered over the cantle of his saddle. He looked to be about fifteen or sixteen years old, just the right age not to be afraid of anything on earth. I was sitting on my horse near Gen. Forrest when Hord and his mustang came around to the front. He was pegging away at the Yankees as fast as he could shoot, oblivious of the fact that old Bedford was near or that he had attracted his attention, until the General shouted, 'GO IT, LITTLE ONE!' and the 'little one' went. I've seen him but once in nearly forty years, but will carry in my mind as long as I live the ludicrous but game picture of the white-headed, dirty-faced boy at Brice's Cross Roads."

"CAPTURED" CAPT. M. S. COCKRILL.

BY E. M'IVER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The autumn of 1862 was ideal and especially acceptable to the foot-sore soldiers of Gen. Bragg's army, as they had left Chattanooga to march across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to meet Gen. Buell and Gen. Thomas at a point out of Louisville.

While on this campaign into Kentucky we were in camp at Bryantsville, a few miles from Perryville, and a short time before that great battle known as the "Battle of Perryville." A Mr. Robinson, claiming to be a Southern sympathizer, a farmer living only a few miles away, visited our camp quite frequently, and we became well acquainted. He invited Capt. M. S. Cockrill and myself to spend a night with him. As that section of Kentucky was very much mixed in sentiment, and as it was infested with roving bands of independent thieves and cutthroats who claimed to be soldiers, though then in hiding, we hesitated about accepting.

However, we concluded to accept Mr. Robinson's invitation to spend a night with him. He had a brother, a man of high rank (Dick Robinson) in the Federal army; but we satisfied ourselves of the sincerity of our new friend, and felt we would meet a welcome and protection, so far as he was concerned. We scrubbed and brushed up ourselves as best we could, mounted our freshly groomed horses, and, just before the sun went down, we started out across the country to find Mr. Robinson's home. It was off the public road. The country was hilly and the route quite bewildering. We could not but think of bushwhackers and what an advantage such a section of country gave them. The moon came out bright, the air was fresh, and, after some confusion, we struck the road to the home of our host. We were welcomed with "old Kentucky hospitality." Mr. Robinson lived in a large

two-story house, which was lighted, and very soon we were presented to his family, receiving a welcome on all sides that put us at ease.

I will not attempt to describe the bountiful repast that awaited us in the supper room and how we enjoyed it. Later, we were sitting upon the piazza, with his family around. We were listening to the many incidents of horror that had happened through that section and the mountainous district, a day's journey away, before Gen. Bragg's army had made its appearance. We had left our arms in camp, and it was straggling parties like ours that these fellows looked for.

Suddenly Mr. Robinson sprang to his feet, listened, and then walked out in the yard in front of his house to investigate further. Coming back quickly, he said: "Gentlemen, I hear horses. Some one is coming this way. There are several, and they are riding rapidly, too."

A thousand thoughts crowded across my mind, it seemed, all at once. Were we trapped, betrayed, given, or sold to the enemy? Our horses were stabled, and to reach them we would have to go in the direction of the approaching party. Then, if we were not betrayed and our host were true to us, it was our duty to stand by him in case of an invasion; but what good could we do? We had left our arms in camp out of respect to Mr. Robinson. There was nothing to do but face the enemy or take to the woods afoot.

Mr. Robinson and his family were all alert and uneasily walking and watching down the lane that led up to the house, the very picture of concern. Capt. Cockrill and I put on a bold front, stood in their midst, and talked as coolly as our voices would allow. I could not resist the temptation to look over the back way out of the house into the woods near by, but took care to let no one suspect what I was up to. Never before did I so long for my side arms and censure myself for allowing even respect to my host to induce me to leave them behind. I never before felt so helpless. The horses didn't come in sight until they were almost at the front gate, and they came in a run. 'Twas then my heart beat so hard that I was afraid Mr. Robinson's daughter or wife, standing close by, would hear it. The dust cleared away, when all at once two girls drew up, and, throwing their reins to a young boy they had with them as an escort, jumped off their horses, and, holding up their long riding skirts, came running in, laughing, talking, and crying all at once from the excitement of their venture.

I could have fallen down and worshiped them. I never wanted to embrace strangers as badly before. We were all greatly at ease quite soon, and, after refreshing themselves, the girls were quickly in the parlor, and we exchanged adventures. They told us how they got away from their homes in Lancaster, about ten miles distant, to make this visit and be near the Southern army, and we told them how they scared us. One, the leader, was a Miss Letcher, a near relative of Gov. Letcher, of Kentucky, and, as might have been expected, a dashing, tall, graceful young woman full of patriotism and fire. The other—a cousin, if memory serves me right, and not quite so handsome—I have forgotten her name. The two made a team to attract in any crowd. They had captured their young kinsman, a mere boy, and, well mounted, they led the way to Mr. Robinson's (a friend of their family) by moonlight, riding rapidly for ten miles.

We all collected around a table, with a bright light hanging from the ceiling overhead. It was our opportunity to scan the features of the new arrivals. It's enough to say Kentucky never fails in producing thoroughbreds, and this attempt was not an exception. Miss Letcher was the star, if either. She

led in intelligent dash, looks, and repartee; and from the way Capt. Cockrill turned red in the face and then white I knew every minute that his props were giving way, and that he had not only been surprised but captured, heart and body. It was a feast for us seldom encountered; as Capt. Cockrill said: "It was intoxicating."

It was late when we said good night. It was an evening long to be remembered, and I knew from the way Capt. Cockrill kept squeezing my hand all night that he was still frightened—or something else. We left next morning early, after making many promises to return and enroll both of the young ladies in the Southern army, each preferring the artillery service with us.

Alas! Alas! Unfortunately, orders came to advance; and then the memorable battle of Perryville is history, history, with its many casualties and much suffering. Three more days and a retreat was sounded, which meant back across the State by way of Crab Orchard, Lancaster, Rock Castle Gap, and into Tennessee again via Cumberland Gap. This route took us through Lancaster, and as the sun rose and fell upon everything that sad but beautiful day, with heads bowed in humiliation, we cast our eyes about, and who should we see, with hands waving and calling as we passed along the streets of Lancaster—many, but none so beautiful as our newly made young lady friends. Lancaster was their home, and as Capt. Cockrill held long and firmly the hand of one the tears fell fast and furiously down his cheeks. Another capture had been made, and Miss Letcher was a prisoner. The meeting was brief, hardly time for pledges, as the enemy was pressing us; but looks spoke volumes. The order to forward had to be obeyed. I looked and Capt. Cockrill caught my eye, turned red behind the ears, and waved a last, long farewell. Such was the fate of war. They never met again.

SAVED BY HIS BIBLE.

Comrade Edwin C. Rice, of Henderson, Tex., sends to the VETERAN another incident where a Bible saved the life of its owner in battle. W. G. Norwood was a member of Company D, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade. At the battle of Malvern Hill a large rifle ball struck him in the breast over the heart, went through his clothing, struck the little leather-covered Bible he had in his pocket, penetrated through the book to the fifth Psalm, and lodged immediately over the eleventh and twelfth verses, which read: "But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee. For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield."

The ball did not tear or even scratch the leaf on which the verses were printed and over which it lodged. Mr. Norwood, who is still living, has never allowed the ball to be removed from his little Bible except to let friends read the verses it almost entirely covers.

HANDSOME MONUMENT AT SUFFOLK, VA.

BY J. RANDOLPH SMITH, HENDERSON, N. C.

At Suffolk, Va., the handsomest monument in the Cedar Hill Cemetery is dedicated to all Confederate soldiers, and was unveiled the 14th of November, 1889. It was erected by one man, and is therefore of the greater interest to "the men who wore the gray" and all who stand for them.

Cedar Hill Cemetery is beautiful. It is terraced, and the grass is kept smooth, the trees are trimmed, and it is kept in

Confederate Veteran.

perfect order. In May, when the writer saw it, the ground was yellow with buttercups, covering the sleepers with a blanket of gold.

One of the favorite sayings of the man who erected this monument is: "When I hear a man being praised and honors given him, I always want to know his wife, for no man ever accomplishes any great thing without the aid of some great woman—his wife or his mother." He says to-day that but for his dear little wife that monument would not be standing now. When he first thought of the monument he told her that he was going to leave money in his will to erect a handsome memorial to his comrades, and it was she who said: "Why not give the monument now, while you can supervise the work and have it done exactly as you would have it?" So with her help he did erect the monument, and it is a credit to him, to her, to the men in whose honor it is given, and to the town and State.

Generally men give large sums when it can do them no more good; but this man, who is not rich as wealth is counted now, gave of what he had. All who know him delight in showing him honor. The Confederate Camp at Suffolk is the Tom Smith Camp, and he has been Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia.

Many towns and cities have asked him to deliver addresses on Memorial Days. It was in his speech at Portsmouth, Va., that the memorable words were spoken: "I am one of the men whose proudest boast is: 'I followed Lee.'"

*From Photographs Secured During the Sixties by
Daughters of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter.*



LIEUT. GEN. LEONIDAS POLK.



MAJ. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.



BRIG. GEN. W. R. N. BEALL.



BRIG. GEN. G. W. GORDON.

The inscriptions on the monument were written by Dr. Beverly Tucker, of Norfolk, Va.

On the south side:

"This shaft on which we carve no name
Shall guide Virginia's youth,
A signpost on the road to fame,
To honor, and to truth.
A silent sentry, let it stand
To guard through coming time
Their graves who died for native land
And duty most sublime."

On the north side:

"With shouts above the battle's roar
They joined the legions gone before.
They bravely fought, they bravely fell;
They wore the gray, and wore it well."

On the west side:

"Erected by Thomas W. Smith in memory of his comrades,
The Confederate dead."

DIXIE.

THE SONG, THE SENTIMENT, THE COUNTRY.

Created by a nation's glee,
With jests and songs and revelry
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout:
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious, like the crest of Mars,
The banner of the stars and bars.
The cannons lay our warriors low;
We fill the ranks and onward go,
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie? O how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie!

To live for Dixie? harder part;
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To stay the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future all o'ercast,
To knit life's broken thread again
And keep her memory free from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved land, beloved song,
Thy thrilling power shall last as long,
Enshrined within each Southern soul.
As Time's eternal ages roll!
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptized with our country's tears—
God and the right for Dixie.

CAREER OF LIEUT. COL. D. B. LANG.

Dr. David Berkley Lang was born January 31, 1831, near Bridgeport, Harrison County, Va. He spent his youth on his father's farm and attended the country schools.

He was married August 24, 1851, to Elizabeth Powell, of Taylor County, to whom eight children were born—six sons and two daughters. Two of the sons died in infancy, and the other children all lived to rear families of their own. Dr. Lang settled at Fairview, Taylor County, Va., where he engaged in the mercantile business for a few years; but subsequently built a flouring mill near by, which he operated until the spring of 1859, when he exchanged his mill property for a farm in Barbour County, three miles from Belington.

In 1861 he was living upon his farm and enjoying a lucrative practice of medicine. In May he voted against the ordinance of secession; and, while opposed to slavery as an institution, he was a warm Southern sympathizer, and when Virginia seceded he cast his fortune with the South, believing in allegiance to his State.

Gen. R. S. Garnett had, early in the summer of 1861, fortified a position one mile and a half east of Belington, on the road that leads from Philippi to Beverly, with a force of forty-five hundred men. Dr. Lang often visited this camp, and became acquainted with Gen. Garnett and his officers. On Sunday morning, July 8, he had gone to the camp, and Gen. McClellan had ordered Gen. Thomas A. Morris to move from Philippi with his forces to attack Gen. Garnett at his position at the foot of Laurel Hill; but the object of this move was to hold Garnett in check until McClellan could surround and capture the Confederate forces on Rich Mountain. As there was considerable skirmishing between the forces, Dr. Lang took his first lessons in real war. He secured a gun and exchanged several shots with the enemy. A sugar tree on the farm of P. C. Booth that shielded him contained marks of the enemy's balls that could be seen for years. He concealed in a hollow chestnut stump an officer's saddle, some blankets, and other trinkets, that remained until some months after, when he came home and brought them in. After returning home, he soon mounted his horse and, taking his double-barreled shotgun, followed the retreating Confederate forces, which he overtook in the vicinity of Corrick's Ford, in Tucker County, near where Gen. Garnett was killed. The Confederate army first retreated toward Beverly, but, finding their retreat cut off, went up Leading Creek and down Pleasant Run to Cheat River, making their way South by the "Red House," in Maryland, and through Hardy County, Va.

Gen. Wm. L. Jackson engaged Dr. Lang as a scout after he went South, and while in this service he was in many close places with the enemy. While making some observations of the Federal fortifications on Cheat Mountain (1862), where they had felled trees down the hill and sharpened the tops, forming an abatis around the breastworks, he had passed beyond the picket line, where three men were stationed some distance apart, and had been discovered by the one in the center, who called, "What are you doing there?" and he replied, "O, just looking at *our* fortifications." The Yankee, taking in the situation, ordered him to come forward and surrender. As he approached, with the breech of the gun forward, when within a few feet of him he bounded forward, striking the soldier squarely in the stomach with the butt of his gun, which sent him sprawling down the hill, and in a few moments he (the Doctor) was in the underbrush, out of reach of the shots of the other two.

In November, 1861, while returning from a scouting expedition through the mountains, he became lost in the dense laurel and hemlock thickets between the forks of the Greenbrier River. He left his saddle at first so that he could the better get through the brush, and, after cutting his way some distance, had finally to abandon his horse. He would have perished in the snow had not some Confederates found him. They believed him to be a Yankee spy, and took him to camp, where he was identified by Maj. A. G. Reger.

Mr. Jacob Barner, of Pocahontas County, who knew of the incident, found the saddle three years after the war closed, while hunting. In a letter of December 4, 1862, from Camp Washington, Augusta County, Va., he said: "We are with Gen. J. D. Imboden, and on the 9th of last month captured at St. George, Tucker County, a company with all their stores." He spoke also of the hardships that he had endured in the past eighteen months as a scout. In that letter he stated that he had been urged by friends to accept a better position in a regiment. Shortly after this he received the appointment from the War Department as major of the Sixty-Second Virginia Regiment, Gen. Imboden's Command. He was with Gen. Imboden April 29, 1863, when he made his raid through West Virginia. At that time Beverly was held by nearly nine hundred men, commanded by Col. George R. Latham, a personal friend of Maj. Lang's, who, after some fighting, retreated toward Philippi.

Gen. Imboden, in giving his report of the expedition, says: "On the morning of the 25th my cavalry reported the road toward Philippi impracticable for artillery or wagons on account of the depth of the mud, in places coming up to the saddle skirts of the horses. I also ascertained that Gen. Roberts, with a considerable force, was at Buchanan, and I doubted the prudence of going directly to Philippi until this force was dislodged from my flank. I sent off two companies of cavalry under Maj. D. B. Lang to open communication with Gen. Jones, who was then moving through Preston, Monongalia, and Marion Counties."

Maj. Lang followed the retreating Federal forces with a part of the companies under Capts. Taylor and Smoot, and camped where Garnett's men were stationed in 1861. He spent the night at home with his wife and little children, a mile and a half away. It was the last time he was there. In his diary he states: "We made a dash on Philippi, causing the enemy considerable fright." Col. Mulligan and some of his officers were on the road east of town, and they came upon them so suddenly that the Colonel, while galloping toward town, lost his hat and hallooed, "Fire that cannon! fire that cannon!" while he was still directly between the Confederates and his guns. The Confederates fell back and camped on the bank of the river, below Belington. The second day they fell in with Imboden near Buchanan, and moved on to Weston, and from there south through Greenbrier County.

On the night of September 25, 1863, with a company of several men Maj. Lang surprised and captured thirty Federals at the "Burnet House," the crossing of Cheat River on the Seneca Trail. The night before he went into their camp under disguise while they were asleep, and ascertained their number and position. Lieut. H. H. Stalnaker, who was with his command, says: "After he returned to his company on the mountain, he at first decided not to take them, as their horses were jaded, although the object of the expedition was to get horses to supply his command. After waiting all day on the mountain side, they went down the next night and captured all except one man, who made his escape."

Confederate Veteran.

Maj. Lang helped to defend Lynchburg when Hunter made his raid into Virginia. He was with Imboden at New Creek, whose forces destroyed several miles of the B. and O. Railroad. He was with Lee's army in the battle of Gettysburg. His forces guarded Lee's wagon trains from Gettysburg to Williamsport, and engaged in that battle. He participated in nearly all of the engagements that were fought in the Valley of Virginia that season. In the fight with Gen. Seigle at New Market he lost nearly half of his regiment. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel in the latter part of 1863. His regiment was part of the time with Gen. Breckinridge's command. In a letter written to his wife July 13, 1864, from Blair's house, near Washington, he stated that he had been under the enemy's fire every day since May 7, had marched over six hundred miles, and had escaped with nothing more than a few holes through his clothing until the day before. He had been given the post of honor by being put in front, and drove the enemy five miles to their fort. In the fight his spur was struck by a ball, which slightly disabled him. The spur saved his foot, however.

It was his delight to command the skirmish line. On September 5, 1864, while in command of his line near Bunker Hill, eight or nine miles below Winchester, he fell mortally wounded. Lieut. H. H. Stalnaker says: "The balls were flying fast, and one of his comrades said, 'Colonel, you had better shelter behind that stone fence, or you might get hit;' but he replied, 'It is me they are shooting at.' In a moment or so I saw him place his hand to his side and fall, and as some of his men went to carry him from the field he said: 'You had better leave me and take care of yourselves.' He was carried to a house near by, and afterwards to Winchester, where he died the next day. He left this message for his men: 'Tell the boys that, if possible, I would like to see them, but for them to do their duty on all occasions.' He then expressed a desire to see his wife and little children, and the sentiment that if the Confederacy succeeded he would ask no greater compensation from the Confederate government for his services than the education of his children."

Col. Lang is buried in the "Stonewall" Cemetery at Winchester. Upon entering from the south gate, his grave is the second on the right of the sleeping Virginians, marked by a plain marble slab like that on all the Virginians' graves:

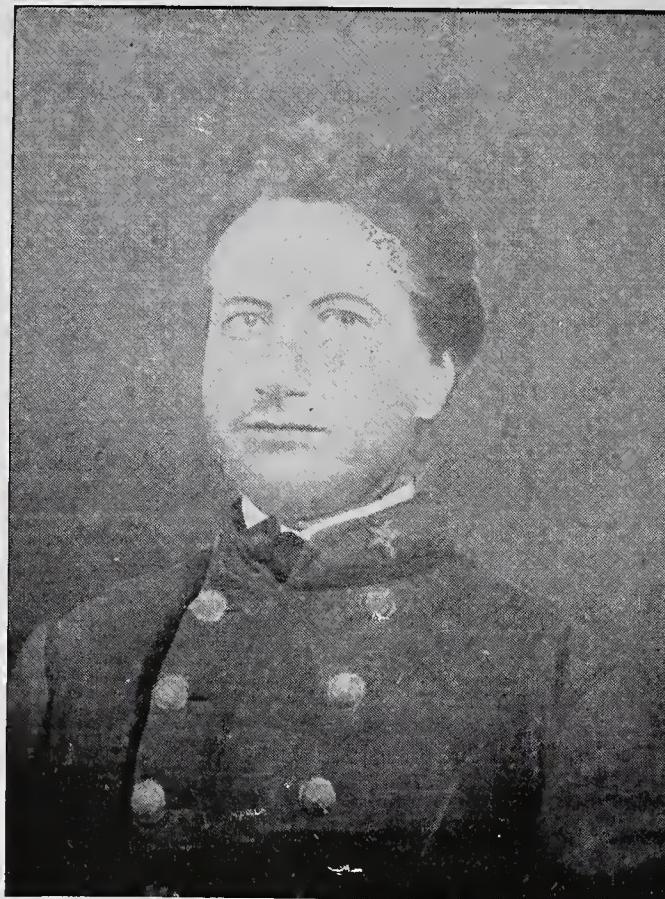
"Lieut. Col. David B. Lang, died September 6, 1864."

He believed in the virtue and triumph of the Confederate cause, and said in one of his letters to his wife: "If this unholy war should last until my youngest son is eighteen years old, I wish you would inspire such patriotism in each of them that they would shoulder their muskets in defense of their country." In another he said: "I shall see Virginia free or be buried beneath her sod."

Col. Lang was sued on a security debt a year or so before the war, and, having some creditors of his own who desired to be secured, he gave a deed of trust on his property, and his wife signed her interest in it. It was not sold until after the close of the war, when it took everything to pay off his debts and left his wife and children without anything but courage; yet there never was a murmur or regret by herself or her children that she had secured his creditors. His widow died near Kerns, Randolph County, W. Va., at the home of her son, David B., November 19, 1898, aged seventy years.

Sometime before Col. Lang's death, Col. Rankins, of Martinsburg, W. Va., made a portrait of him on a pine board 13x16 inches. It was left with his cousin, Mrs. Martha P. (Lang) McClung, near Bath Alum, Va., and after the close

of the war Miss Melvina Corley (now Mrs. Judson C. Goddin, of near Elkins, W. Va.) carried it through the Alleghany and Cheat Mountains, fastened to the horn of her sidesaddle,



COL LANG.

to her home, near Belington, Barbour County, W. Va., nearly one hundred miles. The accompanying engraving was made from a photograph of that board.

The foregoing sketch comes from Winfield S. Lang, eldest son of Col. D. B. Lang. His home is at Meadowville, W. Va.

INQUIRY FOR PRISON COMRADES AT KNOXVILLE.—R. F. Sims, of Gorman, Tex., writes: "I should like to hear from any comrades who were prisoners at Knoxville, Tenn., during the months of August and September, 1864. During that time a tunnel was dug there which was a great mystery to the Yankees. It was over twenty-five feet long, and had been dug with case knives. Very few of the prisoners knew anything about it; and if the Yankees had discovered the diggers, some one would have worn a ball and chain. I should also like to hear from Capt. Hughall, of Hughall's Battery, who lived in Knoxville. He was captured inside the Yankee lines, and held as a spy for a long while. After I left there I heard that he was started off to regular prison, but made his escape. After Gen. Morgan's death, at Greeneville, those of his men who were captured were brought to prison at Knoxville. I shall never forget how we gathered upstairs at the north window and sang our Southern songs. We always knew when Southern ladies were passing, for they gave us some sign. About the 1st of October an exchange was made, and some of the prisoners were sent to Atlanta. Among others, I was sent to Camp Douglas, and exchanged at Richmond about the 21st of March. I thought I was having a hard time, but it did not compare with prison life. When captured I belonged to the Twenty-Seventh Virginia Battalion, afterwards reorganized as the Twenty-Fifth Regiment."

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER.

BY MRS. T. C. DAVIS, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

This is the 15th of January and the fortieth anniversary of the fall of Fort Fisher. Every year since then this day has brought back vividly to my mind that heroic struggle. It was the last fort in the Confederacy through which we could communicate, even by blockade runners, with the outside world; and, although then in her death throes, the Confederate government made a desperate effort to hold it. It was a useless sacrifice of life, but what loyal man or woman counted the cost of life in those days, so long as the flag of the Confederacy was unfurled?

I lived directly on the coast, and could see the powerful North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Porter, assembling for the attack. The bombardment by the fleet began Friday morning, the 13th, and continued day and night until Sunday evening, the 15th. In his official report, Admiral Porter says he threw fifty thousand shells in and around the fort within that time. It is estimated that for several hours Sunday, preceding the attack by the army under Gen. Terry, three hundred shells per minute were thrown into the fort. It was the most powerful armament of war vessels ever assembled up to that time, and perhaps the most dreadful bombardment.

I, with several other ladies, went out to a point on the west side of Cape Fear River, where we could see the entire field of action. My husband was a member of the garrison in the fort, and none but a wife could experience the awful agony of my suspense as I stood that Sunday evening and watched the fearful shower of shell fall upon the doomed but devoted little garrison. At times my imagination would tell me that my anxious eyes were resting upon him in the little group of heroic defenders that we could see distinctly; the next instant a monster shell would explode in their midst, enveloping everything in smoke and dust. At such moments I would feel as if my heart would burst; but when the wind would lift the shroud of battle and I could see our flag still there, and the thin, gray line still in action, I would feel that exultant joy that I imagine the old veterans felt when they rushed forward with the Rebel yell.

About three o'clock the bombardment suddenly ceased, but it was only a lull in the storm. The ships had dismounted or rendered useless by their terrific fire all of our guns on the sides of the fort most exposed to them; and now the land forces, under Gen. Terry, assisted by the marines from the fleet, making a total force of nearly fifteen thousand, were preparing to assault the fort, and we could see our men—O how few they looked compared to the vast army of Federals!—within the fortification awaiting the attack.

We could count our heart beats as, with silent prayers and eyes too dry for tears, we watched the storm gather in great masses of dark columns of men moving on the helpless, but still defiant, Confederates. Praying that my husband was yet alive, seeing the overwhelming odds against him, and realizing that victory was utterly hopeless, can I be blamed that courage failed me and that a white flag over the wrecked fort would have been grateful to my sight? But before I could give expression to the feeling a red sheet of fire streamed along the front lines of the advancing hosts, and the death struggle had begun.

I could not, if I would, describe the fearful scenes that followed, for even at this late day it makes my heart sick to think of it; of how foot by foot our men were forced back

from one traverse to another, often fighting with clubbed muskets, and marking every foot of the way with the dead bodies of their foes. When the smoke would lift, we could see distinctly the lines engaged often in hand-to-hand fighting; but O! we could see so distinctly that the thin, gray line was growing thinner and the dark, heavy masses were growing heavier. The gallant Gen. Whiting had fallen, desperately wounded, in the midst of his men; but the battle continued to rage until night shut out the dreadful sight. Even then as we left our place of observation we could hear the roar and see the flash of guns.

The fighting continued until about ten o'clock that night, when the fort surrendered. I could learn nothing of the fate of my husband, whether living or dead, and it was a month afterwards that I received a letter from him, saying he was a prisoner at Elmira, N. Y. He was released after the close of the war, and returned home on the 1st of June, 1865; but the 15th of January always brings back to me a remembrance of that, to me, awful Sunday evening forty years ago.

THE OLD JOHNNY'S LETTER.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

'Tis creased and 'tis faded, the old Johnny's letter;
 He battled four years 'neath the banners of Lee,
 And here is the one little postscript he added:
 "O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."
 He penned it one night in the heart of the wildwood
 When over him glittered the watch-keeping stars,
 And close to the fires where his comrades lay sleeping
 Half furled on its staff was the banner of bars.
 He thought of his home and the loved ones so precious,
 He dreamed of his wife and the boy far away;
 Their smiles and their faces, their kisses, embraces
 Came often, I know, to the soldier in gray.
 And, thinking of them in the camp in the cedars
 So close to the river that flowed to the sea,
 He penned the sweet postscript that showed his affection:
 "O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."
 To-morrow the battle, to-morrow the carnage,
 To-morrow the charge and the roar of the guns,
 The stand on the hill and the fight in the valley,
 The fall of the Southland's magnificent sons;
 Yet there in the bivouac, where thousands are dreaming
 Who'll fall at the dawn by the shot-riven tree,
 He adds last a fond line to perhaps his last letter:
 "O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

 The battle is over, and roses are blooming
 Where growled the mad guns on the thrice-taken hill,
 And deep in the valley the robin is singing,
 And fishes leap up in the once crimsoned rill.
 He sleeps where the stars their sweet vigils are keeping,
 And the river sings low to the ultimate sea;
 But his love lingers still in the postscript he added:
 "O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."
 There hangs on a wall now a half-faded picture,
 And 'neath it an old, tattered jacket of gray,
 And near them a canteen, a belt, and a musket
 That silently tell of the terrible fray;
 And pressed in a book is the old Johnny's letter,
 Too precious almost for a stranger to see,
 And there is the one little postscript he added:
 "O Mary, my darling, kiss Jimmie for me."

Confederate Veteran.

RECORD OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, 1861-65.

The committee appointed by the Literary and Historical Society of North Carolina to investigate and report upon the accuracy as to the number of troops furnished by that State to the Confederacy and upon the merits of their claims as being "first at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, last at Appomattox" have made their report, and it has been published by the Historical Society, making an interesting pamphlet of some eighty pages.

Maps of all the battlefields in question are shown in the report, and the positions occupied by the North Carolina troops at the high tide of battle on the different fields are marked by participants and eyewitnesses, to whom was assigned the duty of compiling the facts and writing the reports on the battles mentioned.

"First at Bethel" was assigned to Maj. E. J. Hale, who was a member of Company H, Fayetteville Light Infantry, of the First North Carolina Volunteers, afterwards known as the Bethel Regiment.

"Farthest to the front at Gettysburg" is maintained by Judge W. A. Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond, both veterans of that field.

"Farthest to the front at Chickamauga" is reported by Judge A. C. Avery, after going over the field carefully and, with the assistance of the Park Commissioners, marking the places of the various positions occupied by the North Carolina troops, which confirms his own personal recollections of the battle.

"Last at Appomattox" is presented by Senator Henry A. London, in which he claims that the hungry, ragged, mud-stained, but loyal old "Tar Heels" fired the last volley at Appomattox.

The number of troops furnished by the State, and of killed, wounded, and died from disease, is carefully compiled by Capt. S. A. Ashe.

In submitting the reports of these gentlemen to the society, the committee says:

"Maj. Hale, who was at Bethel and, indeed, served continually throughout the war and saw its close at Appomattox, tells the story of this first battle of the war. North Carolina can well claim to have been 'first at Bethel,' for this first victory for our arms was won by her sons. More than two-thirds of the soldiers present, or over eight hundred of the twelve hundred, were North Carolinians; without them the battle would not have been fought, and without them it could not have been won. North Carolina can justly claim credit for her promptness and for having her troops placed nearest to the enemy on Virginia's soil, so as to receive the first blow aimed at her sister State and return it with such telling force as to repulse the first advance of her enemy. The first soldier killed in battle was Henry L. Wyatt, of Company A, First North Carolina Volunteers, at Bethel, June 10, 1861.

'FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT GETTYSBURG.'

"That the soldiers of this State went somewhat farther at Gettysburg than any others in the third day's battle is so clearly shown by Judge Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond, in the articles submitted by them, that it is not necessary to recapitulate. The controverted point is only as to the charge on the third day, else we could have referred to the undisputed fact that on the evening of the second day Hoke's Brigade, commanded by Col. Isaac E. Avery (who lost his life in the assault), together with Louisianians from Hays's Brigade, climbed Cemetery Heights, being farther than any other troops penetrated during the three days. The following inscriptions placed by the Federal Park Commissioners

upon tablets state that the services of Hoke's Brigade on the second day and Pettigrew's on the third amply vindicate the justice of our claim.

Hoke's Brigade.

"July 2. Skirmished all day, and at 8 P.M., with Hays's Brigade, charged East Cemetery Hill. Severely enfiladed on the left by artillery and musketry, it pushed over the infantry line in their front, scaled the hill, planted its colors on the lunettes, and captured several guns. But assailed by fresh forces, and having no supports, it was soon compelled to relinquish what it had gained and withdraw. Its commander, Col. Isaac E. Avery, was mortally wounded leading the charge."

Pettigrew's Brigade.

"In Longstreet's assault this brigade occupied, on July 3, the right center of the division, and the course of the charge brought it in front of the high stone wall north of the angle and eighty yards farther east. It advanced very nearly to that wall. A few reached it, but were captured. The skeleton regiments retired, led by lieutenants, and the brigade by a major, the only field officer left."

"Judge Montgomery and Capt. W. R. Bond were both present at Gettysburg, and the former has recently revisited the battlefield. Their array of proof as to the North Carolina troops is further sustained by the map of the battlefield, made by the Federal Commissioners after years of study of the ground and hearing the evidence of participants from both armies and all parts of the country. A copy of that map is published with their articles. Two other maps herein throw further light upon that historic field.

"Without trenching on the ground covered by Judge Montgomery and Capt. Bond, and merely as testimony of what troops went where the red rain of battle fell heaviest, it may be well to recall the following facts from the official reports: At Gettysburg 2,592 Confederates were killed and 12,707 wounded. Of the killed, 770 were from North Carolina, 435 were Georgians, 399 Virginians, 258 Mississippians, 217 South Carolinians, and 204 Alabamians. The three brigades that lost most men were Pettigrew's North Carolina (190 killed); Davis's Mississippi (180 killed), which had in it one North Carolina regiment; and Daniel's North Carolina (165 killed). Pickett's entire division had 214 killed. No brigade in Pickett's Division lost as many killed and wounded as the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, whose loss was 86 killed and 502 wounded, the heaviest loss of any regiment, on either side, in any battle during the war. In the first day's fight there were 16 Confederate brigades, of which 7 were from North Carolina. In Longstreet's assault, which has been miscalled by some 'Pickett's charge,' there were 19 Virginia and 15 North Carolina regiments, besides troops from other States.

'FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT CHICKAMAUGA.'

"Judge A. C. Avery, who was a participant in the battle of Chickamauga, has lately revisited that battlefield with a view of writing his graphic article, which will have a peculiar interest because the deeds of North Carolina soldiers in the Army of the West are less widely known than the dauntless courage of the North Carolina veterans in the Army of Northern Virginia, in which the greater part of these troops served. Judge Avery clearly shows that the Thirty-Ninth, Fifty-Eighth, and Sixtieth North Carolina on the first day and the others on the second day achieved the farthest advance attained by our forces. This evidence is also sustained by the locations marked on the map by the Federal Park Commissioners as having been attained by the different com-

mands. Judge Avery states that, while these locations are marked by tablets not only by the Northern States, but by South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri, and other Southern States, the advanced point reached by the North Carolinians is marked only by a wooden board nailed to a telegraph pole."

Moved by this pathetic statement, a committee was appointed to present the matter to the General Assembly of North Carolina, asking that an appropriation be made sufficient to place durable tablets on the battlefields of Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, and Chickamauga, under the direction of the Federal Park Commissioners, to preserve the location of the North Carolina troops at the critical moments on those historic battlefields; also to mark the spot where Wyatt fell on the first battlefield in Virginia and where the last volley was fired at Appomattox.

"The last at Appomattox" is presented and maintained by State Senator Henry A. London, who carried the last order at Appomattox and tells tersely and clearly what he saw and heard, which is fully sustained by the statements which he quotes of Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes and Brig. Gen. Cox, who were in command of the troops who fired the last volley. Two other members of the committee, Maj. Hale and Judge Montgomery, also were at Appomattox. The positions held by the troops under Gen. Grimes, who were in the front of the army, and by whom, necessarily, the last volley was fired (the other part of the army, under Longstreet, which faced Grant in our rear, were not engaged), are shown on the map accompanying Senator London's article on Appomattox. The ground was visited October 1, 1904, by a special committee, consisting of Senator London, Judge Montgomery, Capt. Jenkins, and Mayor Powell, veterans of that field. The localities were identified and measurements taken, from which the excellent map of Appomattox, accompanying the committee's report, is made.

NUMBER OF TROOPS AND LOSSES.

"Capt. S. A. Ashe sustains, from a careful examination and collection of the records, that North Carolina furnished by much the largest number of troops of any State to the Confederacy. Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee (Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans), in a very recent address at Asheville, stated that 'North Carolina furnished 22,942 more troops than any other State.' If this were not so, it redounds even more to the fame of the State; for North Carolina lost, according to the official returns (as compiled in Col. Fox's 'Regimental Losses'), over 41,000 killed and wounded and died of disease, according to 'U. S. Official Records,' while the 'Confederate Handbook' gives: Virginia, 5,328 killed, 2,519 died of wounds, 6,947 died of disease; total, 14,794. North Carolina, 14,452 killed, 5,151 died of wounds, 20,602 died of disease; total, 40,305, a number considerably in excess of that sustained by any other Southern State.

"Owing to her innate modesty, North Carolina, notwithstanding she furnished nearly one-fifth of the troops of the Confederacy, fell far short of one-fifth of the 608 generals appointed during those four memorable years. Instead of 120, our proportion, according to troops furnished, we had 2 lieutenant generals, 7 major generals, and 26 brigadiers, a total of 35 generals, of whom nine were killed in battle and several others were invalidated by reason of wounds. Yet we were not lacking in material. Upon the death of Maj. Gen. Pender, a superb soldier, Gen. Lee publicly deplored that 'Gen. Pender had never received his proper rank,' and in the opinion of the whole army the hero of Plymouth, that splendid

soldier, Robert F. Hoke, who was a major general at twenty-six, merited the command of an army corps; and there were many others who deserved the rank of major general and brigadier general, which was given to men, certainly not their superiors, from States with a smaller proportion of troops to general officers.

"But it is not to her generals and lesser officers, capable and faithful as they were, that North Carolina should turn with her greatest pride. With tacit recognition of this truth, the State has appropriately crowned the monument raised to her gallant dead with the statue of a private soldier, with belted cartridge box and his faithful musket in hand, on guard, scanning the horizon, as in life, with ceaseless watching for the foe. Gen. A. P. Hill, of Virginia, when asked what troops he preferred to command, replied: 'Unquestionably North Carolinians—not that they are braver where all are brave, but, brave as the bravest, they are the most obedient to command.' It was this marked trait which gave the troops from this State their preëminence. It was the same quality which gave to the Roman soldier his fame and made Rome the empire city of the world. History shows no soldier since who more nearly resembles the legionaries of Caesar than the North Carolina Confederate private. He displayed, together with the same intrepidity, the same uncomplaining endurance of hardship and hunger, the same unquestioning obedience to orders; and wherever the bravest officer dared to lead, there the private soldier from the plains, the valleys, and the mountains of North Carolina swept on in his long, unbroken lines. They but did as they were told to do, and blushed to find it fame. Thus it was that at Gettysburg and at Chickamauga, on the utmost verge of the storm-swept sea of battle, the bodies of North Carolina's slain marked where highest up the bloody wave had reached and grappled with the hostile shore. Thus it was that, at Bethel, Wyatt fell in the moment of our first victory in advance of our line, and thus it was at Appomattox the North Carolina line, sullenly retiring, fired the last volley over the grave of the Confederacy.

"We believe our statement supported by indubitable evidence, chiefest the testimony of the faithful who traversed these bloody fields and marked with their corpses the sad story of the death and sacrifice of our hopes. We did not make these claims boastingly. The subject is far too near our hearts for vainglory, and we disdain to extol our soldiers as excelling in valor the soldiers of Virginia or surpassing them in the grandeur of their sacrifice. But upon these fields where we have staked out our claims in the 'death gulch' the lottery of battle favored our soldiers, and they writ the story God has in his keeping.

"As above stated, we assert no supremacy in valor for North Carolina troops. It was their fortune to be to the front at the first victory and at the closing scene, and to ride on the crest at the critical moment of the two great critical battles East and West. On these occasions, as on all others, they knew how to do their duty. With them, as with the sons of this State in every great struggle, the motive has been duty, not display, or as this characteristic of our people has been tersely summed up in the motto of our State, '*Esse quam videri*' (to be rather than to seem)."

W. H. H. Taylor, of Stillwater, Minn., formerly captain of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, writes: "There died at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 6th of January an honored soldier of the Confederate army, Dr. R. Kidder Taylor, who was medical purveyor in the Army of Northern Virginia—a gentleman of the old Southern school."

Confederate Veteran.



C. B. Florence, Adjutant of Camp Evans, Booneville, Ark., reports the death of the following members within the year:

Steve Bangs, born March 6, 1832; served through the war in Company I, Second Arkansas; died August 26, 1904.

J. W. Godfrey, born in 1828; served in Company G, Thirty-Fourth Alabama; died November 27, 1904.

Rev. F. M. Moore, a member of Company I, Twenty-Second Arkansas Cavalry, died December 22, 1904. He was a pioneer Methodist.

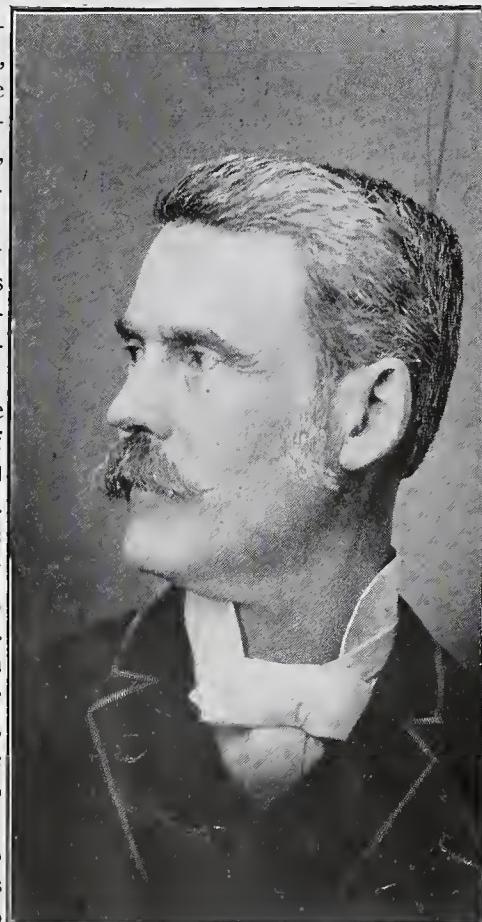
CHARLES HENRY BAILEY.

Rev. James H. McNeilly, the chaplain, writes of him:

"Among the great host of Confederate veterans who have answered the 'Last Roll Call,' there was no braver soldier, no more genial comrade, no more knightly spirit, no truer man than Charles Bailey.

"When the war began he was a boy attending Stewart College, in Clarksville, his native town. With a boy's enthusiasm he was eager to join the army. Being but sixteen years—born June 11, 1845—he was too young for a soldier. After the fall of Fort Donelson, however, although within the Federal lines, he made his way South in August, 1862, and joined the Forty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, just exchanged. The regiment was commanded by his uncle, Col. James E. Bailey. He joined Company A, made up of Clarksville boys, and was afterwards made sergeant of the company.

"He was with the command in all of its engagements, and never shirked a duty. He was noted for his unfailing good humor and for his bright, cheerful disposition. I was with him through it all, on the march, in the camp, on the battlefield. He was always ready to respond to the call for service. If it was to fight, he was in his place; if it was to march, he was in line. He was ready to help



CHARLES H. BAILEY.

others. Sometimes it was to carry the musket of a fellow-soldier who was 'most played out,' sometimes it was to share his rations with a hungry comrade; sometimes it was by joke or merry quip to cheer some desponding companion.

"Comrade Bailey served to the end, and never thought of giving up until the terrible drama closed. Then he came home to be as good a citizen as he had been a soldier. After the war he was in business in Clarksville, sometimes with partners, then on his own account; always honorable and upright in his dealings.

"Comrade Bailey was honored by his fellow-citizens with offices of trust. He was deputy circuit court clerk, and afterwards held the same position for the county court. In 1894 he served a term in the Legislature of Tennessee, representing Montgomery County. He was elected recorder of Clarksville in 1884, and filled the office for nearly twenty years, until his death, December 3, 1903. Mr. Bailey was twice married. His first wife, Miss McKorn, lived less than a year. He was married again, in 1880, to Miss Virginia S. MacRae, who survives him with her three sons and one daughter, as does also his aged mother. He was for many years a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which communion his ancestors had lived for generations.

"Every comrade of his regretted his death, and will cherish his memory."

BRADLEY TYLER STOKES.

Camp James McIntosh, of Lonoke, Ark., reports the death of a beloved comrade, Bradley T. Stokes, on January 8. He was born in Frederick County, Md., in February, 1843, and at the outbreak of the war was studying surveying. In his eighteenth year he enlisted as a private in Company G, of Ashby's Virginia Cavalry. After the death of this gallant commander he was first lieutenant and aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, where he served till the close of the war. He served from the beginning in the Army of Northern Virginia, went through the Valley Campaign, battles around Richmond, invasion into Maryland, and many other engagements. In December of 1864 he went with Gen. Johnson, who was placed in charge at Salisbury, N. C., and it was after the surrender at Appomattox that he was in the engagement where Johnson's men repulsed Stoneman's troops. He received his parole at Salisbury on the 5th of May.

After the war Comrade Stokes resumed his profession of civil engineering, surveying several railroads as well as much other work. In 1869-70 he was chosen as one of the chief engineers in survey of the Darien Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Panama, which was ordered by the United States government. He was married in 1872 to Miss Grace Robertson, of Frederick, Md.; in 1875 he removed to St. Louis, Mo., and later to Lonoke, Ark. In 1878 he was elected surveyor of Lonoke County, which office he held continuously till his death. Two children survive him. He had diligently served his Camp as adjutant since 1897, and his memory will be fondly cherished among his comrades so long associated with him.

THOMAS H. WILSON.

Thomas H. Wilson died at his home, in Vernon, Tex., on August 18, 1904, after a severe illness. He formerly lived in Water Valley, Miss., having been reared there. Comrade Wilson served the Confederacy as a member of Company G, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, and was left on the battlefield of Gettysburg wounded.

CAPT. JOSEPH EDWIN LOVE.

In recording the death of Capt. J. E. Love, which occurred at Osborn, Miss., on January 2, 1904, it is difficult to justly describe his noble character. His bravery and daring, purity of life, and other good qualities distinguished him in war and peace, and he leaves behind him the impress of duty well done. Born in Chester, S. C., in 1834, he went with his father's family to Mississippi in 1842, and until his death proudly claimed that State as his home. He was among the first to answer the call for volunteers to defend a righteous cause, enlisting in May of 1861 in Company I, Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, as a private. His arm was shattered by a Minie ball at Fishing Creek, and he was discharged as disabled; but after remaining at home eight months he enlisted in Ford's company, Perrin's Regiment, Ferguson's Brigade. He was elected lieutenant soon after the company entered service and promoted to captain, commanding the company till the close of the war. He was in the engagements from Dalton to Atlanta, and when Gen. Sherman started on his march to the sea, his brigade was thrown against Sherman's rear, and there was sharp fighting at close quarters. He was in the Savannah engagements also, and was paroled at Washington, Ga.

Returning home, Capt. Love took up the duties of life in the same faithful spirit, winning the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens and meriting the regret that was recorded in the loss of such a good man. He was married, in 1865, to Miss Martha Robinson, who survives him.

In the resolutions adopted by Camp No. 1311, U. C. V., at Oktibbeha, Miss., after suitable preamble, the committee, Dr. J. G. Carroll and John B. Hudson, say: "Capt. Love was tried in the fiery furnace of the great war and came forth as pure gold. Since that time in the various walks of life his record has been that of a faithful and diligent official, a kind and indulgent husband and father, and in this hour of their bereavement we tender to his family our sincere condolence."

NICHOLAS M. MARKS.

Nicholas M. Marks died at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Lexington, Ky., November 20, 1904. He was taken ill while attending the Confederate reunion at Pewee Valley ten days before, and never rallied after his removal to the hospital. For several years he had been commander of the Fourth Brigade of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., but declined reelection at that reunion.

Comrade Marks was born in Montgomery, Ala., October, 1844, the eldest son of Samuel B. and Louisa (Crain) Marks. Both he and his father were soldiers of the Confederate army, he serving under Gen. J. E. Johnston. He was a student at the University of Alabama when the war broke out and went into the army with the University cadets, but afterwards became first lieutenant of Company A, Seventh Alabama Cavalry, under Gen. Forrest. He was severely wounded by a sharpshooter at the opening of the battle of Franklin, and was a prisoner at Fort Delaware when Gen. Lee surrendered.

He went from Alabama to Woodford County, Ky., in 1877, and engaged in farming near Pisgah.

This brave soldier and Christian gentleman will be held in tender and loving memory by his companions and friends. A wife and seven children survive him. He had been a Mason for many years, and was Past Eminent Commander of Versailles Commandery, No. 3, of Knights Templar; was also a member of the Lexington Lodge of Elks and of Abe Buford Camp, No. 97, U. C. V., at Versailles, Ky.

JOSHUA NEWTON STAFFORD.

J. N. Stafford was a member of Company B, Twenty-First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, Dole's, Trimble's, Cook's Brigade, Ewell's Division, under Stonewall Jackson, and for the cause of the South shed his blood on different battle-fields, having been wounded four times. His service was as a sharpshooter, and he was thus extraordinarily exposed in his duties. His army life was noted for his attention to religious duties, as he kept up a prayer meeting all the time, and his only absence from roll call was once when attending divine services. His death occurred at Chattanooga, Okla., January 3, 1905, in his seventy-fifth year.

W. C. WILKERSON.

Young County Camp of Graham, Tex., lost a valued member in the death of W. C. Wilkerson, who passed away at Mineral Wells on July 2, 1904. He was born in Neshoba County, Miss., in 1843. His parents moved to Pope County, Ark., in 1860, and he enlisted in the State troops of Arkansas in 1861. Discharged after six months' service, he at once volunteered in Company H, First Arkansas Mounted Rifles, which did service in the armies of Mississippi and Tennessee. He never missed a battle in which his company was engaged. At the battle of Chickamauga on Saturday he was shot through the arm, sent to the hospital, had the wound dressed, returned to his command early on Sunday morning, and was through the battle all that day. At this time he was in McNair's Brigade, afterwards commanded by D. H. Reynolds, Walthall's Division. His faithfulness to duty showed his strong convictions and love for our cause, and this same faithfulness characterized his life in time of peace.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

John H. Hooper was born in Switzerland in 1843; and died at Marshall, Tex., in June, 1904, aged sixty-one years. Of this period, four years were spent as a private in Hood's Brigade, battling for the cause he had espoused, for a country which was his by adoption, and a people among whom he had cast his lot and with whom he deemed it a privilege to live and die. He was married in 1874, and, although no children blessed this union, six adopted orphans of Confederate soldiers might have called him "father." With them and his faithful wife he lived in unbroken sympathy and love until separated by the hand of death.

For twenty-two years comrade Hooper was car inspector for the Texas and Pacific Railway at Marshall. In all his duties and relations of life no trust was ever violated and no deviation was made from the line of duty and integrity, and in his death that community lost a citizen of worth and his family a loving and devoted husband and friend.

GEORGE H. BAILEY.

Comrade George H. Bailey passed away peacefully at his home, in Parkersburg, W. Va., on the morning of February 1, 1905, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Comrade Bailey volunteered in the beginning of the war in the Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, which was organized by Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, and largely made up from men in the Ohio Valley. At the battle of Searcy Mr. Bailey lost a leg. After the war he returned to his home, near Parkersburg, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He lived the life of an upright Christian gentleman, and was loved and honored by all his neighbors. He was buried by Camp Jenkins, of which he had been a faithful member.

Confederate Veteran.

J. B. SIMPSON.

James Bates Simpson died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., on January 27 from injuries received by being thrown from a buggy. Comrade Simpson was born at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1845. His parents removed to Texas while he was an infant. He was educated at Nashville, Tenn. The outbreak of the war found him at his mother's home, in Union County, Ark., where he enlisted as a Confederate soldier. He served through the war, being twice wounded in battle, and was paroled at Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865. At the close of the war he resided in Texas, settling first at Houston, where he studied law and was licensed to practice. He lived for a time at Galveston, and then settled at Liberty, where he was district attorney for two years, and was then a member of the State Senate for a term. He removed to Dallas in 1874, where he became prominent as a lawyer and a journalist.

At the time of his death he was assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Van Zandt, commanding the Texas Division, U. C. V.

W. G. W. KINCAID.

William George Washington Kincaid died at his home, near Buffalo Gap, Tex., in August of 1904. He was a native of Alabama, but his parents moved to Arkansas when he was three years old; and at his majority, in 1860, he went to Texas. From this State he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, Tenth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. Later on he was elected first lieutenant of the company. He went through the war without receiving a wound, though at Chickamauga he was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured his hearing permanently. He was married in 1867 to Miss Annie E. Clark, who survives him with their ten children.

A loyal son of the South, with the traits of character which would endear him to all, Comrade Kincaid's passing left a void in the hearts of many friends.

GEN. J. S. GRIFFITH.

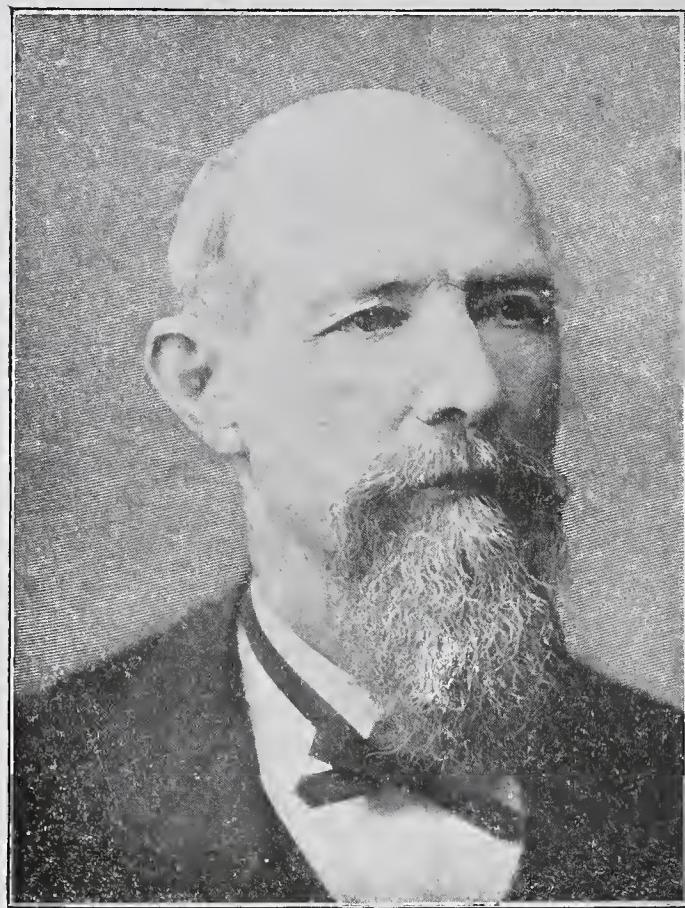
Gen. John Summerfield Griffith was born on the 17th of June, 1829, in Montgomery County, Md. His father, Michael Berry Griffith, was the son of Capt. Henry Griffith, who served in the revolutionary army and a lineal descendant of the historical Lewellen A. Griffith, of Wales.

Owing to a series of business reverses, Mr. Griffith moved from Maryland to Missouri, and later to San Augustine, Tex. Those were the young days of Texas history, and the hardships and privations of pioneer life were endured to the full. Gen. Griffith's education was necessarily received chiefly at home under the tutorship of his mother. He was endowed with a brilliant and comprehensive intellect, and was noted for his qualities of mind and heart.

He was married at Nacogdoches, in December, 1851, to Sarah Emily Simpson, daughter of John J. and Jane Simpson, and in 1859 moved to Kaufman County, Tex.

In 1861, when the War between the States was upon us, he was among the first to answer the call of his country, and organized a company of cavalry at Rockville, Tex., joined Col. Warren B. Stone's Regiment, Sixth Texas Cavalry, and was elected lieutenant colonel, which position he held with honor and distinction. In paying tribute to him, a comrade says: "Gen. Griffith was more than a dashing cavalryman; his analytical mind penetrated beyond the immediate shock

of battle and took in the salient features of the campaign as a whole. It was he who conceived that master stroke of policy, and was the most efficient agent of its execution, the Holly Springs raid. He saved the army of Pemberton indubitably by the movement and delayed the fall of Vicksburg many months. On the field of Oakland he performed for the same army duties of scarcely less vital moment."



GEN. J. S. GRIFFITH.

Owing to failing health, Gen. Griffith tendered his resignation and returned to Texas in June, 1863. Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the tenth Legislature, and served as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was appointed brigadier general of State troops on March 1, 1864.

After the war, though broken in health, with indomitable will, energy, and pluck he entered the race of life again, and by energy and ability recuperated his lost fortune.

In 1876 he was elected a member of the Fifteenth Legislature, and aided in placing the new State Constitution in operation. In 1874 Gen. Griffith removed with his family to Terrell, Tex.

He died at his home, in Terrell, August 6, 1901, surrounded by his family and friends. He died as he had lived, a brave and a great man, with a courage and trust unexcelled.

S. C. DRAKE.

S. C. Drake died in Comanche County, Tex., November 24, 1903. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Cartersville, Ga., in Company B, Phillips's Legion of Cavalry, commanded by Capt. W. W. Rich, who was afterwards colonel. He was in Drayton's Brigade, and later with Gen. Wade Hampton. He participated in all the main battles of the Virginia Army, did considerable scouting, and was in the famous cavalry fight at Brandy Station.

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In sending renewal for three years in advance, a subscriber in New Jersey writes: "I hope to be able to take the VETERAN as long as I live, but feel that, with failing health and increasing years, I may have to give up active work; and, as very few in my profession are able to lay up for old age, now, while I have the means, I will pay for several years in advance. If I live till my subscription expires, I hope to be able to renew it. If, however, I should answer the 'Last Roll' before it does, those I leave behind can enjoy it. After more than forty years, I feel as fully satisfied of the righteousness and justice of our cause as I did in April, 1861, when, a boy of eighteen, I buckled on my arms in defense of my beloved Southland."

David E. Johnston, who was sergeant major of the Seventh Virginia Regiment, writes from Bluefield, W. Va.: "In the December VETERAN an Alabama comrade, writing about the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on May 16, 1864, says he does not know who captured Gen. Heckman or to whom he surrendered his sword. Please tell him that Sergt. Blakey, Company F, Seventh Virginia Regiment of Infantry, captured Gen. Heckman, and the General surrendered his sword and pistols to Col. C. C. Flowerree, of the Seventh Virginia, who now resides at Vicksburg, Miss."

J. M. Spencer, of Berkeley, Cal., would like to hear from his old bunk mate at Fort Warren at the close of the war—Comrade Schooling, of Morgan's Command, with whom, when nearly starved, he shared the last biscuit that a kind sentinel had slipped in at night; also from Comrade Tillinghurst, if alive, or any of his family in Arkansas. He gave up his place to Comrade Spencer when too ill to go on special exchange of five hundred convalescent men in December, 1863, at Point Lookout, by which Spencer made his escape from that death trap. Tillinghurst served in the Arkansas cavalry, and was captured at Champion Hill, Miss., in May, 1862.

J. B. Steen, an inmate of the Confederate Home at Sweet Home, Ark., desires to hear from some of his old comrades. He writes that he was born in Marlborough County, S. C., and was mustered into the Confederate service July 20, 1861, with Capt. Fairlee's Company, of Col. J. L. Orr's Regiment, known as the First South Carolina Rifles. They were sent to Sullivan's Island and afterwards to Virginia, and assigned to Gregg's Brigade, Wilcox's Division. After serving through the seven days' fight around Richmond, he was wounded and captured on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania, sent to Fort Delaware, and confined there until June 10, 1865. He removed to Texas after the war, and thence to Arkansas.

James M. Fry, of Will's Point, Tex.: "Who can tell me what Confederate scout was in the advance of Gen. John H. Morgan when he arrived at Greeneville, Tenn., September 3, 1864, the day before his death? This scout (possibly Binnion's) arrived in Greeneville at noon, and stayed there till the arrival of Vaughan's Brigade, when it moved west on the Bull's Gap road with this command under Bradford. The brigade went into camp at Park's Gap, while the scout advanced about a mile and stopped for dinner. It is very important that I

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hear from some member of that company who was present and remembers their march after arrival at Greeneville."

Replying to the inquiry from "Mary Trip" in the VETERAN for January, G. B. Garwood, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, says that he stopped with one Charles Dear, or Dearie, keeping the Washington Hotel at Little Washington, Va., on the eve of June 5 and 6, 1880. Dear said he was one of Mosby's scouts.

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Mr. A. H. Thompson, Box 86, Deming, N. Mex., writes of a poor Confederate comrade who is a public charge in that town, and he asks that any who can testify as to his service in the Confederate army will please write to him as above. The name of this comrade is Bronco Mitchell, and he served in Capt. Finley's company, Steven Rice first lieutenant, Sixth Texas Infantry.

J. T. Herring, of Hendersonville, Tenn. (R. R. No. 1): "In looking over some old papers I find the name of Samuel Clark, killed at Tyree Springs in September, 1862. He belonged to the Texas Rangers, and was with Gen. Forrest. He said he had one daughter living in Texas. I should like to locate some of his comrades or friends."

M. A. Goldston, of Lebanon, Tenn., wishes the first four volumes of the VETERAN, 1893-96. Write him in advance, stating condition of copies and price asked.

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EVERY OLD MAN READ THIS

MR. EDITOR: You ought to tell your gray-headed readers that there is a business that they can easily engage in, which pays big profits, and where their age inspires confidence instead of being a disadvantage. I am 48 years old, and a year ago finished a course of instruction, by mail, with the Jacksonian Optical College, 905 College Street, Jackson, Mich. It took me about two months, working evenings and spare time, to complete the course and get my diploma. Since then, by pleasant outdoor work, which takes me into the open air, I make from \$3 to \$10 a day fitting glasses. I have visited the College since I graduated, and found the gentlemen composing it to stand very high in the social and business circles of Jackson, Mich. Hoping you will publish this, I remain yours truly, A. J. LOVE, St. Louis, Mich.

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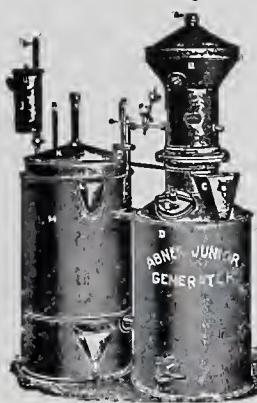
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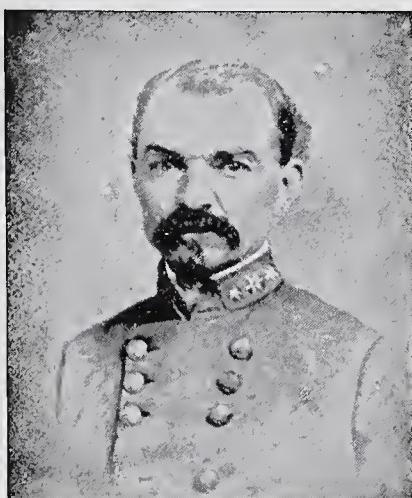
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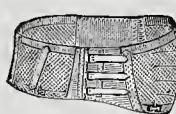
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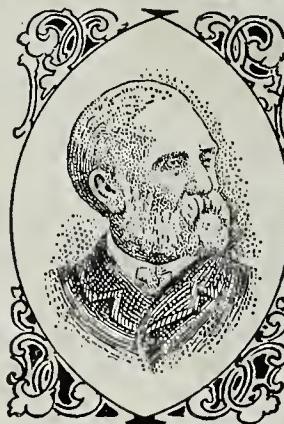
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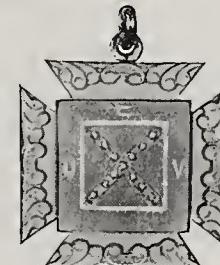
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
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The *civil war* was too long ago to be called the *late war*, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1907.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL OFFICERS U. C. V.

To the Camps of U. C. V., the Confederate Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, United Sons of Confederates, and all Confederates.

We have been elected to offices of high distinction and recognize the obligations created by these honors because they were conferred by our comrades of the United Confederate Veterans. In this spirit we address you, on our own motion, this letter on a special subject because we know that the desire is common among us that the knowledge of the principles and facts of the Confederate epoch should be more widely diffused. We feel that this information should be conveyed to the people of the present Age through the press and other agencies in such spirit, manner, and mode of publication as will do justice to our Confederate people, secure the fame of which our dear Southland is well worthy, abate all ungenerous controversial spirit, and promote a more perfect understanding and cordial union of all parts and people of our Country.

In considering maturely this very important matter we are gratified by the fact that the United Confederate Veterans Association, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have an official organ, commended over and over again by unanimous resolutions at our annual conventions, in a magazine of high rank called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, ably edited and published monthly by our true and enthusiastic fellow-Confederate soldier, S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville. This noble magazine began its career years ago as a patriotic venture upon the field of hope in its confidence reposed in those to whom its worthy objects appealed, and we have witnessed its ascent to success with the especial pride that such success is so well deserved. We deplore nothing about it except that the benefits it is conferring every month upon thousands of readers are not enjoyed by tens of thousands more. It is a medium by which every phase of Confederate times is intelligently and interestingly conveyed to the minds of young and old. It is a glad hand extended cordially to shake every Confederate hand, and it goes with a sincere fraternal greeting to all patriots in our Land. It is a treasury of argument, history, biography, story, and song, continuing to steadily increase these riches from month to month. Its contents make a table around which Confederates, with

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

their sons, daughters, and friends, sit once a month to enjoy an intellectual, social, affectionate, friendly, country-loving feast. It never was of more value than it is now. And, considering all that should be said, written, and done through its agency during the next ten years of only one hundred and twenty issues, *it is now more valuable than ever*.

In view of all things we know about the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its valuable uses, will you, each and all of you, agree to make an immediate practical working effort to at least double the number of its subscriptions, and thus quadruple the number of its interested readers? Can we afford to do less? Can we do anything of better avail to diffuse the knowledge and increase the appreciation of our Southland and its history?

We beg now to urge that every Confederate Camp and other organization consider formally, earnestly, actively, and practically this subject in the months of April and May. We trust that each of these organizations will take immediate action, so that the increase referred to shall be made before our great Reunion in the city of Richmond. We urge that immediate personal effort be made by Confederates and their sons and daughters. We ask that the ever-generous press of our country help us, and we authorize the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to publish this appeal with conspicuous display in the April and May numbers of that magazine.

Repeating our expressions of gratitude to all who have honored us as Confederate soldiers, and greeting you with our hands and hearts, we have the honor to be your obedient servants:

Stephen D. Lee, General, Commander in Chief U. C. V.;
William E. Mickle, Maj. Gen., Chief of Staff, U. C. V.;
W. L. Cabell, Lieut. Gen., Trans-Miss. Dept., U. C. V.;
Clement A. Evans, Lieut. Gen., Army Tenn. Dept., U. C. V.;
C. Irvine Walker, Lieut. Gen., Army N. V. Dept., U. C. V.

MAJOR GENERALS APPROVING.

George P. Harrison, Maj. Gen. Alabama Div., Opelika.
W. H. Jewell, Maj. Gen. Florida Div., Orlando.
Andrew J. West, Maj. Gen. Georgia Div., Atlanta.
A. C. Trippe, Maj. Gen. Maryland Div., Baltimore.
John B. Stone, Maj. Gen. Missouri Div., Kansas City.
Julian S. Carr, Maj. Gen. North Carolina Div., Durham.
George W. Gordon, Maj. Gen. Tennessee Div., Memphis.
K. M. VanZandt, Maj. Gen. Texas Div., Fort Worth.

Confederate Veteran.

Stith Balling, Maj. Gen. Virginia Div., Petersburg.
 Robert Lowry, Maj. Gen. Miss. Div., Jackson.
 Thomas W. Carwile, Maj. Gen. S. C. Div., Edgefield.
 Paul A. Fusz, Maj. Gen. N. W. Div., Philipsburg, Mont.
 John Threadgill, Maj. Gen. Okla. Div., Oklahoma City.
 Robert White, Maj. Gen. W. Va. Div., U. C. V.

The letter from General Evans to Major Generals states:
 "A suggestion, altogether my own, was made to Mr. Cunningham about the VETERAN, which he thought of favorably, and in correspondence asked me to prepare the circular, a copy of which is inclosed and explains the whole matter."

"If you approve, you will please authorize Mr. Cunningham to print your name to the circular. I did not move in the matter until assured that General Lee approved."

"If all, or nearly all, Commanders of Divisions approve, I suppose that Comrade Cunningham will print and circulate the letter as suggested."

BRIGADIER GENERALS APPROVING.

Application to Brigadier Generals for approval of the address was sent direct without putting upon General Evans the care to attend to it. As his address was only to the Major Generals, many of the Brigadiers have refrained, but evidently because of delicacy. Some of these, however, responded in the spirit they were addressed. It is expected that nearly all will contribute to this great indorsement in the May VETERAN.

Brig. Gen. S. S. Green, of Charleston, W. Va., writes: "I approve heartily of the matter; but as General Evans did not send it to the Brigadier Generals and seems only to contemplate the signatures of officers above that grade, I do not feel that it would be proper or becoming in me to sign the address or authorize my name to be put to it. Otherwise I would be pleased to do so."

General Evans replied to General Green: "I suggested signatures of the Major Generals without intending to confine our appeal to them alone. By my request Comrade Cunningham has solicited the signatures of all Brigadier Generals, and I trust he will be successful."

W. L. Wittich, Brig. Gen. First Florida Brig., Pensacola.
 John W. Clark, Brig. Gen. Eastern Brig., Ga. Div., Augusta.
 J. E. DeVaughn, Brig. Gen. W. Brig., Ga. Div., Montezuma.
 W. A. Montgomery, Brig. Gen. Miss. Div., Edwards.
 J. M. Ray, Brig. Gen. Fourth Brig., N. C. Div., Asheville.
 W. L. London, Brig. Gen. Second Brig., N. C., Pittsboro.
 J. M. Carlton, Brig. Gen. First Brig., N. C. Div., Statesville.
 W. H. H. Ellis, Brig. Gen. Montana Brigade, Bozeman.
 F. T. Roche, Brig. Gen. Third Brig., Tex. Div., Georgetown.
 S. S. Green, Brig. Gen. Second Brig., W. Va., Charleston.
 James R. Rogers, Brig. Gen. First Brig., Ky. Div., Paris.
 James I. Metts, Brig. Gen. Third Brig., N. C. Div., U. C. V.
 James Baumgardner, Brig. Gen. Fourth Brig., Va. Div., Staunton.

[See comments of General Officers, page 157.]

APPROVED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, President General U. D. C., writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to speak for the U. D. C. indorsing the above. The VETERAN has been the greatest help to us in our work, and its editor, Mr. Cunningham, has always since I have known anything of the U. D. C. work helped us in his magazine with any work we have undertaken. The whole of the U. D. C., I am sure, will

be glad to have me as their representative, indorsing all the good which is ever said about the VETERAN."

In a personal letter Mrs. Henderson states: "I take great pleasure in indorsing all said about the VETERAN in the communication from the officers of the U. C. V., and you may quote me as saying so. I couldn't possibly get the signatures of the Division Presidents in time for the April number; but I inclose an indorsement which I will be glad to have you put right after the Evans paper signed by U. C. V. officers."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from New Orleans, La., March 23, 1907, to Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, C. S. A.:

"My Dear General: It affords me great pleasure to say a few words in praise of our distinctively Southern magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to compliment our mutual friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, on his able management. It is a magazine of great historic value, and I should be glad to see it placed in all Southern colleges and schools. As President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association I most earnestly request every 'Memorial Woman' to use her influence to increase its circulation. We cannot afford to miss a single copy. Through its columns we are kept in touch with all Confederate work. It is the link that binds us together and enables us to preserve the cherished memories of the sixties.

"I am proud to say that I have in my library a copy of the first number issued (January, 1893), and with the exception of a few missing copies, which I am now trying to procure, the file will be complete up to date. I consider this the most valuable portion of my 'Confederate Library,' and hope it may continue with increased circulation for many more years."

SONS TO UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Thomas M. Owen, Commander in Chief U. S. C. V., writes: "Send me twenty-five copies of your 'Address,' and I will forward to our several Department and Division Commanders with request that they unite with the VETERAN in the proposed appeal planned by Gen. C. A. Evans. I am glad to respond favorably to your request of the 19th inst."

Commander in Chief Owen sends this to his comrades:

"During my two terms as Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V. I have never suffered an opportunity to pass without doing all I could to aid in promoting the success of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This valuable historical and patriotic periodical is published by S. A. Cunningham at Nashville. For years he, through the VETERAN, has been the most valuable ally possessed by the several Confederate organizations. He has not only published, and thus permanently preserved, many historical articles and isolated facts as well, but he has thrown his columns open to us for notes and news concerning the business of the organizations themselves, thus affording an excellent medium for the interchange of views and the necessary dissemination of information."

"In view of the assistance thus rendered our Confederation, as well as for the principles upon which it is based, it is our duty and should be our pleasure to stand by Mr. Cunningham and the VETERAN. To that end I want you to authorize your signature to the address, a copy of which I am inclosing. It is proposed to print the address in the VETERAN for May, after which it will be very generally distributed, in order to increase its circulation. It is hoped that you will let me have prompt reply, and thus couple your name with a worthy effort."

Capt. E. F. Griswold, who served in the Union army from 1862 to the close and was twice in Libby Prison, becomes entitled to a pension of twelve dollars per month. In a letter to the postmaster at Richmond, Va., he states: "I should be glad to accept the government's gratuity, which North and South both pay, provided there is any Confederate soldiers' charitable organization that would be willing to receive it in recognition of kindnesses shown me while a prisoner."

PUBLISHED REUNION PROGRAMME.

OFFICIAL ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR THE RICHMOND REUNION.

Thursday, May 30.—Meeting of convention in morning and parade of Veteran Cavalry Association, Army of Northern Virginia, and unveiling of the J. E. B. Stuart statue in the afternoon. Night, reception to Veterans by Sons of Veterans, sponsors, and maids of honor.

Friday, May 31.—Meeting of the convention in the morning, business session and reception in the afternoon, ball and entertainment of Confederate Veterans at night.

Saturday, June 1.—Business session in the morning. Entertainment of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, sponsors and maids of honor, and the public in the afternoon. Reception at the Executive Mansion by the Governor of Virginia at night.

Sunday, June 2.—Memorial services in the afternoon.

Monday, June 3.—Grand parade and unveiling of Jefferson Davis monument in the morning. Grand rally at Convention Hall of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, sponsors, maids of honor. Memorial Association and United Daughters of the Confederacy at night.

SPONSORS FOR THE U. S. C. V.

Commander in Chief Owen is reported as saying: "The Reunion would not be a success without the attendance of the fair daughters of the South. Following the usual custom, therefore, it is expected that one sponsor and one maid of honor will be appointed by Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, and one sponsor each by Camps. The Reunion Committee will supply free hotel accommodations for only one sponsor in chief, with one maid of honor, three Department sponsors and one maid for each, and one sponsor and one maid of honor for each Division. Brigade and Camp sponsors and maids of honor, as well as maids of honor and chaperons in addition to those indicated above, must be looked after by their friends."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES, SEC. AND SUPT., RICHMOND.

The delay in the completion of this great enterprise has been a source of great disappointment to the Board of Trustees and to Confederates generally. But the suit of our former Secretary, Underwood, and his injunction against the Rouss estate, preventing the payment of \$40,000 balance on the subscription of C. B. Rouss, have so handicapped the Board that they could not go forward. At first a Brooklyn jury gave a verdict against the Association for \$16,000; but our counsel took an appeal, and six months ago the appellate court gave a decree in our favor on every point at issue. That ought to have closed the matter; but they held on, pretending that they would appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, until they have finally been thrown out of court and all of the costs put upon them.

Peter Rouss, son and executor of Charles Broadway Rouss, has said all along that he would pay the balance (\$40,000) on his father's subscription as soon as the injunction was re-

moved, and he has now written that he is prepared to pay upon evidence that we have in hand the \$100,000 to meet his father's \$100,000. This we are prepared to do, and we confidently expect to report to the U. C. V. at the Reunion in Richmond that we have in hand \$206,000 and are ready to go forward with our building.

We are under the highest obligations to our counsel, Battle & Marshall (two sons of Confederate soldiers who have become leading lawyers in New York), for the ability and zeal with which they have managed our case without charging anything for their services.

Many of our friends have said: "We will help you as soon as you are ready to build." We say to all such that now is the time to fulfill your promise, and you can make your checks payable to George L. Christian, Treasurer, and send them to the Secretary, and your money will go into our treasury without any deduction for salaries or commissions.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS IN TENNESSEE'S CAPITOL.

Under a resolution offered by the Hon. A. Weber, of Fayette County, who was a private in the 15th Tennessee Infantry and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 1, 1865, eleven Confederate flags have been placed in hermetically sealed cases in the passage between the Senate chamber and the Tennessee State Library. The cases are antique, with plate-glass fronts and lined with felt. When the flags were placed in the cases, tobacco and moth balls were put in the bottom to kill any germs that might be in the flags.

The resolution directed that Col. John P. Hickman, the Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division, should have the flags hung, and appropriated to him \$500 for that purpose. He had the work done for \$366.58 and returned \$133.42 to the State treasury.

In the first case he put the following flags: 2d Tennessee Infantry, Col. William B. Bate; 6th Tennessee Infantry, Col. George C. Porter, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps. In the center is a steel engraving of President Jefferson Davis.

In the second case are the following flags: 1st Tennessee Infantry, Col. Peter Turney, Archer's Brigade; 7th Tennessee Infantry, Col. Robert Hatton, Archer's Brigade; 14th Tennessee Infantry, Col. William A. Forbes, Archer's Brigade; 23d Tennessee Infantry, Col. Richard H. Keeble, McComb's Brigade. In the center is a steel engraving of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The flags in this case were used in Virginia, Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

In the third case are the following flags: 24th Tennessee Infantry, Col. John A. Wilson, Strahl's Brigade; 26th Tennessee Infantry, Col. John M. Lillard, Brown's Brigade; 34th Tennessee Infantry, Col. James A. McMurray, Maney's Brigade; 50th Tennessee Infantry, Col. Cyrus A. Sugg, Gregg's Brigade. In the center is a steel engraving of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Mrs. Ida Clingman Humphrey, of Goldsboro, N. C., is anxious to locate a flag carried by the "Glaize Rifles" during the war and which she had presented to this company as a girl in her early teens. It seems that Pink Shuford was color bearer of the company and that he carried the flag until after the battle of Shiloh, when the regimental flag was substituted for it. She hopes to hear of the flag through some surviving member of the company or through the family of Mr. Shuford, as he may have had it in his keeping or left it with his children.

Confederate Veteran.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMMISSION.

It seems fitting to refer herein to the Jamestown Exposition exhibit for Tennessee since the publication of the editor as commissioner was widespread and most flatteringly commended. At the time of his appointment—the first made—as commissioner, and subsequently the other appointments by Governor Cox, no appropriation had been made. [He had served his State as commissioner at the centennial anniversary of King's Mountain when the monument was dedicated there, he attended the Yorktown centennial celebration, and represented as commissioner the State in the Portland (Oregon) Exposition in 1905, all without any expense to the commonwealth.]

The Legislature now in session having appropriated \$20,500 for the purpose of an exhibit, the present Governor, Patterson, appointed a new commission, including only Comrade John W. Faxon of the original membership. The appointment of John W. Thomas, President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway Company, as chairman of the new commission was excellent, and his acceptance is a guarantee that the purposes will be successfully conducted; for, like his deceased father, whom he succeeded in the great railroad corporation, he never fails in any undertaking—he "counts the cost in advance!"

The complaints of delay now and then published need cause no alarm to patriotic friends of the enterprise, need cause no anxiety, unfortunate as it is that the appropriation was not made by the Legislature two years ago. The worst misfortune connected with the undertaking is failure by the State to have its own domicile. The senior commissioner commended a wigwam, which suggestion he believes still might have been accomplished uniquely. An inexpensive structure of this kind could have been prepared in the short time allowed, and would have been the most typical of all structures on the grounds.

Every patriotic Southerner should be diligent to have all that pertains to Dixie Land appear in the best attire at the Jamestown Exposition.

REUNION SPONSORS CONSIDERED.

The sponsor question will doubtless share spirited discussion at the Richmond Reunion. It has been a sore feature with many of the humbler veterans for years; but the spirit of gallantry has prevailed in its maintenance, and the opposition had given up hope until the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the Gulfport Convention, declared with unanimity and emphasis against the custom. Then the feature of gallantry became a dilemma. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander in Chief, had made most appropriate selections; but happily was not so far committed that he could not defer to the wish of the great body of U. D. C., so he not only declined to appoint a sponsor in chief, but in his official orders in regard to sponsors gave notice that they must be entertained by their escorts. It may be claimed that such ruling is not the province of the Commanding General; but many others who are thoroughly familiar with the inside history of Reunions know that such

action is imperative if the smaller cities are to share in having any of the remaining gatherings.

There is another feature that seems not to have had sufficiently careful consideration. In each of our great States of the South sponsors and their maids are selected by the general officers. To designate the worthiest daughter of the worthiest soldier or officer is a grave responsibility. Besides, the rule of naming one for a State and having her entertained as guest of the Reunion city deters a multitude who would be inclined to go if there were not this partiality and distinction shown one, together with her chum as maid and another lady as chaperon. It might be well to distinguish one lovely and eminently worthy daughter of a Confederate soldier if it could be done by election of all the Camps in a State; but the plan that has been in vogue these many years is so defective of highest merit and deters so many from going that the petition of the United Daughters of the Confederacy certainly deserves most respectful consideration.

Another feature that is ever embarrassing is the appointment of other sponsors and maids of honor even down to Camps, many of whom go expecting special honors that are never paid, and they return humiliated.

If the subject be discussed at Richmond, let it be serious and in the interest of the greatest good to the cause. No spirit of gallantry or patriotism by the Veterans can be equal to that of conforming to the wishes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and there can be no doubt that they give expression from positive knowledge that the Veterans as a body seriously oppose such custom of appointing sponsors as has been so long in vogue. Of course the officers who have the appointment of sponsors from among their favorites, and have them entertained free, enjoy it and would regret to see it abolished.

The partiality among attractive young Southern women in the method of selecting sponsors and maids of honor cannot but be dispiriting. While one is so favored, ten thousand equally worthy in every respect are left out hopelessly, as heroism in battle of their ancestors or the sacrifice of their mothers goes for naught in that feature of Reunions.

The VETERAN has been slow to discuss this subject; but its editor knows as well as any man the exacting needs of economy in entertaining, so that invitations are not expected at all from many well-situated cities. It would surprise those who may investigate the expenses of Reunions to see how many times over the amount that is paid for the entertainment of a poor Veteran is that paid for one of these sponsors with her maid of honor and the chaperon.

In all the years of our Reunions, with the multitude of lovely women officiating, the VETERAN has been as well treated by each and every one as could have been desired. To comrades who may disagree with these opinions like space is offered for expression of opposite views.

The Pat Cleburne Camp, of Waco, Tex., took formal action last January against the position of the U. D. C. at the Gulfport Convention. Those comrades, like many others, seem to understand that our beautiful young women are not wanted at the Reunions. Far from that; but, as indicated above, it is to place the multitude on equal footing, so that many times as many as have attended officially would be present, and they would be as proud as "high privates" and would add proportionately, as their numbers would be larger to the joy of the men they desire to honor.

Other Camps protesting have not been formally reported.

MEMORIALS TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative U. S. C. V. and Chairman U. C. V. Committee, Charleston, S. C., states that the form of the memorial to the Women of the Confederacy has been determined. It is to be a grand statue or group of statues in bronze, typical of what these glorious heroines did and suffered. This statue or group will be erected on appropriate pedestals, at least one in each Southern State.

It is desired to secure the very best idea for such bronze statue, which idea will be worked into proper artistic mold by a skilled artist. As an example of such ideas, one might suggest a woman nursing a wounded soldier; another might suggest a noble wife bidding her soldier husband adieu and sending him to the battlefield—the very best and highest idea or thought which will most fully and completely typify and show for all generations what the Confederate woman did and suffered in upholding and aiding the Southern Confederacy is desired. Such ideas can be expressed in words, not necessarily in artistic drawing. Ideas either written in words or drawn will be received. Many may have most appropriate ideas which they could not put in artistic form. What is wanted is the idea; an artist can then embody it in proper form. Suggestions or ideas are most earnestly invited.

The Women's Memorial Committee of the U. S. C. V. offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best and most appropriate idea. The contest is open to the whole South, and to the South only, under the following rules:

1. Suggestions or ideas must be typewritten or drawn.
2. Each suggestion must be marked with a designating word or motto. The true name and address of the contestant must be placed in a sealed envelope, which envelope must be marked with the word or motto on the manuscript or drawing and accompany the same.
3. All suggestions for this contest must be inclosed in a sealed envelope and sent only by mail to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman U. C. V. Committee, Charleston, S. C., and marked on outside "Idea for Women's Memorial," and must, to be considered, be in General Walker's hands by May 1, 1907, and none will be opened until that date.
4. The date each is received in Charleston will be stamped in the post office. So if two or more ideas are alike, the one first received will have precedence in securing the prize.
5. The award will be made as soon thereafter as possible and by a committee composed of the chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee U. S. C. V., the chairman of the U. C. V. Committee of Coöperation, and an artist or other party to be selected by the two chairmen.
6. On the decision of the committee the award will be paid to the contestant whose idea is accepted. However, if two or more ideas are used to secure a combination deemed proper and best by the committee, then the prize will be divided between the contestants submitting the ideas so used in part in such proportion as the committee may feel that each is entitled thereto.

The above plan and rules are deemed explicit as to the conditions of the contest. In order to place every one absolutely on the same footing, no answers to inquiries nor explanations as to the contest will be given.

General Walker is spending some time in Nashville. He is here in the interest of the "Tennessee Supplement," and he states in that connection:

"There are being published throughout the South supplements to various leading newspapers, those for each State

telling the splendid story of women's fortitude and devotion more particularly in that State. Such supplements have already been issued in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Alabama. Arrangements are now being made to publish the Tennessee supplement to give the women of Tennessee their well-deserved place in this grand picture of Confederate women's heroism.

"The women of Tennessee have a grand history. The many all throughout the State who know such historic incidents of women's sufferings, bravery, and devotion can do justice to them and aid the work of perpetuating Tennessee history by sending accounts of the same to the editor. What is wanted is accounts of action. Many who most gloriously acted cannot put the account in literary form. To such we say send the account without regard to the literary style, and the editor will dress it up so as to make a presentable show to the world.

"All are most earnestly urged to make such contributions of historic matter. Send before July 15, 1907, to Mrs. J. H. Nye, 17 Garland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Nye, earnest, intelligent, and gifted, has been selected as the editor of the Tennessee supplement."

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT.

It is important that Chapters, and especially Chapter Presidents, should familiarize themselves with the proceedings of the Gulfport Convention and the new rules adopted there, so those Chapters who have not done so are urged to order these minutes. Send twenty-five cents for the postage to Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala.

The time for our State Convention at Columbia draws near—May 15-17—and I want to urge all Chapters to pay their *per capita* tax of fifteen cents to the Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Denny, Knoxville, by May 1 and to elect delegates who will attend the Convention, for no Chapter will be allowed a vote in the Convention without a delegate present. One delegate may cast the entire vote of a Chapter, but in no other way is proxy voting permitted. Tickets on the certificate plan will be sold for the Convention for one and one-third rate round trip. Columbia is making many beautiful plans for the entertainment of the Tennessee U. D. C., and this Convention promises to be not only the largest yet held but one of the most enjoyable in our history.

Chapter reports are limited to three minutes. In the report give Chapter motto and floral emblem, so the State Secretary may collect and record them. All Chapters having Chapter flags are requested to be sure to carry them to Columbia and add their part to the beautiful ceremony of placing Chapter flags.

Mrs. Robert Taylor, President U. D. C. at Griffin, Ga., wishes to secure from any veterans now living who were at Andersonville their affidavits as to the treatment accorded prisoners under Captain Wirz's administration, which she will place in the Museum at Richmond for the benefit of future historians. This request is made for the purpose of securing testimony that will refute the slanders upon the name of Captain Wirz as well as upon the South. Send directly to her. Again, information is earnestly sought concerning the Union prisoners who went to Washington to intercede for an exchange, and true to their trust returned to the prison. Daughters of the Confederacy want to build a monument to them.

CONFEDERATE CHOIRS FOR VETERANS.

Grand Commander William H. Stewart writes from Portsmouth, Va., that he has conceived the idea of musical entertainments by uniformed choirs singing war songs at the opening and closing of regular meetings of the Camps, and appeals to the ladies for help. He reports that two Camps have already adopted the plan, and that it "has acted like magic in giving life and interest to Camp work."

His comment is: "It is a beautiful idea, this singing of the old war songs that cheered the Confederate soldier along many a weary march and made bright for him his somber bivouac in the pines before he wrapped his blanket about him and lay down to dream of home. Now that the battles are past and the march on which he trudges is that along the path of life, one which for most of the gallant soldiers of the South is broadening out toward the glory of a more perfect day, the music of those sweet-voiced daughters of Dixie, heard in the familiar airs dear to the hearts of the veterans, cheers them again, even as the same songs sung with all the martial ardor of young hearts and voices did in the long ago."

Colonel Stewart urges all Camps to select some accomplished vocalist to organize a Confederate choir on the basis of a constitution that he has had published. For Virginia he will number the choirs in the order of organization.

In conclusion he writes: "It is the hope of your Grand Commander to see these vocal orders multiply, so they can be organized into regiments, brigades, and divisions, forming Virginia's Grand Vocal Army in Confederate gray to sing at meetings of the Grand Camp and to give a concert in the audi-

torium of the Jamestown Exposition on Grand Camp Day in October that will be one of the greatest, sweetest, and most impressive patriotic festivals of song that have ever before been heard at one time and place, breathing the very essence of that spirit of sacrifice, devotion to duty, and love of home and country that inspired the Confederate soldier from April, 1861, to April, 1865."

The VETERAN congratulates Commander Stewart upon his happy conception, and commends it to every Camp in existence. It predicts that at Richmond this feature will be so popular that comrades from everywhere will take it up. They can secure the coöperation of our Daughters, and it may bestir the Sons to active interest.

THE CONFEDERATE CHOIR NO. 1.

The beautiful idea of having Dixie girls in Confederate gray to sing at meetings of Confederate Veterans originated with Col. William H. Stewart, now Grand Commander of the Virginia Division of Confederate Veterans, and the first choir in uniform appeared at Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., on the 19th of January, 1907, singing for the impressive ceremonies in the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. That is an appropriate birthday for the uniformed Confederate choirs of Dixie.

These choirs are to revive old war songs, and the patriotic lady, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, who organized the Confederate Choir No. 1 as auxiliary to Stonewall Camp, C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., will be blessed by the old veterans throughout the land. The best blood of Virginia flows in the veins of this



THE CONFEDERATE CHOIR OF STONEWALL CAMP.

Top row: Miss Sophia Nash, Mrs. W. H. Dashiell, Miss Janie Neely (First Lieut.), Mrs. Robt. Ridley, Jr., Miss Maud Walker, Miss Louise Wilson.
 Middle row: Miss Emma Williams, Miss Reita Renn, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards (Captain), Miss Sadie Wilkins, Mrs. S. W. Harris (Second Lieutenant).
 Bottom row: Miss Delia Beale, Mrs. Frank L. Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Neeley, Miss Bessie Ridley (Adjutant).

sweet-voiced daughter of Dixie, and her unselfish patriotism is a bright heritage from distinguished ancestors, who are famous for great valor and noble self-sacrifice for their country. She is a direct descendant of Secretary William Nelson, of the Colony of Virginia, the father of Gov. Thomas Nelson and Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown fame.

Her father, William Nelson Boswell, entered the Confederate service at eleven years of age as a drummer in his father's company, and his soldierly bearing on drill so attracted the attention of President Davis that he with his own hands presented the little drummer with a sword.

The grandfather of Mrs. Edwards, Col. Thomas T. Boswell, out of his own pocket in 1861 uniformed Company A, 56th Virginia Regiment, of Pickett's Division, and served as its captain until the last of the war, when he was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia Reserves, stationed at Staunton River Bridge, in Charlotte County. He married Martha Nelson, the daughter of William Nelson, the son of Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown, for whom Mrs. Edwards was named Martha Nelson Boswell.

PEN PORTRAIT OF "A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES."—Mrs. A. B. Robertson read this exquisite tribute to one of the South's most distinguished women before the Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, U. D. C., Huntsville, Ala.: "It was in the old Thespian Hall. I can't give the date nor even the play; all has passed from my memory but the one episode. When we entered, there seemed an air of expectancy over the house, and we learned that a seat in the first row front was reserved for that grand, glorious woman and wife who had suffered and fought so nobly for the release and freedom of her husband, Alabama's great statesman, the Hon. C. C. Clay. There was a hush, and my husband said: 'There she is.' All eyes were turned to the entrance, and, with heart throbbing, I, for the first time, saw the one woman of whom I had heard so many, many times. She was gowned in a thin white mull, *en traine*, décolleté, flowers around the shoulders, in her hair, and at her corsage. As she advanced it was a hand here, another there, a smile across the hall, a word to that one, until, when she had reached her seat, she had recognized in some way every acquaintance in the hall, and with a sigh I breathed: 'No wonder C. C. Clay reached the hearts of the people with such a wife!' She was then, as now, the affable, gracious friend to one and all, as she is to-day the one peerless woman, our own grand President, the 'First Lady of our Southland' and the 'Belle of the Fifties.'"



WILLIAM NELSON BOSWELL.

HISTORY OF THE LAUREL BRIGADE.

At the instance of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser and others, a history of the Laurel Brigade was written by the late Capt. William N. McDonald, Ordnance Officer of the Brigade. Captain McDonald was several years gathering the data and writing the history, which he had about completed, but had not quite gotten in shape for publication, at the time of his lamented death. That the selection of Captain McDonald to write a history of the Brigade was a wise one is attested not only by the zeal with which he entered upon the arduous duty, the immense labor expended in gathering the needed data, and as far as possible certifying the same, but also in the attractive style in which he wrote it.

At a meeting of the members of the Brigade, held in Charlestown on August 13, 1906, for the purpose of providing for the publication of the history, the following were appointed an Executive Committee: Col. R. P. Chew, Maj. E. H. McDonald, Maj. Angus W. McDonald, Rev. James B. Averitt, and Bushrod C. Washington. Maj. Angus W. McDonald was made chairman of the committee and treasurer of the fund. Bushrod C. Washington was selected to review the manuscript, do the necessary editorial work, raise the funds, and publish the book under the auspices of the Executive Committee.

A list of the principal engagements of the Laurel Brigade will give some idea of the amount of service rendered by it from the time it shielded Jackson's rear at Kernstown to its last and desperate fight at Appomattox. Write for circular.

The committee requests that members communicate as soon as possible with Mr. B. C. Washington, Lock Box 46, Charlestown, W. Va., giving him the names of the officers and enlisted men in their company, the names, date, and place of those killed or wounded in battle, and as far as they may be able the present address of those living, as it is the purpose to publish a complete roster of the officers and men.

It is the intention of the committee to have the history published just as it was written by Captain McDonald, supplying only such missing links, if any, as may be found in his manuscript. It is believed that each soldier who served in this distinguished brigade will take an interest in the publication.

As it will take a considerable fund to defray the expense of preparing and publishing the history, we shall be glad if you contribute to it as you may feel inclined. A check payable to Angus W. McDonald, Treasurer, Charlestown, W. Va., will be applied to the publication fund and duly acknowledged.

The Committee of Publication says: "It is expected to put the manuscript in the hands of the publishers by May 1. Therefore please act with promptness in sending in your names and rolls of the companies, etc."

WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.—Miss Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., author of "English, American, and French Authors," is now compiling the "Writers of the South" in order to give them the place they rightfully deserve in literature. Connected with these sketches is a short historical outline, dwelling mainly upon the causes that led up to the War between the States and the South's true history during and since that war, which will make the book of great value to all descendants of Southern men and women. Miss Rutherford has been the State Historian of Georgia U. D. C. since the office was created, and is in a position to furnish an interesting and most reliable historic record. Advance orders for this book will facilitate its publication and be greatly appreciated by the author. Address: Athens, Ga.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

In reading over the minutes of the Gulfport Convention carefully I see that the President General was instructed to urge the Chapters to make donations to the monument to Capt. Henry Wirz, now being built by the Georgia Division, U. D. C. I take great pleasure in urging this upon you, not only because one of the most wide-awake Divisions of the U. D. C. is doing this work but because it is a debt the South owes to this much-maligned man. The false charges on which he was convicted and executed have been so industriously disseminated all over the world that even the children of the most loyal Confederates have thought that these charges were true. The world could not take it in that such a daring thing could even be thought of, much less be carried out, as to deliberately plan the execution of an innocent man under the form of a legal execution. The Georgia Division has unearthed plenty of evidence as to his innocence to convince any man or woman who will read it carefully.

If the world would only realize the fact that truth is eternal, that it will rise up and confront and shame falsehood into oblivion, what a deal of trouble it would save to those who attempt to fix in the minds of the world an untruth! How pitiful it is to see men and women trample under foot all that is best in themselves, to establish a thing—an untruth—against which the Almighty has already before the beginning of time issued the decree of death! Many untruths flourish for a time; but truth, which is eternal, will confront them to their annihilation. Let us not have any bitter feeling in our hearts for those who did this unrighteous thing, but calmly pursue our great purpose of publishing truth wherever we find that it has been obscured for a time.

Following in the footsteps of him whom we love to honor, let us say to the world in his words: "This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children." Let us go quietly on correcting all false things published in history, that we may point with pride to the truth as we teach our children that to be worthy of the inheritance we bring them through our great fathers and mothers they must live upright, true, and God-fearing lives, ready to respond whenever our country calls, no matter if in that response they must give up everything, even life itself. Let us teach them this too: That, while their first duty is to their States, there is a fact which should make us defend one of the other States as loyally as we would our own State; that this is now an indestructible Union, and that no State can be injured without an injury being done to all the others, the whole country. Teach our children that no man who would boost himself by crying down any section of our country is worthy to be put in a place of trust and honor. So let every Chapter give its mite to the Wirz monument, which is to publish the truth to the world and work against no person or persons, but for truth.

Mrs. Voorhees has undertaken to have entire charge of the U. D. C. bazaar, and she is sending circulars to all the First Vice Presidents in the U. D. C. asking them to help. I think it an excellent idea to have this work in the hands of these officers, for they have no official duties, and the hands of the Presidents are full. I hope we will all help all we can and make them know by that what a popular thing it is to have these officers really active officers. The treasury needs this.

I am sure you all want to do as I have done—congratulate the Recording Secretary and the printers for the neat and almost perfectly correct copy of the minutes just out. Those Chapters which haven't gotten them can do so by sending to Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Opelika, Ala., twenty-five cents for the express or postage. That will bring you only four copies, as many as most Chapters need. And I want to urge the new Chapters particularly to be sure to send for them. You have no idea what an inspiration it will be to you to have these and to have the best reports from the Divisions read at your meetings. For myself, I never read any of the reports without having my strength for our work renewed and without being proud of belonging to the same body of women with these who are doing such beautiful work.

The contract between the jeweler, Mr. Chankshaw, and the U. D. C. for better-made Crosses at 12½ cents each has been signed, and hereafter we are to have Crosses made just as near perfectly safe as it is possible to make them.

A Chapter in the Far West writes to ask what the constitution means when it says in the eligibility clause: "Also women and their lineal descendants wherever living who can give proof of personal service and loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war." And for fear that there may be others who do not understand this I will interpret the meaning in this article, for I am very anxious that we be very strict in observing the things which make people eligible. It means those women who can give proof that they rendered any service, such as supplying with food and clothing, and who sent word to their friends of their whereabouts, who sheltered, passed their mail for them, and cared for in any way even one man who was serving the Confederate government; those who gave serviceable information to that government or its agents; those who helped to care for the families of Confederates; those who visited to cheer and comfort them when they were in prison; and those who helped them to escape from prison by sheltering them after they were out of prison. "Lineal descendant," of course, means direct descendants—the children and grandchildren to the remotest generation. In the constitution of one of the Chapters which was sent to me I notice in the eligibility clause, "nieces and descendants," while the general constitution says, "nieces and lineal descendants." I call the attention of Chapters to the fact that it does not mean collateral descendants, as cousins are not eligible.

Article IV., Section 4, says with regard to the constitution of Divisions, and the same thing holds good with regard to Chapters and their constitution and by-laws: "A State or Territorial Division shall be organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, none of which shall be inconsistent with any of the provisions of this Constitution."

I have received from the author a copy of one of the sweetest Southern songs I know of, "The Dear Old Flag of the South," by Mary Wimborg Ploughe. My club of schoolgirls were with me lately, and fell so in love with it that without any suggestions from me they took the name of it, so that they might get the music teacher in the public school to teach it to them. It is dedicated to the U. D. C., and we are proud to have it such a one as takes with the children. For Daughters of the Confederacy, in the children of to-day lies the hope of the perpetuation of our order and the objects we exist for.

No "VAGRANT CONFEDERATE WIDOW" IN CHICAGO.—W. E. Poulson, Commander of Camp Eight, U. C. V., Chicago, Ill., writes: "On page 139 of the March number of the VETERAN you refer to an article in the Chicago Tribune about the widow

and daughter of a 'Col. Michael Hickcy,' of the Confederacy. When I saw the account, I went to the station and interviewed the two women referred to, and found that the reporter had paid but little attention to their statements. Mrs. Hickey stated that she had lived in Kentucky; but that none of her relatives were in the Confederate service, and that her husband was born in Ireland and died before the war. The President of the Chapter of the U. D. C. also went to see them."

GENERAL OFFICERS UPON EVANS'S ADDRESS.

W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Trans-Mississippi Department, Dallas: "I indorse all my old friend, General Evans, has written, so put me down in the right place."

K. M. VanZandt, Fort Worth, Major General Texas Division: "I heartily approve of the sentiments of the circular, and indorse the propriety of its publication. You are therefore hereby authorized to attach my name thereto."

Julian S. Carr, Major General Commanding North Carolina Division, Durham: "You know it gives me great pleasure to do so. I am for the VETERAN first, last, and all the time. I wish it were in every home in the Southern States, and for that matter it would not hurt to be in every other home in the land."

John B. Stone, Major General Commanding Missouri Division, Kansas City: "I authorize you to sign my name to the circular."

George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.: "I take pleasure in saying that you may attach my signature as Major General commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V."

Bennett H. Young, Major General Commanding Kentucky Division, Louisville: "You are authorized to attach my name to the circular. It is a great pleasure to do this for you, or rather for the great cause for which you have done so much, labored so much, and paid so much."

Stith Bolling, Major General Commanding Virginia Division, Petersburg: "It gives me great pleasure to sign the address sent, and I am sure that every Brigade Commander will cheerfully sign it. I think you have only to send it to them."

William H. Jewell, Orlando: "I do with great pleasure authorize you to put my name as Commander of the Florida Division to the circular. Rest assured that whenever I can speak a good word for the VETERAN or do anything in its behalf I shall do it."

Gen. George W. Gordon (M. C.), Commanding Tennessee Division, Memphis: "I have read the circular and heartily indorse it. . . . I will also make it a special matter to call attention to this subject at the next meeting of our Camp."

Andrew J. West, Major General Commanding Georgia Division, Atlanta: "Please sign my name to the circular suggested by General Evans, to be gotten out in order that it may reach as many Veterans and others as possible."

Paul A. Fusz, Major General Northwest Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, Philipsburg, Mont.: "I am in receipt of General Evans's letter, inclosing an address by the general officers of the U. C. V., in regard to urging comrades of all Camps to do their utmost to increase the subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I am very much pleased to be of service in this manner."

W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss.: "You have my full permission as Brigadier General of the Mississippi Division and also as Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committee of the Association to append my name to the address."

J. Alph Prudhomme, Major General Louisiana Division, Oakland Plantation, Bermuda, La.: "I have received from

General Evans the paper headed 'Address by the General Officers U. C. V.' You are authorized to print my name to the address."

A. C. Trippe, Commander Maryland Division, Baltimore: "At the instance of General Evans, I write to say that you may sign my name as one of the Major Generals recommending the support of the VETERAN to all Confederates and others wishing to get the truth relative to the War between the States."

James Baumgardner, Brigadier General Fourth Brigade, Virginia Division, Staunton: "I approve the circular inclosed in letter to me, and authorize you to print my name to the circular."

P. C. Carlton, Brigadier General First Brigade, North Carolina Division, Statesville: "I very heartily concur in 'the suggestion,' and authorize you to attach my name to the circular."

W. L. Wittich, Brigadier General First Florida Brigade, Pensacola: "Certainly you can add my name to the letter, and will do all I can to further the matter."

W. L. London, Commander Second Brigade, North Carolina Division, Pittsboro: "If you think it will strengthen it any, you are at perfect liberty to use my name."

John W. Clark, Brigadier General Commanding Eastern Brigade, Georgia Division, Augusta: "I am pleased to indorse the VETERAN. It gives me pleasure every month. Will gladly call attention to it when I meet my comrades and friends."

W. C. Ratcliffe, Ex-Commander First Brigade, Arkansas Division, Little Rock: "I am heartily in sympathy with the movement, and you can use my name if you think proper. My successor as Commander of the First Arkansas Brigade is Jonathan Kellogg."

F. T. Roche, Commander Third Brigade, Texas Division, Georgetown: "I cordially approve and authorize you to print my name to the circular. The work done by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in preserving the truth of history and perpetuating the memories of our cause cannot be overestimated. I hope the movement inaugurated by General Evans will result in adding thousands of names to your subscription list. The VETERAN should be in every Southern home."

J. E. DeVaughn, Commander Western Brigade, Georgia Division, Montezuma: "You have my authority to put my name to the circular, as I fully approve same and will be only too glad to coöperate with you in furthering the interest of the cause."

J. M. Ray, Brigadier General Commanding Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, Asheville: "I most cordially join those distinguished officers who have signed the address, and authorize the adding of my signature for the purposcs set forth therein."

J. H. Lester, Ex-Commander New Mexico Brigade, Deming (now of Florence, Ala.): "You have my cordial consent to use my name in any way that will extend the circulation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I will also use my personal efforts to send you subscribers. I have several times chided my old comrades since being here for their indifference in this most important matter."

James R. Rogers, Brigadier General First Brigade, Paris, Ky., March 29, 1907: "I am heartily in accord with the spirit of General Evans's paper, and give my indorsement to any movement seeking to advance the interests of the VETERAN."

William H. Stewart, Lieutenant Colonel C. S. A. and Grand Commander Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, Portsmouth: "With the greatest possible pleasure and delight I authorize my signature to the inclosed circular."

Confederate Veteran.

THE "FORTY-FOURS."

BY D. C. MARTIN, PLANO, TEX.

The editor of the VETERAN invited me to send a group of an organization known here in Plano as the "Forty-Fours." There are eight of us, all having been born in the year 1844.



Top row, reading left to right: J. M. Wells, G. W. Bowman, A. H. Fortner, J. M. Huffman, G. C. Garrison.

Bottom row: J. C. Jasper, D. J. Martin, F. M. Armstrong, Frank Armstrong, Jr.

All were in the Confederate army, and we live in and around the city of Plano, Collin County, Tex. The idea of the "Forty-Fours" had its conception in the fact that in meeting each other accidentally and otherwise we learned that each of us was born in the year 1844. Consequently the club known as the "Forty-Fours" was the result. Our birthdays range all the way from January to December, except the months of February, May, June, and July. The time for meeting is on the birthday of any one of the club. Incidents (episodes are usually told), memories of army life, battles, thrilling escapes are all talked over and are heartily enjoyed; then a splendid dinner, after which a memento or souvenir is given to the comrade at whose residence the meeting is held. The little boy in the group is the grandson of F. M. Armstrong, at whose side he is standing. Along with this I am sending you a list of the "Forty-Fours," giving the number of regiments, names of companies, etc.

SERVICE OF THE "FORTY-FOURS."

- T. C. Jasper, Co. C, 6th Ky. Cav., Morgan's Command.
- J. M. Huffman, Morgan's Old Squadron.
- A. H. Fortner, Co. K, Burford's 19th Texas Regiment.
- G. W. Bowman, Co. B, 3d Ky., Morgan's Command.
- F. M. Armstrong, Co. E, 5th Tenn. Cav., Ashby's Brigade.
- D. J. Martin, Co. F, 15th Tenn. Cav., Morgan's Command.
- J. M. Wells, Co. D, 3d Va. Battalion Artillery.
- G. C. Garrison, 3d Ky., Co. I, Breckinridge's Brigade.

Mrs. Mary Taylor desires to hear from any old comrade of her husband, who was a member of the 4th Texas Infantry, serving in Virginia. He enlisted at Columbus, Tex. His widow wishes to get a pension if she can get proof of his service. Write to her care J. K. Neil (Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry), Brackett, Tex.

Valued service is being rendered through attention to this kind of requests in the VETERAN.

COL. ELIJAH V. WHITE.

BY MAGNUS S. THOMPSON (OF HIS COMMAND), WASHINGTON.

Col. E. V. White was a Marylander by birth and a Virginian by adoption. On December 9, 1857, he married Miss Sarah E. Gott, of Maryland, by whom he had five children: Elijah B., B. V., and John G. (all residing in Leesburg, Va.), Mrs. John Gold, of Wilson, N. C., and Mrs. Isaac Lang, of Fairfax County, Va. His second marriage, on November 28, 1894, was to Miss Margaret B. Banes, of Philadelphia, Pa., who survives him. He commanded and gave to the 35th Battalion Virginia Cavalry its existence, and led it through many campaigns, battles, and raids to a place in the history of the war second to no command of its numbers, and distinguished under the special notice of such leaders as Jackson, Ewell, Stewart, Jones, Rosser, and Butler, besides receiving the highest encomiums from one of the greatest cavalry commanders since the days of Murat—Gen. Wade Hampton—and of Robert E. Lee.

Colonel White began his military life during the Kansas troubles when, joining a Missouri command, he took an active part in staying the serious trouble that threatened the country. At its close he returned and settled in Virginia, only to spring to her defense in 1859 when a second signal given by John Brown at Harper's Ferry aroused the entire South to a realization of impending trouble.

In 1861, when war was inevitable, he joined a company of cavalry under the famous Ashby, and at once became a most valuable scout, operating principally in Loudon County under direction of Gen. N. G. Evans, who was in command that summer. During the battle of Ball's Bluff, although a private, he became one of the most conspicuous figures on the field. Being familiar with the ground, he was assigned the duty of placing commands in advantageous positions, which he accomplished with marked skill and daring, the result of which was a complete victory to our arms. At night with a handful of men he captured and brought in three hundred and twenty-five prisoners. In the official report made he was highly complimented and recommended for a captain's commission.

He soon raised a company of as fine material as ever entered the field, and made a career as brilliant and as daring as any of record. During the winter of 1861 and spring of 1862 he was attached to General Jackson's and General Ewell's commands for scouting and headquarters service during the campaign that resulted in the defeat and rout of three Federal commands under Generals Fremont, Banks, and Shields.

On the 28th of October, 1862, five additional companies united with his, forming the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, when he was unanimously elected major commanding. Soon thereafter the battalion was mustered into the regular service, and in the fight between A. P. Hill and Burnside in Snicker's Gap he rendered such valuable and conspicuous service as to elicit from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, a letter of commendation, in which he said he had heard with much pleasure of the successful operations of his battalion in the actions with the enemy at Snicker's Gap and hoped that it "may be a forerunner of still further deeds of daring, skill, and success by your command."

After this engagement, the enemy withdrew and moved south along the base of the mountain with Major White raiding his rear, and within a few days he captured about one thousand prisoners, two hundred wagons, and an immense amount of stores, arms, etc., among them the headquarters wagon of Col. W. P. Wainwright, of the 91st Pennsylvania

Volunteers, including his sword, the Colonel barely escaping. Major White sent, among other trophies, the Colonel's sword to General Jackson, and received the following reply:

"HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DISTRICT, Nov. 15, 1862.

"*Major:* The beautiful sword which you have so kindly presented me and also the other much-prized presents have been received from Lieutenant Marlow, of your distinguished command.

"Please accept my thanks for them. I have watched with great interest your brilliant exploits. Your men may well feel proud of having such a leader. Press on in your successful career.

"With high esteem I am, Major, very truly your friend,
T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

After a successful raid and capture at Poolsville, Md., in December, the following was received from brigade headquarters by Gen. William E. Jones:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 31, 1863.

"*General:* I have received Maj. E. V. White's report, dated December 24, 1862, of his scout to Poolsville, Md., and have forwarded it to the adjutant and inspector general at Richmond, calling the attention of the War Department to the gallant conduct of Major White and his command.

"I am much gratified at the manner in which Major White conducted his scout and the substantial results accomplished with such slight loss on his part.

"I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Early in February, 1863, Major White was promoted to lieutenant colonel by the President, and in a few days thereafter was ordered to report to General Jackson for special duty, as the following letter will show:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 5, 1863.

"*Major:* The courier who bears this has an order from Gen. R. E. Lee through Brig. Gen. William E. Jones, directing you with the whole or part of your battalion, as may be necessary, to report to me for orders. The object to be accomplished is explained by the accompanying papers from General Cooper. . . . Keep your instructions and also your destination confidential until your plans require you to make them known. I hope sometime to have the pleasure of being with you again.

"It is important that you move at once. Please write me on your return respecting your success.

"I am, Major, your obedient servant,
T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

Reporting upon his return, he received the following:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 24, 1863.

"*Major:* Your letter of the 16th inst. has been received, and I am much gratified to learn of your success.

"I hope that sometime it may be my privilege to be with you again.

"Hoping that great success may be yours, I am very truly yours,
T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

On the 21st Major White wrote him again regarding scouting duty in Loudon, and received the following reply:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CORPS, A. N. VIRGINIA,
February 25, 1863.

"*Major:* Yours of the 21st inst. has been received, and I congratulate you upon your complete success.

"Please accept my thanks for the papers you kindly sent me.
"I would like very much to let you continue scouting in

Loudon when you have not plenty of more important work elsewhere.

"You have deservedly acquired great reputation with your cavalry, and I trust that your usefulness will be increased.

"Very truly yours, T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant General.*"

On May 21 the brigade returned from an extended raid in West Virginia, covering seven hundred miles in twenty-one days through a rough and sterile country in which they were very successful, having captured about seven hundred prisoners, one piece of artillery, two trains of cars, burned sixteen railroad bridges, one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of oil, many engines, etc., besides bringing back one thousand head of cattle and about twelve hundred horses. Through it all White's command bore a conspicuous part, as was the case wherever placed, until June 1 they rested and recruited in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, when their march began toward Culpeper, where on the 9th of June was fought the most sanguinary and hotly contested cavalry battle known to history. In this engagement, lasting all day, White's Battalion won undying fame.

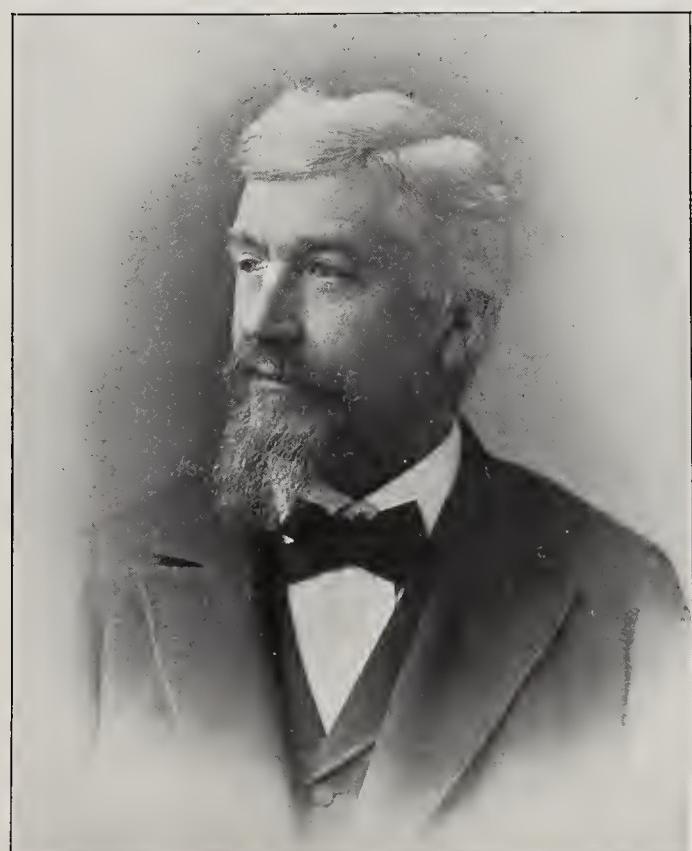
Moving from there to Gettysburg with Lee's army, they met *en route* at Catocton Creek Cole's Battalion and at Point of Rocks Sam Mead's command, defeating and routing both. Then, taking the advance of the army, they were the first to enter Gettysburg.

Upon returning to Virginia, the battalion resumed scouting and raiding in Loudon County and vicinity, making many successful captures. The ladies of Leesburg, rejoicing over our return, sent the following:

"LEESBURG, August 27, 1863.

"Will Col. E. V. White accept for himself and his brave battalion from the ladies of Leesburg this expression of the high appreciation of your deeds of brave and noble daring?

"In the offering of cake and wine, we would more particularly commemorate your entrance into our town August 27,



COL. ELIJAH V. WHITE.

1863, thereby delivering us from our oppressors and restoring us again to our beloved Confederacy.

"Accept with our offering our best wishes for your health, happiness, and preservation of yourself and each of your battalion.

"May the God of battles defend and encircle you all in his arm of love, crown your efforts with victory, and speedily restore peace to our bleeding country!" is the prayer of the ladies of Leesburg."

On the 18th of December the brigade, under General Rosser, than whom no braver ever lived, crossed the river at Fredericksburg and made a raid around General Meade's army at Culpeper, marching over ninety miles through rain and mud in twenty-four hours, capturing a fortified camp at Sangster Station with their colors, arriving at Berry's Ferry, on the Shenandoah River, safely.

In January, 1864, the brigade made a most successful raid to West Virginia, capturing a loaded train of one hundred and nine wagons and over four hundred mules. On May 1 we marched to the Wilderness and participated in the battle of the 5th and 6th, and on June 10 engaged in the battle of Trevilian Station, where we defeated General Sheridan (and here let me add that Gen. Wade Hampton, commanding our cavalry, told me that if he had acted upon the suggestion and appeal of Colonel White at the close of the engagement, while Sheridan's forces were retreating in great disorder, he was satisfied that we could have annihilated Sheridan before he reached the Pamunkey River). Later we crossed to the south side of the James, and assisted in interrupting Kautz and Wilson's commands raiding in the rear of Lee's army. This was effectually done, and we captured about seven hundred of them and six pieces of artillery. On the 16th of September the command under Hampton made a raid in the rear of Grant's army, capturing 2,535 head of fat cattle that had arrived for his army. Later our brigade started for the Valley of Virginia, where we vanquished Sheridan's forces, then devastating that country with fire and pillage.

In November, General Rosser being promoted, the following petition was sent to President Davis at Richmond:

"The undersigned take great pleasure in cordially recommending Col. E. V. White as a most fit successor to the gallant Gen. Thomas L. Rosser to the command of the 'Laurel Brigade.' We are well aware that but little weight is generally attached to a recommendation by mere civilians of military men for promotion, yet we are so strongly impressed with the conviction of Colonel White's peculiar fitness for the command of this distinguished brigade that we cannot forbear to place our estimate of his qualification on record. The chivalrous courage and dashing gallantry of this battle-scarred hero, combined as we are persuaded, with quickness of apprehension and coolness in action, inspiring perfect and enthusiastic confidence in the troops under his command, seem to point him out as a worthy successor of the noble Rosser.

"Respectfully submitted. JOHN LETCHER,
JOHN W. BROCKENBOROUGH."

(Mr. Letcher was former Governor of Virginia and Mr. Brockenborough a distinguished judge.)

Early in January, 1865, returning from a second successful raid in West Virginia, capturing New Creek Station (the supply depot for the enemy), including stores, ammunition, about six hundred prisoners, and one thousand head of horses and mules, the battalion was furloughed for recuperation and rest in Loudon County. Early spring found them at their post of duty with the Army of Northern Virginia at Petersburg.

On the retreat they were actively engaged day and night in the last brief and gloomy but forever glorious campaign which crushed the hopes that had sustained the hearts of Lee's veterans through four years of suffering and blood. At High Bridge, when surrounded, General Dearing and Colonel White led the charge, defeating General Gregg and capturing many prisoners; but at a heavy cost to us, as General Dearing was mortally wounded. While lying upon the ground, with General Rosser and White leaning over him, he said (pointing to White), "General Rosser, these stars belong on that man's collar" (referring to those adorning his). The command now devolved upon Colonel White, who, cutting his way out, marched to Lynchburg with his command. The death knell of capitulation was heard, and the famous Laurel Brigade, having won the admiration of Lee, Jackson, and others, disappeared from among the military organizations of the earth with nothing left but its honor, its scars, and its history. This peerless leader returned to his home with a stainless sword and the scars of eight severe wounds. Two of the leaden missiles he carried to his grave, mute evidence of years of patient suffering.

Colonel White returned to Loudon and was elected sheriff of the county, serving with great credit for many years. In the meantime he was called to the ministry, and up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 11th of January, 1907, his life was dedicated to the service of his Maker with the earnest devotion and energy that characterized his services on the field.

He has passed from this transitory existence to that shore beyond. He has bequeathed to his family, his comrades, and his friends the rich heritage of a spotless character illuminated by achievements that can never be dimmed. He has joined that incomparable army of martyrs who, with Lee and Jackson, long since crossed the dark chasm, and are now parading the streets of the Celestial City amidst the strains of ecstatic music and the hallelujah of the combined host.

U. D. C. IN NEBRASKA.

The Omaha Chapter, U. D. C., was organized three years ago by Miss Grace Lennon Conklin, who has since filled the office of President. Upon her retirement recently from that office she was made its Honorary President, showing the estimation in which she is held by the members.

Miss Conklin is a graduate from the Department of Expression of the Marden School of Music and Elocution, and has begun her career as a professional reader under most favorable auspices. She has given readings throughout the Southern States the past winter under the auspices of local Chapters, which have elicited much favorable comment, and her success as an entertainer of high order seems assured.

The following officers were elected for the Omaha Chapter: Mrs. George W. Coven, President; Mrs. G. S. Bradley, Mrs. F. N. Maxwell, Vice Presidents; Miss Rebecca Maxwell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. K. Stout, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. R. Davis, Treasurer.

PICTURE OF MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

Realizing the widespread interest in the subject, the VETERAN has had an engraving made from the photograph of Maj. Henry Wirz, and prints of that engraving, 5x7 inches, will be supplied free to those who renew or subscribe for the VETERAN during the months of April and May if they will ask for them. Copies of this engraving will be furnished for twenty-five cents or six for one dollar.

ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER WAR PRISONS.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS, DECEMBER 10, 1888.

(Concluded from Belford's Magazine, February, 1890.)

The important question recurs: "Who are responsible for the multitude of prisoners of war who died in confinement at the South and at the North?" It is ever the more difficult task to prove the negative, but that neither the Confederate government nor its agents were responsible is, I believe, demonstrable. From the inception of the war the Confederacy advocated the release of prisoners. Before a cartel was agreed on General Early paroled captives as one of the established usages in war between civilized nations. On July 22, 1862, a cartel was adopted, by the terms of which all prisoners were to be released within ten days of their capture. At that time the Confederates had a large excess of prisoners who, under the cartel, were to be released on parole.

The savage orders and practices of Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., caused General Lee, under instructions, to write:

"August 2, 1862.

To the General Commanding United States Army, Washington.

"General: . . . By the terms of that cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners of war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged.

"Scarcely had the cartel been signed when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice, changing the character of war from such as becomes civilized nations into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder. . . . A general order issued by Major General Pope on July 23¹⁵² the day after the date of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful citizens as spies if found quietly tilling their farms in his rear, even outside of his lines.

"And one of his brigadier generals, Steinwehr, has seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons whom he designated 'bushwhackers.'

"Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war, in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex to be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies by a steady progress toward a practice which we abhor and which we are vainly struggling to avoid. . . . While the President considers that the facts referred to would justify a refusal on our part to execute the cartel, by which we have agreed to liberate an excess of prisoners of war in our hands, a sacred regard for plighted faith which shrinks from the semblance of breaking a promise precludes a resort to such an extremity.

"Nor is it his desire to extend to any other forces of the United States the punishment merited by General Pope and such commissioned officers as chose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders." . . . ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 299, 300.)

Thereafter there was some abatement of the evils complained of. We then had an excess of captives, and with some objectionable practices on the part of the enemy the cartel continued to be recognized until July 3, 1863, when the United States War Department issued General Order, No. 209, the ethics of which are as bad as its logic.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
July 3, 1863.

". . . It is understood that captured officers and men have

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been paroled and released in the field by others than commanders of opposing armies, and that the sick and wounded in hospitals have been so paroled and released in order to avoid guarding and removing them, which in many cases would have been impossible. Such paroles are in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, and are null and void. They are not regarded by the enemy and will not be respected by the United States. Any officer or soldier who gives such parole will be returned to duty without exchange and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience to orders. . . . (*Ibid.*, pp. 308, 309, volume 'Treatment of Prisoners.'

E. D. TOWNSEND, *A. A. G.*"

The captive beyond the protection of his government has the natural right to secure his life and liberty by any pledge of a purely personal character, and his government has no rightful power to absolve him from the obligation he has assumed. The great publicist Vattel states the case thus: "The good of the State requires that faith should be kept on such occasions and that subjects should have this mode of saving their lives or recovering their liberty." The United States Secretary of War in the general order just cited announced to the army that any officer or soldier who should, in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, give his "parole will be returned to duty without exchange and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience of orders."

It used to be that soldiers of whatever rank had to be tried and convicted before being punished, and that a soldier's honor was the jewel the sheen of which his government sought to brighten, not to tarnish. By the Stanton code it was a crime for a soldier to protect himself when his government had lost the power to protect him, a crime which was to be expiated by being false to his parole not to bear arms against his liberator until he had been exchanged.

Upon that order General Early, a trained soldier, a learned lawyer, and a widely read historian, wrote a commentary from which the following extracts are made:

"Mr. Stanton, in issuing the order of July 3, 1863, violated the laws of civilized warfare, and the statement contained therein that the Confederate government ('the enemy') had pursued the same course was a mere pretext to give color to his own unwarrantable act. But for that order all the prisoners captured by us at Gettysburg, amounting to fully six thousand, would have been paroled, and, in fact, the proper staff officers were proceeding to parole them and had actually paroled and released a large number of them when news came of the order referred to. Why did Mr. Stanton object to the paroling of those prisoners? And why did he prefer that they should be confined in prisons in the South—'prison pens,' as Northern Republicans are pleased to call them? . . . If the rule asserted in his order is among the laws and usages of war, then it must follow that if General Lee had not been able to guard or feed the prisoners in his hands he would have had the right to resort to that dread alternative to which the first Napoleon resorted in Asia when he found the paroles granted by him not respected and destroy the prisoners in his hands. If any of the prisoners brought from Gettysburg or subsequently captured lost their lives at Andersonville or any other Southern prison, is it not palpable that the responsibility for their deaths rested on Edwin M. Stanton?

". . . In consequence of the order, one division commander who fell into our hands wounded, whom we could have brought off, though at the risk of his life, and a large number of other prisoners who were paroled (two or three thousand) were returned to duty in the Federal army without exchange,

Confederate Veteran.

and among them was a colonel who pledged his honor that he would surrender himself and his regiment (paroled at the same time) if the validity of the parole was not recognized by his government.

J. A. E."

The desire of the Confederate government to conduct hostilities with whatever amenities belong to modern war was persistently made manifest, and the anxiety for the prompt release of captives in conformity with the cartel was intensified by the harrowing evidence of our emaciated men returned from Northern prisons. Our Commissioner of Exchanges, Robert Ould, had the largest authority given to him; and well did he labor to overcome the obstacles opposed to the free and fair execution of the cartel, and, failing in that, to bring relief to the sufferers retained in prisons North and South.

Some of his letters have been published, and his entire correspondence is said to be, or to have been, in the Bureau of War Records at Washington, D. C. On August 17, 1868, he wrote "To the editors of the National Intelligencer" an answer to the "many misrepresentations" about the action of the Confederate authorities toward prisoners of war, from which a few extracts are made:

"The cartel of exchange bears date July 22, 1862. Its chief purpose was to secure the delivery of all prisoners of war.

"To that end the fourth article provided that all prisoners of war should be discharged on parole in ten days after their capture. From the date of the cartel until the summer of 1863 the Confederate authorities had the excess of prisoners. During the interval deliveries were made as fast as the Federal government furnished transportation. . . . In the summer of 1863 the Federal authorities insisted upon limiting exchanges to such as were held in confinement on either side. This I resisted as being in violation of the cartel. Such a construction not only kept in confinement the excess on either side, but ignored all paroles which were held by the Confederate government. These were very many, being the paroles of officers and men who had been released on capture. The Federal government at that time held few or no paroles." ("Southern Historical Society Papers," p. 125.)

The advantage thus taken, in violation of the cartel, as soon as the excess of prisoners was against us, was resisted until the suffering of the prisoners of both belligerents caused the Confederacy to waive their just and clearly defined demand; therefore on August 10, 1864, Colonel Ould wrote to Major Mulford, United States Agent, consenting to exchange the prisoners, officer for officer and man for man, and with the letter sent a statement of the mortality at Andersonville. The proposition, if it had been accepted, would have released all the United States prisoners and the excess, being then of Confederates, would, by the shameless violation of the cartel, have remained in prison.

The complications in regard to exchange of prisoners indicated before the end of 1863 the probability of long confinement instead of the prompt release contemplated by the cartel. Therefore our commissioner wrote to the United States Agent of Exchange:

CONFEDERATE STATES WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., January 24, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. E. A. HITCHCOCK, *Agent of Exchange.*

"Sir: In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort.

"I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commis-

saries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicines as may be forwarded for the relief of prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons be selected by their own governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through their agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their acts but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners.

"Respectfully, ROBERT OULD, *Agent of Exchange.*"

To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made. When it was ascertained that exchanges could not be made either on the basis of the cartel or of officer for officer and man for man, I was instructed by the Confederate authorities to offer to the United States government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents.

"Accordingly, in the summer of 1864 I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River without requiring any equivalents, assuring at the same time the agent of the United States, General Mulford, that if the number for which he might send transports could not readily be made up from sick and wounded I would supply the difference with well men. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to the Savannah River until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many prisoners as could be transported—some thirteen thousand in number, among whom were more than five thousand well men.

"More than once I urged the mortality at Andersonville as a reason for haste on the part of the United States authorities.

"In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the surgeon general of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time I gave assurances that the medicines would be used exclusively in the treatment of Federal prisoners, and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it was insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons and dispensed by them. To this offer I never received any reply. Incredible as this appears, it is strictly true." ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 127-129.)

In the crowded mass of men gathered from many countries, without common origin or home, disconsolate and desperate, will any self-respecting man claim that a feeble police could enforce such good order and discipline as were needful to the health and comfort of the prisoners? In our straitened circumstances there was no other practicable remedy than liberation by exchange or parole. The first had been discontinued by the United States officials; the last had been nullified by the United States War Department order of July 3, 1863.

Colonel Ould on July 26, 1863, wrote to Lieutenant Colonel Ludlow, United States Commissioner of Exchange, thus:

"Although you have many thousands of our soldiers now in confinement in your prisons, and especially in that horrible hold of death, Fort Delaware, you have not for several weeks sent us any prisoners. During those weeks you have dispatched Captain Mulford with the steamer New York to City Point three or four times without any prisoners. . . . I ask you, with no purpose of disrespect, what can you think of this covert attempt to secure the delivery of all your prisoners

in our hands without the release of those of ours who are languishing in hopeless misery in your prisons and dungeons? . . .

ROBERT OULD,
Commissioner of Exchange.

The political and personal friendship of the United States President, A. Lincoln, and the Confederate Vice President, A. H. Stephens, when they had been members of the United States Congress encouraged the hope that the latter would be able to arrange with the former such measures as would insure the observance of the cartel and otherwise promote, as far as practicable, humanity in the existing war. On July 2, 1863, Mr. Stephens received full authority, and with entire co-intelligence between him and myself undertook the mission to Washington; but he was stopped by the outer guard. He was traveling under a flag of truce, stated in general terms the object of his mission, and asked permission to proceed to Washington. The officer telegraphed to his government at Washington, and was answered, "The request is inadmissible," etc. There was no evidence that President Lincoln was informed of the request, and it would be vain to speculate on what might have been. A paragraph from the letter borne by Mr. Stephens will indicate the general object of his mission:

"My whole purpose is to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times and to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed on it by our enemies in spite of all our efforts and protests. War is full enough of unavoidable horrors under all its aspects to justify and even to demand of any Christian ruler who may be unhappily engaged in carrying it on to seek to restrict its calamities and to divest it of all unnecessary severities."

I may here, by way of parenthesis, remark that officers of the Confederacy allowed messages even from prisoners to be sent to me, and in more than one instance prisoners at the Libby were allowed to state their cases in person, all of which received favorable action.

To the notice already taken of the efforts through our Commissioner of Exchange to secure the release of prisoners or, in default of that, to have needful supplies sent to such as were kept in confinement there is to be added the proposition made by General Lee to General Grant when they commanded the opposing armies on the south of the James River to arrange for the exchange of all the prisoners held by the armies of each. General Lee was authorized also to offer all the prisoners then held by the Confederacy if his more limited proposition should be accepted. General Grant declined the proposition with a narrow exception, restricting it to such as had been captured within the last three days and had not been delivered to the commanding general of prisoners. As that officer was at the mouth of the river in rear of Grant's intrenchments, was it probable that there was a corporal's guard who had not been delivered to him? But, anxious to interpose obstacles to exchange, he inquired whether General Lee proposed to deliver colored troops "the same as white soldiers," to which General Lee replied: "I intended to include all captured soldiers of the United States of whatever nation and color under my control. Deserters from our service and negroes belonging to our citizens are not considered subjects of exchange, and were not included in my proposition." That there were any of either of the not included class among the prisoners was probably purely hypothetical; but the pretense served General Grant as an excuse to decline negotiations and for "putting the matter offensively for the purpose of preventing an exchange," as he had recommended General Butler, his Commissioner of Exchange, to do.

That a soldier bred and educated under the Constitution of the United States should have so great a regard for deserters and "fugitives from service or labor" that, lest any of those classes should be denied exchange, he would prefer to leave hosts of his fellow-soldiers to languish and many of them to die in captivity was an act which it is left for others to denominate.

The harrowing recitals of the suffering of our men in Northern prisons and humane sympathy for the Northern men in Southern prisons stimulated our efforts for the release of both as far as national honor would permit. We could not fail to see the duplicity of the pretexts employed and the covert methods used to obstruct the cartel. Why, for example, was General Butler selected as a Commissioner of Exchange? Not for conscientiousness certainly. Were there any nice questions requiring his greater intelligence and diplomatic skill? or was it not that, he being under ban of outlawry by the Confederacy, it was assumed that our commissioner would refuse to recognize him? Our zeal overcame all surmountable impediments; our Commissioner conferred with Commissioner Butler, and reported him more just than his superiors, but restricted by orders so as to be unable to complete what was agreed upon between them.

It was when General Lee called to report the failure of his efforts to negotiate with General Grant that, appropriate to my expression of bitter disappointment, General Lee addressed to me the oft-quoted remark: "We have done everything in our power to mitigate the suffering of prisoners, and there is no just cause of further responsibility on our part."

That there were great suffering and mortality in Southern prisons, which it grew beyond our power to relieve, we did not deny, but urged as a reason for observing the cartel faithfully.

The assertion that our men in Northern prisons were kindly treated and fully supplied is accepted as a tribute which vice pays to virtue, as evidence that the authorities dared not confess to the people of the North the cruelties, privations, and deaths they were mercilessly inflicting on helpless prisoners.

But while there may be a dark circle around the lamp, its rays may penetrate the distance. The sufferings of Confederates in Northern prisons attracted notice beyond the seas, and a fund was raised in England for their relief. Mr. A. I. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., a man to whom title could not add dignity, wrote to the United States Secretary as to the application of the fund, and was churlishly answered that the "United States government was rich enough to provide for its prisoners and needed no foreign help."

I could sympathize with an honest pride which would have prompted a courteous refusal if there had been a will keeping pace with the vaunted power.

Yet again the sufferings of those prisoners aroused the humanity of the people of Baltimore, who raised a fund and employed an agent to distribute it. His published report covers one prison, and serves as a specimen of others. John I. Van Allen, of Watkins, Schuyler County, N. Y., wrote thus:

"Late in the fall of 1864, and when the bitter sleets and biting frosts of winter had commenced, a relief organization was improvised by some generous ladies and gentlemen of the city of Baltimore for the purpose of alleviating the wants of those confined in Elmira prison, where there were then several thousand prisoners. . . . As soon as appointed I journeyed to that delightful paradise for Confederate prisoners (according to Walker, Tracy, and Platt) and stated the object of my visit to the commanding officer, and asked to be

permitted to go through the prison in order to ascertain the wants of the prisoners, with the request that I might distribute necessary blankets, clothing, money, medicines, etc.

"He treated me with consideration and kindness, and informed me that they were very destitute of clothing and blankets; that not one-half of them had even a single blanket, and that many were nearly naked, the most of them having been captured during the hot summer months with no other than thin cotton clothes, which in most instances were in tatters. Yet he stated that he could not allow me to enter the prison gate or administer relief, as an order of the War Department rendered him powerless. I then asked him to telegraph the facts to the War Department and ask a revocation or modification of the order, which he did, and two or three days were thus consumed by me in a fruitless endeavor to procure the poor privilege of carrying out the designs of the Good Samaritans at Baltimore who were seeking to alleviate in a measure the wants of the poor sufferers who were then dying off like rotten sheep from cold and exposure. The officer in command was an army officer, and his heart nearly bled for those poor sufferers, and I know he did all in his power to aid me; but his efforts were fruitless to assist me to put a single coat on the back of a sufferer. The brutal Stanton was inexorable to all my entreaties, and turned a deaf ear to the tale of their sufferings. . . . The nearest I could get to the poor skeletons confined in that prison was a tower built by some speculator in an adjoining field across the way from the prison pen, for which privilege a money consideration was exacted and paid. On taking a position upon this tower, what a sight of misery and squalor was presented! My heart was made sick, and I blushed for my country more because of the inhumanity there depicted. Nearly all of the many thousands there were in dirty rags. The rain was pouring, and thousand were without shelter, standing in the mud in their bare feet, with clothes in tatters, of the most unsubstantial material, without blankets. I tell the truth, and Mr. Charles C. B. Watkins dare not deny it, when I say these men suffered bitterly for the want of clothing, blankets, and other necessaries. I was denied the privilege of covering their nakedness." (Letter, "Southern Historical Society Papers," p. 294.)

Bad as no doubt were the scenes at Andersonville, the difference of climate forbade such scenes as were presented in the black, wintry locations where our poorly clad men were confined.

It has not been my purpose to illustrate the need for the brother first to cast out the beam from his own eye, and I therefore will only make another extract from a paper on Elmira because that prison has been most extolled. A United States medical officer wrote to the editor of the New York World:

"Sir: I beg herewith (after having carefully gone through the various documents in my possession pertaining to the matter) to forward to you the following statistics and facts of the mortality of the Rebel prisoners in the Northern prisons, more particularly at that of Elmira, N. Y., where I served as one of the medical officers for many months. I found on commencement of my duties at Elmira about eleven thousand Rebel prisoners, fully one-third of whom were under medical treatment for diseases principally owing to an improper diet, a want of clothing, necessary shelter, and bad surroundings. The diseases were consequently of the following nature: scurvy, diarrhea, pneumonia, and the various branches of typhoid, all superinduced by the causes, more or less, afore-

mentioned. . . . Here I may note that, owing to a general order from the government to vaccinate the prisoners, my opportunities were ample to observe the effects of spurious and diseased matter, and there is no doubt in my mind but that syphilis was engrafted in many instances; ugly and horrible ulcers and eruptions of a characteristic nature were, alas! too frequent and obvious to be mistaken. Smallpox cases were crowded in such a manner that it was an impossibility for the surgeon to treat his patients individually; they actually lay so adjacent that the simple movement of one of them would cause his neighbor to cry out in agony of pain. The confluent and malignant type prevailed to such an extent and of such a nature that the body would frequently be found one continuous scab.

"The diet and other allowances by the government for the use of the prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed to starve; but why? is the query which I will allow your readers to infer and to draw conclusions therefrom. Out of the number of prisoners, as before mentioned, over three thousand of them now lie buried in the cemetery located near the camp for that purpose, a mortality equal to, if not greater than, that of any prison in the South. At Andersonville, as I am informed by brother officers who endured confinement there, as well as by the records at Washington, the mortality was twelve thousand out of, say, about forty thousand prisoners. . . .

"How faithfully these regulations were carried out at Elmira is shown by the following statement of facts: The sick in hospitals were curtailed in every respect (fresh vegetables and other antiscorbutics were dropped from the list); the food scant, crude, and unfit; medicine so badly dispensed that it was a farce for the medical man to prescribe. At large in the camp the prisoner fared still worse: a slice of bread and salt meat was given him for his breakfast; a poor, hatched-up, concocted cup of soup, so called, and a slice of miserable bread was all he could obtain for his coming meal; and hundreds of sick who could in nowise obtain medical aid died 'unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.' ("Southern Historical Society Papers," pp. 296-298.)

It must be conceded that the Northern States are more generally healthy than the Southern. Then with equal means and care in providing for the prisoners it follows that the rate of mortality should have been as the salubrity of the country. It may be presumed that all were "for duty" when captured, and that the average of the wounded among the prisoners was about the same, and therefore that all were in a condition to be benefited by rest and proper treatment in a favorable locality. What was the result? According to the reports of the United States War Department, the relative numbers of prisoners and deaths were in round numbers:

United States prisoners held by Confederacy.....	270,000
Confederate States prisoners held by United States....	220,000
United States prisoners died in Confederate hands.....	22,000
Confederate States prisoners died in United States hands	26 000

From this it appears that the Confederates, with an excess of fifty thousand prisoners, had four thousand fewer deaths. This should not have been the case even if the means of providing for them had been only equal; but in every material respect—in food, in clothing, in shelter, in medicine, in surgical instruments, and all which free commerce contributes—the North had greatly the advantage. Only one element remains to account for the difference—care for the defenseless. And this in the depths of our destitution never ceased, as the

world will appreciate whenever impartial history shall render the justice which contemporaneous prejudice and passion have denied.

I may be allowed to have fairly understood the character of our people, and will cite an instance to prove what the estimate was. At the close of the "seven days' battles" around Richmond, much of which I saw, my order congratulating the army on its victory over superior numbers contained these words: "You are fighting for all that is dearest to man; and, though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and to the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory to your valor."

In the devastating raids to which the South was subjected supplies became in the latter part of the war so deficient that our soldiers received only reduced rations, and the allowance to the prisoners was in like manner, but in no larger amount, reduced. The hospitals for soldiers and prisoners were kept on the same footing, and both suffered because medicines were made contraband of war. We did not clothe the ragged, neither had we boasted of our ability to do so.

Learning that our men in the frigid locations where they were confined had suffered to the extreme of freezing, a proposition was made in October, 1864, for permission to export through a blockading squadron cotton to be invested in supplies for those sufferers in Northern prisons. With several conditions, such as that the cotton should be sent to New York and the goods purchased there, the proposition was accepted; but its execution was vexatiously delayed until the officer, Brigadier General Beall, a paroled prisoner, moved by the exigency of the case, commenced arrangements to make the purchases in anticipation of the cotton, when he was ordered to be confined, and so remained until the cotton arrived. The proceeds of one thousand bales did not suffice for all the pressing needs of the prisoners, and a request was made to allow five hundred additional to be used in like manner; but the application shared the fate of many previous humane proposals. Will not the repeated assertion that all sufficient supplies were furnished by the United States authorities to Confederates when prisoners be finally silenced by these proofs, by the death rate, and by the agreement that we might send necessary clothing, blankets, and provisions to our men in Northern prisons?

By an arrangement made in November, 1864, General Hays, of the United States army, with such assistants as he required, distributed among the captives in Southern prisons whatever was needful; and, though the mild climate did not demand haste because of the approach of winter, all practicable aid was given to him; but our agent, General Beall, met such obstacles as only the War Department could interpose, with consequent delays cruelly injurious to the prisoners suffering in the icy North. In the matter of prisoners throughout the war the Confederacy did less than it would, but the best it could, and in return received the worst which could be meted out to it. For example, after General Hays had completed the distribution to the prisoners at the South and when General Beall had but commenced the distribution to those at the North, he received notice that Secretary Stanton proposed at that stage of the proceeding to stop distribution, and was prevented only by the stern refusal of General Grant to allow the agreement he had made to be broken. Whether or not the report was entirely accurate, the fact of its currency and the army source from which it was received gave it significance.

Returning to the special subject of this article, the prison at Andersonville, attention is invited to the care taken in

burying the dead to mark the grave of each with a headboard bearing a number corresponding to one on the hospital register, where the fullest possible record was to be found of the deceased. Dr. R. R. Stevenson, Hospital Surgeon, in the Appendix to his work entitled "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," gives the long, sad list of the dead, their corps, date, and number, from which the grave of any except the few whose names were unknown can be found. To mark the graves under then existing embarrassments was at least humane, and farther on in the same appendix may be found additional evidence of kindness shown to the commissioned officers confined at Columbia, S. C., both by General Winder and Mr. James G. Gibbs, the latter claiming to have lost a very large sum of money through his unrequited sympathy.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, in his "Constitutional View of the War between the States," in referring to the charge of cruelty to prisoners made "at the North against Mr. Davis and the Confederate authorities," writes as follows: "The efforts which have been so industriously made to fix the odium of cruelty and barbarity upon him and other high officials under the Confederate government in the matter of prisoners in the face of all the facts constitute one of the boldest and bashest attempted outrages upon the truth of history which has ever been essayed."

As proof of the position of the Confederate administration and the temper of the people it represented, extracts from messages to the Congress are here introduced:

"In the meantime a systematic and concerted effort has been made to quiet the complaints in the United States of those relatives and friends of the prisoners in our hands who are unable to understand why the cartel is not executed in their favor by the groundless assertion that we are the parties who refuse compliance. Attempts are also made to shield themselves from the execration excited by their own odious treatment of our officers and soldiers now captive in their hands by misstatements, such as that the prisoners held by us are deprived of food. To this last accusation the conclusive answer has been made that, in accordance with our law and the general orders of the department, the rations of the prisoners are precisely the same in quantity and quality as those served out to our own gallant soldiers in the field and which have been found sufficient to support them in their arduous campaign, while it is not pretended by the enemy that they treat prisoners by the same generous rule. By an indulgence perhaps unprecedented we have even allowed the prisoners in our hands to be supplied by their friends at home with comforts not enjoyed by the men who captured them in battle." (Confederate President's Message, December 12, 1863.)

"The prisoners held by us, in spite of human care, are perishing from the inevitable effects of imprisonment and the homesickness produced by the hopelessness of release from confinement. The spectacle of their suffering augments our longing desire to relieve from similar trials our brave men who have spent so many months in a cruel and useless confinement." . . . (Message, May 2, 1864.)

The Confederate Congress, actuated by reports of bad treatment of prisoners, appointed a committee to inquire and report fully on the facts in regard to Southern prisons and as far as they could be learned in regard to the Northern prisons also. By laborious investigation a large amount of testimony was collected, and a report was made in February, 1865. This mass of valuable evidence by both Federals and Confederates was destroyed in the conflagration of Richmond; but the report was preserved, and may be found at page 241 and follow-

ing of Dr. R. R. Stevenson's book. It is too long for insertion here, but a few extracts will indicate the value of the report.

The committee fix upon the United States Congress Report, No. 67, and upon the "sanitary" publication the character of sensational fiction. They specially notice the statements about the prisoners sent from Richmond to Annapolis and Baltimore in April, 1864, as follows:

"The Federal authorities, in violation of the cartel, having for a long time refused exchange of prisoners, finally consented to a partial exchange of the sick and wounded on both sides. Accordingly a number of such prisoners were sent from the hospitals in Richmond. General directions had been given that none should be sent except those who might be expected to endure the removal and passage with safety to their lives; but in some cases the surgeons were induced to depart from this rule by the entreaties of some officers and men in the last stages of emaciation, suffering not only with excessive debility, but with 'nostalgia' or homesickness, whose cases were regarded as desperate, and who could not live if they remained and might possibly improve if carried home. Thus it happened that some very sick and emaciated men were carried to Annapolis, but their illness was not the result of ill treatment or neglect. Such cases might be found in any large hospital, North or South. They might be found even in private families, where the sufferer would be surrounded by every comfort that love could bestow. Yet these are the cases which, with hideous violation of decency, the Northern committee have paraded in pictures and photographs. They have taken their own sick and enfeebled soldiers, have stripped them naked, have exposed them before a Daguerrean apparatus, have pictured every shrunken limb and muscle, and all for the purpose not of relieving their sufferings but of bringing a false and slanderous charge against the South.

"The evidence is overwhelming that the illness of these [Federal] prisoners was not the result of ill treatment and neglect. The testimony of Surgeons Semple and Spence, of Assistant Surgeons Tinsley, Marriott, and Miller, and of the Federal prisoners E. P. Dalrymple, George Henry Brown, and Freeman B. Teague ascertains this to the satisfaction of every candid mind."

The committee, having adduced conclusive testimony of suffering in Northern prisons far exceeding anything known in the South, unavoidably great as the latter was acknowledged to have been, then, referring to the inappropriate motto of the Sanitary Commission, borrowed from our compassionate Redeemer, addressed to them these words: "The cruelties inflicted on our prisoners at the North may well justify us in applying to the Sanitary Commission the stern words of the Divine Teacher: 'Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'"

The United States House of Representatives subsequently organized a committee "to investigate the treatment of Union prisoners in Southern prisons." Colonel Ould, our Commissioner of Exchange, in a letter addressed to the editors of the National Intelligencer wrote: "After the appointment of the committee, the Hon. Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, being its chairman, I wrote to the Hon. Charles A. Eldridge and the Hon. Mr. Mungen (the latter being a member of the committee) some of the facts herein detailed. Both of these gentlemen made an effort to extend the authority of the committee, so that it might inquire into the truth of the matters which I

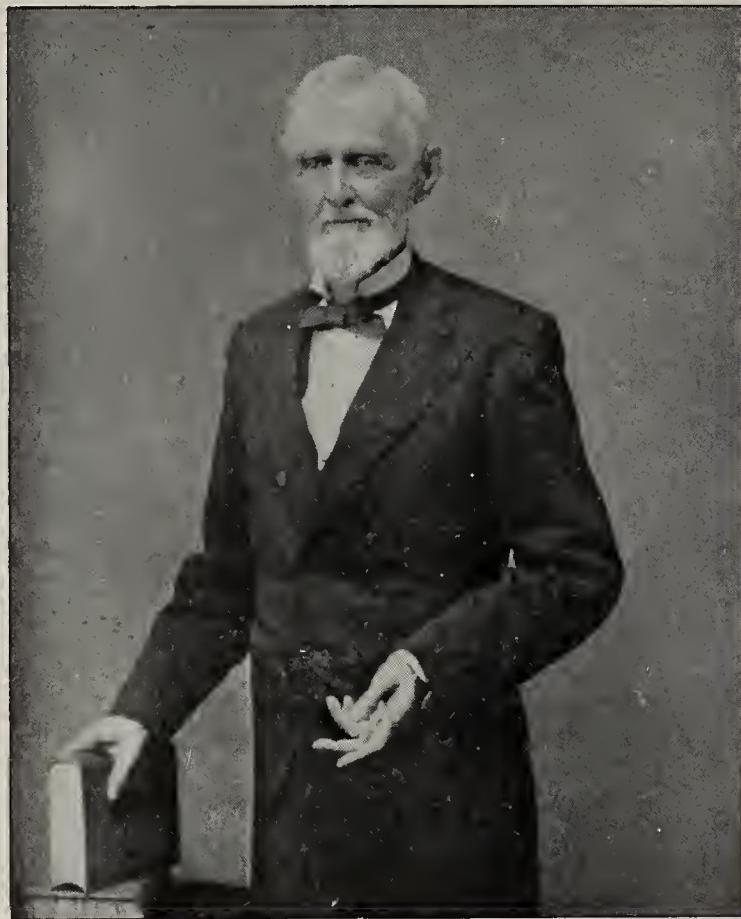
had alleged. All these attempts were frustrated by the radical majority, although several of the party voted to extend the inquiry."

Why was the inquiry limited? Did doubt and dread warn the committee against looking behind the screen? Or was the object to allow the imagination to run with loose rein, accompanied only by the swiftest witnesses? Fit means to conceal truth and foster discord!

If in discussing the conduct of the Confederacy toward prisoners there have been noticeable digressions from the subject of Andersonville prison and its dependencies, these have been made no further than seemed to me useful in connection with the subject, and certainly from no purpose to rekindle dying embers.

Fraternal attraction caused the States after the War for Independence to form a more perfect Union. To preserve the union of hearts, there must be mutual respect; and to this end, if alienation disturb the proper relation, there should be frank explanation, prompt reparation, and abiding cointelligence.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the War between the States ceased. Has the prejudice fed on the passions of that period ceased with the physical strife? Shall it descend from sire to son hardened by its transmission? Or shall it be destroyed by the full development of the truth, the exposure of the guilty, and vindication of the innocent?



JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The foregoing account of "Andersonville and Other War Prisons," by Jefferson Davis, should be accepted by all men as absolutely correct in so far as it is human to be accurate. At that time of life, an exile in his native land, although truly patriotic, Mr. Davis could not have been influenced by any other motive than that of truth.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE CRATER BATTLE.

[Maj. William H. Etheredge, who commanded the 41st Virginia, Mahone's Brigade, in the battle of the Crater, now partially paralyzed and in his eighty-sixth year, wrote to his comrade, Capt. George J. Rogers, of Petersburg, Va., an account of the battle, from which extracts are made.]

At your request, I will give you a description of the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. Colonel Parham, as you know, was wounded in the first battle of Malvern Hill in 1862, which rendered him unfit for duty, and Lieutenant Colonel Minetree was wounded on the 6th of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, and was unfit for service, so the command of the old 41st Regiment fell to me; and, while I felt unequal to the task, I determined to do my duty the best possible.

We were satisfied that the enemy was undermining somewhere on the line, but could not tell where until the mine was sprung on the morning of July 30, 1864, when the whole country for miles around was startled by the explosion, and then every piece of artillery that could be brought to bear on that particular spot opened fire, and a most terrific cannonading followed.

About sunrise there came an order for Mahone's old Virginia Brigade to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and before we could get ready there came the order for us to fall into line. After the line was formed, we were ordered to divest ourselves of all baggage and to carry nothing but our arms and ammunition and canteens of water. We headed toward the cemetery; and when we arrived at the mouth of the covered way, used to protect our men when relieving picket, we marched up that covered way to an angle, when we left the ditch, flanked to the right, and marched a short distance down a ravine until nearly opposite the point where the mine was sprung, and were ordered to lie down. General Mahone was at the angle in the ditch, and saw the brigade pass. He had ordered the Georgia Brigade to form on the right of the Virginia Brigade; but as it failed to get there in time, he took a position in rear of his old brigade. They were getting ready to charge us, as we heard distinctly the command: "Fix bayonets and no quarters." As stated, General Mahone was in the rear of the brigade, with General Weisiger on the right.

It has been a disputed question ever since the war as to who gave the command to charge the enemy, some claiming that the order came from General Weisiger, while others say it came from General Mahone. . . . In a moment we started uphill, and soon saw the enemy in line. Fortunately for us, the first line was of negroes, who could not stand the Rebel yell and cold steel, and in order to get out of the way threw their guns down and broke for the rear. The next line were white men, and so great was their desire to keep the negroes in front of them as a sort of breastwork that they lost sight of us until we were only a short distance from them, and I believe every shot took effect, as they were as thick in the breastworks as they could stand, and it was almost impossible to miss a man; but the Yanks were determined that we should not have it all our way, and before we reached the breastworks they poured a volley into us, and about one-half of our little brigade went down. Notwithstanding all this, we pushed to the front, and, reaching the ditch with empty muskets, we depended upon the bayonet and breech of the gun, and a regular hand-to-hand encounter took place. The scene beggars description; our men would drive the bayonet into one man, pull it out, turn the butt and knock the brains out of another, and so on until the ditch ran with the blood of the dead and

dying. So great was the slaughter that Lieut. Col. William H. Stewart, of the 61st Regiment, in command, and myself, of the 41st, had to make a detail to pile up the dead on the side of the ditch to make room so we could reinforce to the right or left, as occasion might require.

The Yanks fought bravely to maintain the foothold they had gained; but the prowess of the Southern soldier was too much for them at that time, and with us it was to do or die.

In an incredibly short time the breastworks to the left of the Crater for some distance occupied by the enemy were retaken, and hostilities for a few moments ceased; but the breastworks to the right of the Crater were still in the enemy's hands, and General Lee said they must be recovered. About that time the Georgia Brigade was on hand, and General Mahone called on them to perform that service. Accordingly the line was formed, and when the command was given they started as gallantly to the front as any set of men could; but by this time the enemy had filled the breastworks as full of men as they could stand together, and as soon as the Georgians got near enough the enemy opened fire on them, and they fell like autumn leaves. They re-formed and tried it a second time, but with no better results. General Mahone then called on the Alabama Brigade; the line was formed, the command given; and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely, they too met with a heavy loss. But as soon as they received the shock every man that was left standing started in double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them; and, as was the case on our side of the Crater, a hand-to-hand fight took place, and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out the enemy, or killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation. The loss of life on both sides was heavy, and I have often said that if a correct history is ever written the fight at the Crater will be second to none except the battle of Gettysburg.

And now, as you have requested me to do so, I will give you a short history of the part I took in the fight at the Crater. When we made the charge and reached the breastworks, I was among the first to jump into the ditch, where the Yanks were as thick as they could stand. First sergeant of Company D jumped in about the same time I did, and was killed instantly. Where I was there was a small bombproof, with two Yanks squatting down near its mouth to keep out of danger. They were white men with muskets in their hands with fixed bayonets. My feet had not more than touched the ground when they rose up and stood before me. Just then the man that killed the sergeant stooped down and picked up a musket, evidently with the intention of killing me. I took in the situation at once, took hold of the two men in front of me, and kept them so close together that it was impossible for either of them to kill me without endangering the lives of his own men that I held before me. Just at that moment our men were jumping into the ditch like frogs. One of them, Peter Gibbs, of Company E, jumped in just behind me, and I said to him at the top of my voice: "Kill the man in front of me." He stepped a pace to the right of me and killed him instantly. The fellow died with his musket in his hands trying to shoot me. Then I made the two men I held throw down their guns and started them to the rear. It has been said that drowning men will catch at straws, so you can readily imagine my feelings while facing death; but I never lost presence of mind during the terrible ordeal. Would that I had the mind to picture to your imagination the heroism and many deeds of valor of our men on that memorable occasion!

WHO KILLED GEN. PHIL KEARNEY?

BY COL. W. L. DEROSSET, THIRD NORTH CAROLINA, WILMINGTON.

In the October (1906) VETERAN, page 498, it is stated that W. Singleton, of the 9th Louisiana, is the soldier who killed Gen. Phil Kearney. I would state that my regiment in Ripley's Brigade was held in reserve at the battle of Ox Hill in 1862, that on the next morning I walked up the road toward the battlefield, and, learning that the body of a Yankee general was lying in a farmhouse on the road, I walked in and found it on the back porch. I was told by an officer present that it was that of Gen. Phil Kearney. Walking on farther up the road toward the battlefield, I met accidentally a young fellow about seventeen years of age, barefooted and ragged, and asked him if he could tell me anything about the killing of this general officer. He replied that he could, as he himself had killed him; and in response to further inquiries stated that he was on the front line (I think he said picket line) and an officer rode up toward him in the road and got within easy range, when he ordered him to halt and surrender, which order he apparently complied with. The boy threw his musket on his shoulder, and the officer at once wheeled his horse, throwing himself down upon his neck, and, putting his spurs, rode off; but the Georgian said: "I was too soon for him, for I just pulled down old Bess and dropped him from his horse."

This young chap told me that he belonged to a Georgia regiment, and I think he said the 16th Georgia.

It is not a matter of much consequence, but I think such things ought to be stated with accuracy. There was no reason, so far as I could see, to suppose that this young man was not telling a straightforward story of what had passed under his own observation.

The officer with whom I talked at the farmhouse told me that it was with difficulty that the surgeon was able to find where the ball entered the body.

THRILLING AND VARIED WAR EXPERIENCES.

BY J. M. SPINKS, KILGORE, TEX.

I enlisted in September, 1861, in Company G, 10th Texas Cavalry Dismounted, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, and cut my eyeteeth at Richmond, Ky., in 1862. The first time I shot I dropped on my knees to load, and my rear file rank man was shot through the heart. In our next engagement they shot in the muzzle of my gun. Caleb West, a citizen who was sitting in a tree near by, told me that we fought forty-three minutes by his watch before we routed them. They were not more than seventy-five yards distant. My next battle was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in December, 1862. We opened the fight at daybreak on the left, and before sunrise we captured sixteen pieces of artillery.

I was at Chickamauga, Tenn., Saturday and Sunday, September 19 and 20, 1863. I was one of seven men who charged within fifty yards of the Yankee battery on Saturday, and fired several times after Ector's Brigade had been repulsed. Two others of these seven men are living—Stoke Hutchens, Marlin, Tex., and P. B. Barber, Kilgore, Tex. I helped to bury Jimps Hudson on Sunday night, and cut an "H" on a post oak tree near his head.

My next fight was at Jackson, Miss., just after the fall of Vicksburg. I was on picket when we had an armistice of two hours to let the Yanks bury their dead. We met halfway and talked until the cannon fired. We were then sent to reinforce Gen. Joe Johnston in Georgia. I joined General French's escort at Iron Mountain, went to Rome, Ga., and joined Gen-

eral Johnston at Kingston. I was at New Hope Church. General Ector was wounded there, and it rained all the time. General Loring was ordered to the right before day, and I was sent to Ector's Brigade. When I got to the line, there was no one there; so I rode on until I heard several guns click, when I turned and my horse fairly flew until I met our pickets coming out. I was at the Lattimore (?) farm, and carried the orders to Captain DuBose to withdraw. I think I had a hundred shots fired at me, and was left that night with Colonel Gates to bring off pickets at two o'clock. I was guide to lead Ector's Brigade off the top of Kennesaw Mountain to the support of Cockrell in a charge when the Federal Colonel McCook was killed. I was sent to our left the night the Yanks tried to take our line, and I carried the last Confederate dispatch at Atlanta.

I was at Franklin in front of the ginhouse with General French, and was in ten feet of General Walthall when his horse was killed. There were only two of us with General French; the other man was Gordon Langston. I was at Nashville at the rout, and rode backward and forward across the road halting every man that had a gun until French's Division came in regular order after dark. I was with General Forrest at Sugar Creek when we killed so many horses of the enemy. I carried a dispatch to General Sears at Altoona, and met Sam Birdwell wounded on a Yankee horse, and he bantered me to swap horses. Sam had twenty-six bullet holes in his clothes, but he is living yet at Chandler, Henderson County, Tex. I was captured at Blakely, Ala., about the 17th of April, 1865, and got home May 26. I was never wounded.

COMMENT ON THE VETERAN—ITS MERIT.

BY H. H. WAGNER, MANNSVILLE, IND. T.

I feel like I ought to give some evidence of the benefits I derive from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It helps me to review the past and contemplate the future.

The first flag was adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 4, 1861, exactly at the time when Mr. Lincoln was being inaugurated President of the United States. The second, the battle flag, was invented during the first great battle (First Manassas) of the war. The third and final flag of the Confederate government was adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 4, 1865, just at the time when President Lincoln was being inaugurated President of the United States for the last time. Then again, when the U. C. V. organization appointed a committee to select an emblematic badge for their organization, the committee of course selected their old battle flag. At the same time the Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans also appointed a committee for the same purpose, and the Daughters of the Confederacy adopted the first flag and the Sons adopted the last flag of the Confederacy as official emblems of their organizations. These coincidences seem providentially arranged, and are most fittingly reflected in the front cover of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We can't do without the VETERAN. I do not know who is your legal agent here; but if there is none, I will try to secure one for you.

RANKING OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.—When Gen. Eppa Hunton was promoted from the command of the 8th Virginia Infantry, four brothers—viz., Norborne, Edmund, William, and Charles Berkeley—were the four ranking officers in the regiment as colonel, lieutenant colonel, major, and senior captain.

TWENTY-SIXTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

BY W. M. GRAHAM, CEDAR BLUFF, MISS.

In my feeble way I will write something of the 26th Mississippi Regiment. Every company of the regiment was made up in Tishomingo County, mostly farmers, their ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-five. Many of them could shoot off a squirrel's head in the top of a tree with an old-fashioned rifle. The regiment was organized at Iuka, Miss. Arthur E. Reynolds, of Corinth, was colonel and F. Marion Boone was lieutenant colonel. He was as brave a man as ever went to war. About November we were sent to Union City, from there to Bowling Green, Ky., and thence to Fort Donelson, where we received our "baptism of fire" by being marched right up to a line of battle in file of fours, and were fired on while in this shape. We were on the slant of a little hill, else we would have been swept off the face of the earth. Of course this threw us into temporary confusion, but we soon got straightened out and went at them like veterans.

Right here I saw a case of as pure "grit" as was ever displayed on any battlefield. I saw Comrade Wash Bigham (afterwards captain of the company) shot in the center of the forehead, with blood running down all over his face and in his eyes, support his gun by the side of a tree, squirrel fashion, and fire. We were captured with the rest of the garrison and sent to Camp Morton, Ind. We fared splendidly as long as Colonel Owens was commander of the post. Colonel Owens was colonel of the 60th Indiana Regiment, and a perfect gentleman. He would go to the barracks very often and call the roll himself, and would listen to every request a prisoner had to make. I heard that he said he could pick one hundred men out of that prison and whip his whole regiment.

We were sent to Vicksburg and exchanged in September, and were in many marches and countermarches around Jackson and Vicksburg. We were at Baker's Creek, got out with Loring by marching clear around the Yankee army, and returned to Jackson by way of Crystal Springs. We were with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the rear of Grant, and later were in the siege of Jackson. In April, 1864, after the retreat to Demopolis, Ala., we were sent to Virginia and put into General Davis's brigade. We were called "new issue" by the balance of the brigade. I suppose it was because we had come from the West—the Army of Tennessee.

When the battle of the Wilderness came on, Davis's Brigade was formed just to the left of the Orange plank road. The position of my regiment was several hundred yards from the road. The fighting commenced near the plank road first, and had been going on for some time. I presume the troops engaged had exhausted their ammunition. The 26th was detached and marched back up the line to take their places. I shall never forget the scene that met our eyes as we marched up to that line—some dead, some lying flat on the ground, still others squatting had been firing at close range on level ground until they had nearly exhausted their ammunition. We had been on the firing line but a short time when Colonel Boone touched the writer on the shoulder and said: "Go tell Captain Gallagher to move forward."

Captain Gallagher was a Mexican War veteran, tall and straight, and as brave as ever drew a sword. When I reached him, he was standing just behind his company, looking straight through toward the front. Just as I was in the act of speaking to him a bullet struck him (I think in the forehead) and he fell dead. I gave the order to Lieutenant Luther, and by

the time I got back to my company the regiment was on the move. The enemy had a battery a short distance up the road; and when we commenced crossing that road, they began to pour grape into us, which swept a space about thirty yards wide. I don't know whether any other troops charged at the same time or not. We soon came to their line of battle. We halted then, and some other troops came up and took our places. I saw another officer killed. Just as we commenced to fall back a ball struck Lieutenant Roberts, of Company A, in the back of the head, and he fell dead. We lay on our arms that night in rear of the line of battle.

The firing commenced early the next morning, and we witnessed one of the worst stampedes I ever saw. Davis formed line; and when the stampeded men had all passed, we had orders to fire and fall back, which we did and in good order. It looked as though all was lost, but Longstreet's men came in just at this time and saved the day. We were in reserve until late in the evening, when an Alabama brigade gave way and Davis's Brigade was called on to check the enemy. We met our men just at the top of a hill coming pell-mell, the Yanks right after them with their little "huzzaw." As soon as we passed our men we raised the Rebel yell, and they turned back as suddenly as if they had struck a stone wall. We hadn't gone far when we were ordered to halt, and we threw up together some old logs for breastworks, and the enemy charged us repeatedly the rest of the evening. It was here that we lost our brave and beloved Lieutenant Colonel Boone. We went to Spottsylvania Sunday evening, and were in an engagement about May 10 on our left flank at some mills (I don't remember the name). We were not attacked on the day of the great fight of the 12th, but were in breastworks on the right flank.

The 26th was at Cold Harbor and several smaller engagements around Petersburg and one on the Weldon Railroad, where we lost half of the company engaged in killed and wounded, among whom was our highly esteemed Capt. Phil Hay. He was as kind and smooth in his manners as a woman. I never heard a rough word escape his lips. Davis's Brigade was captured on the 2d of April, 1865, while holding the right of the works and we were sent to Fort Delaware. We had to live on six crackers and about three or four ounces of meat a day. We left Fort Delaware on June 11, 1865, to return to our devasted homes.

LONGEVITY OF CONFEDERATE "COLONELS."—H. W. Wood, writing in the G. A. R. corner of the Madison (Wis.) Democrat, states: "There is one noticeable difference between the Grand Army and the Confederate organizations. Whoever will take pains to read journal after journal of our encampments, either State or national, will scarcely find a place where a man is called general, colonel, major, or captain. So far as distinctions of rank are concerned, with us they are dropped and all are equal. It is true that we hear this one or that called 'General' when, in fact, he was only a private in the rear rank, and perchance a poor one at that; but when he has anything to do in Post or Encampment, he is recorded like all the rest of us, as simple comrade. But the records of the meetings of the Confederates would make one think that there is not a private now living down South. All have such titles as would make one of us common, everyday fellows in the ranks feel like hunting for a back seat somewhere. Whenever we read a story of the South in which there is a soldier, or a dozen of them, the page is set full of capital G's and C's and M's. I wonder just why this is so?"

EXPERIENCES BETWEEN SHARPSHOOTERS.

BY J. T. CRAWFORD, PAMPA, GRAY COUNTY, TEX.

As a patron of the VETERAN throughout its existence, I do not remember to have seen any account of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. G. W. McKenzie commanding. Among all the brave regiments that composed Wheeler's Corps, no other held a higher place for cool daring and unflinching bravery than the glorious old 5th in the estimation of our beloved commander, Gen. Joseph Wheeler. I became a member of the 5th in December, 1863 (just after the retreat from Missionary Ridge), by exchange with him to a membership of my father's company, E, 26th Tennessee Infantry.

At the beginning of the Georgia campaign General Wheeler, with part of his corps, including General Hume's division, to which the 5th belonged, advanced from General Johnston's right, striking the Federal cavalry about two o'clock in the afternoon. Forming line of battle, we were dismounted, and Company D, to which I belonged, was sent forward as skirmishers. We had advanced but a short distance when we became warmly engaged with the Federal skirmish line. A comrade (Asbury Nelson) and I had reached the angle of an old clearing which cut into our line just enough to expose two of us to the fire of quite a length of the Federal line. There were three or four fine stumps in this angle, two of which grew very close to each other. We immediately appropriated the benefit of these stumps; we lay flat on the ground behind them, and began firing as fast as possible with muzzle loaders and our position considered. It soon became rather demoralizingly apparent that there was in front of us a Yank who was using a "Spencer." He knocked dirt and bark into our eyes from about the stumps. That Yank seemed to be no joker. The situation became extremely hot for us, when General Hume rode out into the angle from our left. When just behind us, that Yank tried a shot at the General, and tore a hole through his uniform just in front of his heart.

He rode on down the line, smiling at his close call. Immediately our Yank resumed his sharpshooting for smaller game, and apparently without loss of confidence in his ability to shoot straight. Nelson said to me, "We must do something quick to get that Yank or he will get us," and asked if my gun was loaded. He then proposed to draw his fire to himself, and at the same time get our Yank to expose himself. Nelson said: "You are the best shot and I am the best target." I tried to prevent him from exposing himself, but was cut off short by Nelson saying: "Get ready, or he will get both of us." Nelson then called out, "Come down from that tree and shoot it out," being still behind his stump. Our Yank shouted back: "Come out yourself, d— you." Instantly Nelson was on his feet, with his coat tails extended to their fullest extent and his arms extended at almost right angles with his body. Our Yank fired, grazing the outer clothing of Nelson. Our Yank, in his excitement, exposed himself, giving me a pretty fair shot. To this our Yank yelled: "Come over and get your coffee, d— you."

This ended target practice, and thus by a well-conceived ruse and a reckless exposure of himself to danger Nelson saved the situation which had become anything but pleasant. That our Yank was evidently fond of a grim joke was afterwards developed. We were soon ordered to charge. I could not dismiss from my mind our late opponent, so kept the tree behind which he had stood in view until I reached it. There was no dead or wounded Yank there, but a well-filled haver-

sack containing about a peck of coffee, which all the mess enjoyed for many days after. While enjoying a cup I often wondered what induced our Yank to leave his coffee.

PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS FOR BEAUVOIR.

George B. Matthews, the well-known artist of Washington, D. C., has just completed a portrait of Jefferson Davis for Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, to be presented by her to the State of Mississippi, and if accepted by Governor Vardeman to be officially placed in the Confederate Veterans' Home and Museum in the old mansion of Mr. Davis at Beauvoir. It is to hang over his desk in the library, where he wrote the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The portrait will be exhibited in the studio of the artist to the Mississippi Congressional delegation and personal friends of the donor of the very valuable gift.

It is a three-quarter length portrait, Mr. Davis standing by his library table, his hand resting on the notable history he wrote of the Confederate States of America.

The portrait is regarded as a fine portrayal. The setting is complete, yet free from all accessories to detract from the central figure.

It was the purpose of Mrs. Darling to visit Beauvoir together with Mrs. Davis to attend the presentation of the memorial windows contributed by Mrs. Davis to the church at Biloxi to her husband and daughter and the placing of the portrait in Memorial Hall at Beauvoir to the Confederate President, who "won the victory of defeat."

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION AND CAMP FISK.

BY REV. HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON.

Several weeks after the establishment of Camp Fisk, under a cartel made by the Federal and Confederate military authorities, with the execution of which I was charged as the Southerner Commissioner, an incident of a most dramatic character occurred of which this is the first publication. This unique camp was the product of a conversation, under flag of truce, between Col. A. C. Fisk, A. A. G. on Gen. Morgan L. Smith's staff, and myself. I had proposed that the United States send to Castle Morgan, the military prison at Cahaba, Ala., clothing and medical supplies, representing the destitution and the discomfort the men were suffering. I had in the fall secured from Gen. C. C. Washburne, of Memphis, a steamer load of such stores, which passed, under flag of truce, the lines, and were distributed by members of General Washburne's staff, then in captivity from Forrest's raid into that city. The men, instead of conserving these necessities, had surreptitiously traded them with the guards for food their morbid appetites craved, and they were shivering in scanty clothing and ragged blankets in a climate particularly severe in the transition period from winter to spring.

Fisk casually remarked: "Why not bring the men here, under parole, and detain them in a camp on neutral ground until exchanged?" I caught up the suggestion, and added that I was ready to enter into such an arrangement if it were made to apply to the grays as well as to the blues.

He agreed, and before we parted drew up a cartel and the minor particulars in duplicate to be furnished the confirming authorities. The two governments ratified, and we set up the camp at Four-Mile Bridge, back of Vicksburg. The railroad and telegraph were put in order by prisoners, neutral ground was proclaimed for one mile on each side the track to "Townsend's," on the Big Black River, and the territory patrolled by cavalry. At my suggestion the cantonment was

named "Camp Fisk," in honor of Colonel Fisk. Here the men on both sides were brought and paroled, each government being represented in the *manege* of the camp. Several thousand Union prisoners were here at the time of the incident. A battalion of the 9th Indiana Cavalry was sent to me to act as my bodyguard, commanded by Major Wall, as knightly a gentleman as ever wore a saber. I am perhaps the only Confederate who ever commanded a detachment of Federal soldiers under arms. My quarters were at the house of a Mr. Sweat, the father of the captain of the famous artillery company from Vicksburg.

Maj. Frank E. Miller, now Presbyterian pastor at Paterson, N. J., was the commandant of the camp, then, as now, a Christian gentleman of the Sir Philip Sydney type, full of "high-erected" thoughts in a heart of courtesy.

The officers of the camp and truce were gathered in the parlor of the Sweat home, having a gleeful time. Maj. Alex Grant, of my flag, yet living at Frankfort, Ky., was "a fellow of infinite jest," and could be as amusing as a comedian as he was superb as a gentleman. He was engaged in entertaining a coterie by showing some legerdemain tricks with cards. While "joy was unconfined" an orderly, his saber clanking the floor, strode into the room bearing a huge official envelope tied with a yard of black ribbon. All saw at a glance that it was a message of death, and every face blanched as if each were the mark of the ominous dart. Major Huntsman, a surgeon, was the ranking Federal officer present. He took the inclosure and nervously broke the seal. He turned as white as a shroud as he read, then nearly crushed the paper and cast it to the floor. He threw up his hands and fairly shrieked: "My God! they have murdered our President!"

He then stepped to the piano and was drawing a surgeon's sword, when Major Grant, standing in the only door, whipped out a navy revolver and covered the party, saying: "Doctor, sheathe that sword, and let not a man attempt to leave this room."

I then spoke: "Gentlemen, I understand from the emphasis put upon *they* that Dr. H. charges the assassination of President Lincoln on the South, which I repel. At any rate, we are here under a flag of truce, the most sacred ensign known to war. If at this time when tattoo is about to beat to quarters this news reaches these prisoners, and especially the negro brigade guarding the bridge, our lives will be sacrificed in the unreasoning rage of a mob."

Turning to Major Miller, I asked his attitude. He unhesitatingly replied: "I will protect you if I have to sacrifice myself." I then asked him to send a trustworthy orderly, accompanied by my own, to Major Wall with an order to report to me at once with an escort of twenty mounted men and horses for the members of my staff.

In less than ten minutes the Major and the detail reported. I asked him who he regarded as his commander. He answered: "You, sir!" I then told him of the tragedy, and inquired whether he was ready to deliver us at General Dana's headquarters, where I would ask for protection. He replied: "I will as faithfully obey your orders as if you were General Dana himself."

In a few minutes we were galloping toward Vicksburg, which we reached in less than an hour, and I reported to General Dana. The city was a volcano. All paroled Confederates and recognized Southern sympathizers were corralled in the courthouse and its campus under heavy guard. General Dana advised that I return at once to the Confederate lines

until the storm abated, and offered me an engine for the run to Big Black. In a short time our locomotive was thundering toward Townsends, I and my staff occupying the tender. We passed Camp Fisk at highest speed, but saw the wild excitement prevailing and heard the mad threats of violence if a victim could be obtained. It was about two o'clock in the morning when we reached the river. A German regiment was encamped on the western bluff, while the opposite bank was occupied by a squadron of Texas Rangers. A captain, officer of the day, furnished us with a boat to ferry the river without a suspicion of the cause of our hegira. An officer attended us who could speak only "pigeon English" and who imperfectly understood what was said to him in our tongue.

When the prow struck the nether shore, Major Grant twirled his huge mustache until it looked like the tusks of a wild boar, he distended his eyes, arched his thick brows, disheveled his long hair, and presented a most uncanny aspect. In sepulchral tones he recited the tragedy. I have never seen a more frightened man than the German officer. A score of Texas Rangers, their long, unkempt hair flowing from beneath their sombreros, reddened like Mephistopheles in "Faust" by the glare of the camp fires freshly fueled, stood around, walking arsenals. The scene reminded me of some of the situations depicted in Dante's "Inferno."

Seeing the fright of the boatmen, I interposed by rebuking Major Grant, who could not let an opportunity pass to "have his fun." I reminded him of the gravity of the tragedy until his gleesome mood changed into one of tenderness and tears.

I never heard one of those fierce-looking frontiersmen utter a mean or malignant expression. All felt that an awful blow had been struck the fainting fortunes of the South. The next day I ran up my colors, intertwined with the truce flag, at half-mast, and on both sides of the river the pikestaffs mourned.

In less than a week we were asked to return to Camp Fisk. A special car was sent to take me back. We were received with cheers; and as we threaded the camp, signs of congratulation on our return transformed it into an ovation. My quarters were draped in mourning, and were so clothed when the star of the Confederacy, the lost Pleiad, set in rayless night.

Of the actors in this scene, Colonel Fisk, Major Wall, Major Miller, Major Grant, Lieutenant Davenport, and I are living to verify this missing chapter of the great history-making period. From the distance at which I review the incident it seems to me to be as a weird reminiscence out of some previous life. But for the cool, resolute courage of Major Grant holding the Federals at bay the news would have spread like wildfire through the camp, reached the negro brigade guarding Four-Mile Bridge, and we would have been sacrificed to the mad fury of a mob. The suddenly awakened negroes especially would have roared and raged as so many uncaged beasts of a menagerie.

IMPORTANT CONFEDERATE DATES.—On December 20, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union, and February 4, 1861, the Confederate government was formed at Montgomery, Ala. General Beauregard, commanding the Southern troops, on April 12, 1861, opened fire on Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C. General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865. General Johnston surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Gen. "Dick" Taylor surrendered in Alabama May 4, 1865. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, surrendered May 26, 1865, which was the last of any important command.

REUNITED.

In his response to a letter of condolence from the New York Camp on the tragic death of his wife, some months since, Corporal Tanner mentioned some of the lovely traits of her character and sent a poem written by her about fifteen years ago after having met the widow of General Pickett, who pinned upon her bosom a bunch of violets tied with "ribbon gray." The sentiment so beautifully expressed in the poem will find its echo in true hearts North and South:

"I loved the Blue in olden days,
Your heart was with the Gray;
And if we neither can forget,
Ah! who shall say us nay?
'Tis quite enough that hate be past,
That love unites our hearts at last.
A little bunch of violets blue,
A knot of ribbon gray,
You fastened with your gracious hands
Upon my breast one day.
'Wear these for love of me,' you said;
'Your sweet blue lives, my gray is dead.'
Though sweet the blooms as Eden's own,
They faded in a day;
But love's dear flower they typified
Shall live for aye and aye.
Then what care we, since this be true,
Which wore the gray and which the blue?"

CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Joel Mann Marlin, of Schenectady, N. Y., wrote to the Atlanta Constitution of the Confederate flags in the museum of the G. A. R. Memorial Association, giving the following list:

A battle flag taken near Clover Hill, Va., April 9, 1865.

Stars and bars captured by 3d New York Cavalry in N. C.

Battle flag of 7th Claiborne Cavalry, North Carolina.

A guidon taken at South Mountain and another flag of North Carolina.

Flag of steamer Beauford, of C. S. A.

A flag captured at Columbus, S. C.

A flag of an Alabama regiment.

Secession flag of the schooner Sue.

Half of flag that floated over the City Hall at Richmond, Va., said to have been the only flag that the city authorities used on that building during the war. The other half of this flag was sent to the museum of the State of Connecticut.

A Virginia flag with "Virginia" and a painted female bust.

Flag of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, captured at Trevilian Station June 11, 1864.

Flag taken from a company of sixty-one so-called bushwhackers in command of Lieutenant Colonel Wilhite near Syracuse, Mo., October 5, 1863. The Confederate colonel was killed and his body wrapped in this flag, which is stained with his blood.

A flag with red, white, and blue bars and a large star in place of the Union, captured at Jackson, Miss.

Battle flag of the 17th Virginia Volunteers.

Flag from Confederates near Warrenton, Va., March, 1862.

Mr. Mann adds: "I should be pleased to see a space in the capitol of every State set apart and dedicated to the preservation of these and similar sacred relics of the Confederacy. Especially do I desire to see such a collection of hallowed mementos in the capitol of my native State, Georgia—not to revive the bitter memories of sectional animosity and civil

strife, but to be a perpetual reminder of the momentous sacrifice of men and women who were actuated by a sense of real, if unwise, patriotism, unadulterated with the spirit of commercialism or the misguided zeal of fanaticism."

CONTRIBUTION TO HOUSTON (TEX.) MONUMENT.

BY ABBIE SMITH, COR. SEC. R. E. LEE CHAPTER, HOUSTON, TEX.

Mr. R. H. Downman, 1003-6 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., has made a munificent donation to the monument fund of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex. Mr. Downman proposes to furnish at his own expense the pedestal of Texas granite for the monument soon to be erected in that city to the armies of the Confederacy, both militant and triumphant.

The figure chosen to represent the Southern cause is that of an archangel, his majestic pose seemingly proclaiming: "I have done the behest of God."

Mr. Downman's gift has been gratefully accepted by the R. E. Lee Chapter, and we announce the fact that our sister Chapters and the Veterans' Camps may rejoice with us, as we lack now only nineteen hundred dollars of the full amount of the entire cost of the memorial. This patriotic son of the South thus hastens the day when every Houstonian will bare his head in reverence before the spirit of the Confederacy.

TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND.—In a recent number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Hon. John W. Daniel asks regarding Confederate soldiers who were killed during the latter days of the war. Let me have space to pay a tribute to Billy Barger, who enlisted in Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Capt. M. X. White, in Lexington, Va., and went with the company to Harper's Ferry in April, 1861. From that date until May 9, 1865, at every roll call he was there; at guard mount he was there; on the skirmish line he was there; on the fierce cavalry charge he was there; amidst the carnage of battle he was there; and on the morning of the 9th of May, 1865, when his regiment was drawn up for a charge, a random shot just prior to the appearance of the white flag found him still there and lodged in his heart, killing our friend and comrade, who was never so hungry that he would not divide the contents of his haversack, never so thirsty that he did not offer his canteen, never so sleepy or tired that he would not lend a helping hand. A truer friend, a more gallant soldier never lived or died.—D. R. B. Greenlee.

CONFEDERATES DROPPING OUT IN GEORGIA.—The death of Georgia's Chief Justice, Thomas J. Simmons, who commanded the 45th Georgia Regiment, left its Supreme Bench with no member who took part in the affairs of State, either military or civil, during the Civil War. When a memorial of Mr. Justice Blandford, who had lost an arm in the war, was presented to the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Simmons said that he desired to impress upon all those who were too young to bear arms during the Civil War that they should never fail upon all proper occasions to emphasize the fact that the Confederate soldier at all times represents adherence to truth and fidelity in the discharge of duty; that he is maimed in body or broken down in health or poor in the goods of this world are only evidences of the sacrifices he was willing to make in behalf of his convictions.

IN A VIRGINIA COURT FOR LARCENY.—The judge, seeing no counsel for the darky in custody, inquired: "Are you the defendant in this case?" "No, sir," replied the prisoner; "I'm de nigger dat stole de hog."

MONUMENT AT AUSTIN, ARK.

At the organization of Camp James Adams, at Austin, Ark., in 1897, Comrade T. J. Young was elected Adjutant; and, upon being informed that there were several hundred unknown Confederate soldiers buried in the woods and around old Camp Nelson, in Lonoke County, Ark., he undertook the task of having their graves cared for. These soldiers were mostly Texans belonging to General Nelson's Division of Cavalry and died of measles while in camp. Their graves were grown up in bushes and briars. Comrade Young secured a deed to the ground in the woods where they were buried, and a bill was introduced in the Legislature for an appropriation of one thousand dollars for the establishment of a Confederate cemetery at Camp Nelson, in Lonoke County, Ark. The bill was passed, but failed to have the Governor's signature in time, and was brought up at the next meeting of the Legislature and became effective; so through the untiring energy of Adjutant Young a beautiful cemetery was established, inclosed with a wire fence, with granite blocks at the head and foot of each grave.

On October 4, 1906, a nice granite monument was unveiled at the cemetery in the presence of an appreciative crowd.



T. J. YOUNG.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUSTIN, ARK.

After prayer and an introductory address by Comrade Young, Miss May Martin, daughter of Dr. John A. Martin, a gallant Confederate soldier, delivered an address; and then, assisted by Miss Mabel Vess, granddaughter of Comrade J. M. Gately, who so kindly donated the ground, and Miss Issie Mulkey, daughter of another gallant Confederate, she unveiled the monument, on which is the following inscription:

"Camp Nelson Cemetery. In memory of Unknown Texas and Arkansas Confederate Soldiers. Act of Legislature approved May 11, 1905.

"Theo. J. Young, W. F. Gibson, Grandison Apple, Trustees."

Addresses were made by others, including Senator Bush, of White County, and Col. John R. Johnson, after which the twenty-seven old comrades present marched around the monument, each placing a piece of cedar on the base as a token of love for their unknown comrades.

Comrade Young will be pleased to correspond with any Texans who had friends or kindred to die at Camp Nelson and with members of Company A, 8th Virginia Infantry, in which he served the first year of the war; also with comrades of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served the remaining three years of the war, having reënlisted in April, 1862.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[These reminiscences are by Mrs. Theodore L. Burnett, of Louisville, whose life sketch appeared in the "Last Roll" for last month—March, 1907.]

In the latter days of March, 1865, a group of Kentuckians were sitting in the parlor of the historic old Spottsworth Hotel, in Richmond, Va., chatting together with thoughtful faces. They were Col. Henry C. Burnett, Gen. Humphrey Marshall, Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, and myself. Mrs. Helm had just come to us from across the lines. We were making a desperate effort to be bright, when we suddenly heard the marching of troops in the street. Looking from the window, we saw a company of negro soldiers, and asked in surprise: "What does this mean?" In answer Colonel Burnett said in his candid way, "'Tis necessary, madam," proceeding in an earnest manner to give his views of the situation, which were very discouraging indeed, and General Marshall fully agreed with him.

Another Kentuckian, John W. Crockett, was in the room at the same time. He had been a member of the Confederate Congress and had just arrived in Richmond from Southwest Virginia, where he had been wintering. He was walking back and forth, dressed in his butternut suit of homespun made by the most fashionable tailor. He had not joined in our conversation; but just then began talking very eloquently, as he could on occasions.

Another echo that comes down through all these years was General Lee's last desperate effort before Richmond—his sending Pickett's command in the dead hours of night from point to point, seemingly to augment numbers or to strengthen weak places. That solemn tramp, so weird and sad, of the best soldiers the world has ever seen and their brave and grand commander are vividly recalled.

A few days later Judge Burnett determined to send his family from Richmond and home to Kentucky if possible. The arrangements were completed for my start home about the 29th of March by what was then known as the "underground railroad," which meant traveling by any way you could, from the usual railway travel to an ox cart—any way to get to and across the Rappahannock and Potomac. There were nineteen in our party, most of them women and children. Major and Mrs. McLain, three children, and Miss Stevenson, Miss Botts, of Virginia, Mrs. Ashbridge, a dear old lady, widow of a Presbyterian minister, were of the number.

After crossing the North Anna and South Anna (where Sheridan had burned the bridges) and the Rappahannock in little boats, we were delayed six days; but finally reached the

Potomac. How to get across the broad river was the question, at this season, too, when the tide was troublesome. Meanwhile the surrender of Lee had taken place. At night our little boats came out of hiding up the small streams, and we started; but when halfway over we found the tide too high and had to return, stopping farther down the stream, where they told us it was fourteen miles wide. The following night we made a successful effort; but just as we were nearing the Maryland shore a volley was fired over our heads with a demand to "surrender," which we did. But when our captors found they had little else but women and children, they were greatly disappointed and quite indignant. We were marched to Lieutenant Leftwich's headquarters and questioned and personally examined. Dear Mrs. Ashbridge, how grandly she bore herself through this trying ordeal! We were now prisoners, and were marched to a farmhouse of a Southern sympathizer not far away, where breakfast was ordered for the party by our guard. The man at whose house we breakfasted would receive no remuneration from us, though broken in purse, in spirit, and in health. After breakfast his carriages and wagons were "impressed" to take us to Washington. We stopped for a day at Port Tobacco, the little place soon afterwards immortalized in history. We were closely guarded, not allowed to leave our rooms; but through my little boy, who was permitted to pass at will, we accepted the offer of Dr. Mudd to be of service to us and got him to exchange some gold for greenbacks. He gave my little boy a picture of himself, which we still have as a relic of the war. This was on the 12th of April. A few days later he was an actor in more thrilling events. The same Dr. Mudd was arrested and imprisoned for setting Wilkes Booth's leg.

The next morning we started again on our way to Washington. We reached there about ten o'clock and were driven to some sort of headquarters, where we were kept waiting for two hours in our carriages, when permission was given to go to any hotel we pleased; but we were not to leave the city. Mrs. Ashbridge and I were soon in our rooms at Willard's, and were so glad to get there.

That night they were celebrating the surrender of Lee. The city was illuminated, bands were playing, fireworks, etc. We closed our shutters tightly and tried not to see or hear—we were not celebrating.

A young Englishman, who had been of our traveling party, went out to see and hear, and, getting quite near when Mr. Lincoln was called to the balcony for a speech, reported to us when he returned that Mr. Lincoln made a very conservative talk, and said: "The war is over now, these people are our brothers, and we must treat them as such," etc. This did not please the waiting mob below, and there were many threats and much murmuring.

The next morning an officer came and administered an oath, requiring that we should free our slaves. After that we were permitted to leave the city, and at eight o'clock that night, the memorable 14th of April, we left for Baltimore, where we stopped at Barnum's Hotel, the home of Wilkes Booth, and at that time of course the most undesirable place for us. My baby was sick, and I called a servant late in the night to bring some ice water, when he told me that President Lincoln had been shot. I never shall forget the horror of those words. I felt that the worst thing for the South, under the circumstances, had happened, and have always felt so. Mrs. Helm was in the hotel, and I went immediately to her room. It was about two o'clock in the morning. I found her calmly trying to quiet the excited wife of some Baltimore official,

whose husband was a friend of the South and against whom there were threats of mob violence. The feeling against all Baltimore was very strong, and especially our hotel, as the home of Booth. The city was a perfect bedlam for some time. We did not know what would befall us next.

No trains were allowed to leave for some days; and when I finally started again for Kentucky, we were closely watched. Detectives were on every car looking for Booth and peering into our faces. I reached home without further incident the 24th of April, having been nearly a month coming from Richmond, Va., and was again with my children, from whom I had been separated for four long years. Where my husband was, I did not know. I had parted from him on the banks of the South Anna River.

My husband, Judge Burnett, had been in the South about two months when I joined him in Richmond, Va., in December, 1861. I went through the lines with my little baby girl, Mary, with great difficulty, and soon found myself in the war most truly. I crossed the lines eight times and was a prisoner four times.

In March, 1862, I was in the Trans-Mississippi Department when the battle of Oak Hills or Elkhorn was fought, was at Van Buren, Ark., near enough to the battle to hear the cannonading, and was there when the Confederates camped near the place after the battle was over. I remember our forlorn and helpless condition when the army was ordered east of the Mississippi and the battles of Corinth and Shiloh were fought. The border land was full of Kansas jayhawkers, wild Indians, army followers, and robbers of every description. I remained in Arkansas until the following August.

Judge Burnett then determined to take us back with him to Virginia. It was very difficult to cross the Mississippi River, as the United States gunboats were patrolling the river constantly. The first bombardment at Vicksburg had taken place, and the town was almost deserted by the citizens. To cross under the protection of our batteries there was the only chance. To do this it was safest to get opposite in the night and signal the batteries, so that we would not be fired upon. We succeeded in crossing at last in little rowboats sent over for us. How I remember my feeling of relief to be safe inside of the Confederate lines even in a deserted and battered town with a very sick child! We stopped with our sick baby for several days at the Washington Hotel, Vicksburg. We were the only inmates except the proprietor and his mother. The windows of my room commanded a fine view down the river. They were expecting a fight, as a gunboat, it was rumored, was going to pass or be blown up. I took my seat at the window to see it and watched the shells from the United States gunboat Essex fall in the river. I noticed directly that the shells were falling in a line with our hotel. In a few moments Judge Burnett, who had been riding around with some army officers, came hurriedly into the room and said: "Come away from the window. Do you know you are right in line of those shells?" But they soon stopped for that day. In the ceiling of the room where I was there was a large hole made by a shell at some former bombardment. When my little girl had improved enough, we started on. Our next stop was at the healthful little town of Cartersville, Ga., where we remained for a few weeks, the Judge going on to his duties at Richmond. We were cared for by black Sam, a negro man that my mother had raised.

Next we stopped at Athens, Tenn., where there were many Kentuckians. From there Mrs. H. W. Bruce and myself de-

termined to try to get back to our home, in Kentucky. We started a few days before Christmas, 1862, and succeeded in getting into Nashville. We were taken to army headquarters, well questioned, and then given passports to Louisville—so far so good. We went to the old St. Cloud Hotel quite happy, expecting to leave on the early morning train for home; but before daylight a messenger came to our room to say we could not leave the city. We knew nothing more until an orderly came to say that we were to be sent back South immediately. We put our wraps on our children, and all sat bundled and ready to start back South, so waiting from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon. Our kind landlady, Mrs. Carter, explained the cause of all this by saying: "Morgan has torn up the railroad, and they are mad." She told us that if we wanted to write letters to friends at home she would see that they were sent. We were glad of the opportunity. I wrote several letters to Kentucky, all of which reached their destination.

At three o'clock we were told that a carriage was ready for us, but we were made to sign an obligation to pay for the carriage in case it was taken. The driver was a spy sent into the Confederate lines for information, a man named George Moore, and they were just on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro. It was Christmas day, 1862. Our carriage had to move in line with Rosecrans's wagon train. Nearly thirty miles of wagon train! It was dark long before we reached the Federal headquarters, about two miles from Murfreesboro. General Wood came to our carriage and talked to us very kindly. He was so surprised to find ladies sent out at such a time. He said they were just on the eve of a great battle—in fact, had been fighting all day. When we went into Nashville, the day before, the Confederate pickets were within three miles of Nashville, and in twenty-four hours Rosecrans's whole army was within three miles of Murfreesoro, and they are about thirty miles apart. Before our interview with General Wood and before it was quite dark our carriage had been stopped, and we were made to wait for an hour or more while the army marched across the pike in front of us into a dense cedar wood on the left. On our right was an open field where cannon and their belongings were massed as far as we could see.

General Wood first said we could not pass his lines; but when we showed him our passports from General Rosecrans, he said he had no power to keep us, but would advise us not to try to enter the Rebel lines that night, saying we certainly would be fired into. We had to go on, so we got them to light some candles that we had in our baskets and put them into the lamps of the carriage, and we started on our perilous way, the soldiers bidding us "Good-by; that's the last of you; you will be taken for artillery." In a few minutes we drove right through Gen. Joe Wheeler's lines on to Murfreesboro and to General Bragg's headquarters without stop or question.

At Bragg's headquarters we had some trouble finding anybody; but finally Col. George Brent, his chief of staff, appeared, and we delivered some papers Rosecrans had sent to him by us—to get his spy, our driver, in, of course. We delivered the papers and left some Northern newspapers and messages from Southern sympathizers that we had been intrusted with. It was then past ten o'clock at night, and we had to find some place to stay. We tried all the notels and boarding houses, and finally went to Colonel Keeble's, who had been a member of the United States Congress and was afterwards in the Confederate Congress and knew our husbands. His home was full of Confederate officers and his

wife an invalid, but some of the officers gave up their room to us. We found quite an assembly of officers in the parlor and told them what we had seen that day, and were impressed with their incredulous smiles at our report of the extent of the Federal lines. One of them said, "A few men looked like a great many," and that a "field of cannon and thirty miles of wagons" were repeated as ridicule, although the men were trying to be polite.

Right here I want to say that when Mrs. Bruce and myself two days before were taken to headquarters in Nashville they told us that General Rosecrans could not see us; he was expecting to take the field next day. We were separated into different rooms, paper and pen were at hand, and I was thoroughly questioned. First as to who I was, about my husband, etc., and then as to how many trains I met loaded with soldiers between Chattanooga and Murfreesboro; and when I answered none, Major Fitch, who was questioning me, said in contradiction: "But, madam, we have positive information that large bodies of troops have been leaving Murfreesboro every day." Then he asked me to say how many soldiers were on the streets of Murfreesboro and where Bragg's camps were, how many bridges were burned between Chattanooga and Murfreesboro, and enough of such questions to fill several pages of legal cap paper.

When we went to General Bragg's headquarters, Colonel Brent said he was out at a party with his wife. 'Tis a woman's opinion that both sides were very much surprised at the battle of Murfreesboro. Mrs. Bruce and I were very much relieved to get away from the place early the next morning and to get back to our old place at Athens.

The battle of Murfreesboro was fought two days afterwards. Mrs. Bruce made another effort to get home soon, and succeeded; but the military authorities made her pay for the carriage which their spy (Moore) claimed had been taken or broken by the trip. These things are as bright in my memory to-day as if they had occurred only yesterday.

BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO SURPRISE TO BOTH SIDES.

In the summer of 1905 I was sojourning at a pleasant resort on Rainbow Lake, in Wisconsin. There I met Mrs. Paul, a lady of my own age, who was in the Civil War. She had a sister who was the wife of an army officer on the Federal side. We were talking of our experiences when she said she was in the battle of Murfreesboro. I said that I was too. I then said I had always felt that the battle was a surprise to both sides, and she replied that she knew it was to the Federal side.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

BY JOHN S. KRITSER, TAYLOR, TEX.

I enlisted from my old home in Independence, Mo., when I was fifteen years of age, and served through the entire war. And maybe I am serving yet, as I have never surrendered to any one that I can call to memory just now. I was a high private in the rear rank, and claim no other honor, as I think that is honor enough for any one. I belonged to Company E, 2d Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, under Gen. Joe O. Shelby, old "Iron Brigade," and history accords to our command the name of "Rough Riders" the first time it was ever printed, but afterwards used in the skirmish in Cuba by Colonel Roosevelt (fifty per cent of them never rode a horse).

At the end of the war I rode with General Shelby and a few true and tried soldiers to Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande River at Eagle Pass, on the Texas side, to Piedras Negras (Black Rock), on the Mexican side. We had a fight with the

Mexicans as soon as we crossed, and killed several "greasers." There was a regiment of them commanded by a Colonel Escobedo. There were about two hundred of us old veterans, and those greasers did not know what they were up against; for it generally took fifteen hundred Yankees to lick that number of old Joe's cavalry, and not do it then. We had three pieces of our old battery with us, which we sold to these same Mexicans, and two thousand Enfield rifles that we carried with us from Texas armories, receiving Mexican silver for them. Before going into Mexico we buried our old flag, which we had carried all through the war and for four months after all the Confederate soldiers had disbanded. We gave it a soldier's burial, and also the black plume from our general's hat. There were feelings of sadness and tearful eyes when we took a last look at the old shell-rent and Minie-ball-rid-dled ensign that we had carried so long in sunshine, rain, sleet, and hail. Victory for us had perched on its faded crest more than a score of times on hotly contested fields of carnage, and its folds had never trailed in the dust nor ever been lowered in the face of the enemy, advancing or retreating, but kept as pure and unsullied as the pure mountain snow under which it finally found a burial place. And the black plume from our general's hat! For we knew that when "Old Joe" took us in, if not more than ten to one against us, he would bring us out—that is, those who were able to come out. When he said, "Come on, my brave Missourians," we knew something was going to happen *poco pronto* (very quick).

We always called him "Old Joe," yet he was only thirty-one years old when he commanded his division of cavalry. He was a man who possessed more magnetism than any one I ever knew, and his men loved and worshiped him, knowing their love was reciprocated; but he would fight them against any number of the enemy to the death. We all knew this from actual experience. He was as true as the needle to the pole and a high-toned, honorable gentleman in every sense of the term, and he is now with Lee, Jackson, and all those other heroes who preceded him beyond the river.

DIBRELL'S OLD FLAG WAS NOT SURRENDERED.

BY C. L. NOLEN, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Toward the close of the war Gen. George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, was promoted from brigade to division commander, and Col. W. S. McLemore, of the 4th (Starnes) Tennessee Cavalry, was promoted to the command of Dibrell's Brigade, originally composed of the 4th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Tennessee Cavalry.

At Washington, Ga., when we were informed that our brigade would be surrendered and paroled, the brigade color bearer, Elbert J. Peacock, who had carried our flag so honorably in the many battles in which we took part, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, cut it into pieces and divided them among the ten or twelve comrades composing Colonel McLemore's couriers, and also to some of his staff officers. I was given one of the stars from the flag, which I have had framed and placed among my cherished Confederate mementos. Colonel McLemore's couriers were detailed from the different companies of his regiment (4th Tennessee), Elbert J. Peacock and I being messmates.

General Dibrell's division composed the escort of President Jefferson Davis's cabinet and wagon train from Goldsboro, N. C., to the Savannah River, near Washington, Ga., where we were each paid about twenty-five dollars in specie, which was being transported in the wagon train. I yet have four of those silver dollars, on which I have had engraved

my name and command, date of surrender, etc., which I am preserving for my children as souvenirs of the Confederacy.

Dibrell's Brigade was first in the division of Gen. N. B. Forrest; but soon after the battle of Chickamauga was placed under the command of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and so remained until the close of the war.

THE OLD BRIGADES IN GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

They are passing in their glory,
Yet they'll live in deathless story—
Aye, until the years are hoary
And their past is far away.
By the world their deeds are spoken
And their fame is Glory's token,
For their ranks were never broken—
Those old brigades in gray.

I can see their camp fires quiver
By the fair and crystal river;
I can see them charging ever
Where the lights and shadows play.
Where their battle banner flaunted,
Brave, heroic, and undaunted,
In the wood by memory haunted
Stood the old brigades in gray.

I can see that banner streaming
In the sunset's glorious gleaming;
You may think that I am dreaming
Of a past that's far away.
Oft the storms of battle tore it
And the breezes bravely bore it,
Men of honor fell before it—
In the old brigades in gray.

O, how grand was their formation
When they fought to free a nation!
Fate was but their compensation,
Weak to-day is their array;
They are crossing to the others
Who have crossed, their hero brothers,
Sons of gentle-hearted mothers—
The old brigades in gray.

Like the enemy who met them,
They have trials and cares to fret them;
But the world will not forget them
Whilst among us yet they stay.

Weave for them a wreath of roses
Which the morning sun discloses,
See that it in love reposes
On the old brigades in gray.

Where their comrades now are sleeping
Angel-guarded vines are creeping,
And the rivers, onward leaping,
Seek the sea that's far away.
They were mustered in their glory
'Neath the pine and cypress hoary;
Now a remnant tells the story
Of the old brigades in gray.

Confederate sentiment is sustained better by Confederate literature than by any other means. The *VETERAN* undertakes to supply any such book at a low price.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AT CAMP CHASE.

Under heading "Petition and Resolution" is the following directed to the Honorable Members of the General Assembly of the State of —:

"We, the R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Columbus, Ohio, by order duly authorized, which order, as will hereafter appear, is indorsed and approved by the State Division U. D. C., do petition your honorable body as follows:

"That whereas we are advised that Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is not a member of any Chapter of the U. D. C. acknowledged by the Ohio State Division or by the National Organization, is procuring and attempting to procure appropriations from the various State Legislatures of the South for the purpose of erecting a monument at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, located at Columbus, Ohio; and whereas we believe that the good people of the South are not advised of the true conditions surrounding the last resting place of our brave boys who sleep at Camp Chase Cemetery; and whereas for more than ten years that gallant Union soldier, that noble-hearted Christian gentleman, now National Commander of the Union Veteran Legion of America, has, with the aid of faithful and devoted Confederate veterans located in and near Columbus, Ohio, and the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., cared for, tended, and made clean the grounds and surroundings of the cemetery, and each year held appropriate services with large audiences in attendance; and whereas, finally, the good Colonel Knauss caused to be erected the splendid Memorial Arch (a photo of which is inclosed), crowning the immediate forefront of the cemetery grounds, which monument was unveiled on the 14th of June, A.D. 1902, and accepted in behalf of the Confederate Veterans of the South, in the absence of Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, by Col. D. E. Johnston, a Confederate Veteran of Bluefield, W. Va.; and whereas the national government has recently made large appropriations for the erection of headstones at the graves of Confederates buried in the North, which work of erecting said stones, etc., is under the immediate supervision of Col. William Elliott, a Confederate Veteran of Columbia, S. C., and which work we believe will be well and faithfully performed and will fill in Camp Chase Cemetery every available space within the inclosure where the two thousand two hundred and sixty soldiers are buried; and whereas the grounds are clean, well-kept, and well-guarded, and we believe it is an imposition on the generous-hearted and patriotic men and women of the South, and a reflection on the great work so well performed by those who have aided the R. E. Lee Chapter in caring for the cemetery, to ask for aid where none is needed—therefore be it

"Resolved, That we petition your honorable body to the effect that, if an appropriation for Camp Chase Cemetery has not been made, no such appropriation be made; and if an appropriation has already been made, we respectfully recommend that there be reconsideration of the same had until there can be further investigation.

"Done by order of the R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Columbus, Ohio, this 2d day of February, A.D. 1907. (MRS.) M. A. CARROLL, Pres.;

(MRS.) B. E. VAN HORN, Sec."

This action of the R. E. Lee Chapter is indorsed, approved, and commended by the State Division of the State Board.

It would be a sad reflection upon the generous patriots of Ohio, headed by Col. W. H. Knauss, to interfere with the beautiful monument in Camp Chase Cemetery.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS.

The following is from R. Henry Lake, Chairman Monument and Memorial Committee, U. S. C. V. His address is 614 Memphis Trust Building, Memphis Tenn.: "Herewith I hand you a list of Confederate monuments in Tennessee, with some little data concerning each. We are desirous of obtaining a complete list of all monuments or memorials to Confederate soldiers in the State, and feel certain that your readers can suggest others in various localities. We want further to stimulate interest, so that such monuments may be erected in every town in Tennessee."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN TENNESSEE.

Memphis.—Forrest Monument: Cost, \$35,359; unveiled May 16, 1905, by Kathleen Forrest Bradley; erected by Forrest Monument Association, Ladies U. D. C., and public subscription. Monument to Confederate dead in Elmwood Cemetery: Cost, \$5,000; 1873.

Nashville.—Mt. Olivet Cemetery; cost, \$10,500; May 16, 1889.

Franklin.—Public Square; cost, \$2,500; November 30, 1899.
Murfreesboro.—Public Square; cost, \$2,800; 1901.

Paris.—Courthouse yard; cost, \$2,900, to "Valor, Bravery, and Heroism Confederate Soldiers," Henry County; October 13, 1900.

Shelbyville.—Willow Mount Cemetery; cost, \$1,200; October 17, 1899.

Gallatin.—Trousdale Place, near Public Square; cost, \$2,000; September 19, 1903.

Knoxville.—Bethel Cemetery; cost, \$4,500; May 19, 1892; unveiled by Senator and General W. B. Bate.

Jackson.—Court Square; cost, \$3,500; Memorial Day, 1884.

Covington.—Court Square; cost, \$2,500; May 29, 1895.

Dyersburg.—Courthouse yard; cost, \$2,250; April 6, 1905.

Pulaski.—Courthouse yard; cost, \$2,000; October, 1906; in memory of Sam Davis, boy hero and martyr.

Columbia.—Rose Hill Cemetery; cost, \$2,000; 1896.

Union City.—Cemetery; in memory of unknown Confederate dead; June 22, 1867; unveiled by Mrs. C. E. G. Trevantham, who organized the first Chapter U. D. C. in West Tennessee (named for her).

Bolivar.—Courthouse yard; cost, \$2,800; 1870 (one of the early monuments, and it is probably the first).

Clarksville.—Greenwood Cemetery; cost, \$7,500; October, 1893.

Shiloh Battlefield.—Near Shiloh Church; cost, about \$2,000; September, 1905; in memory of Bate's Regiment, 2d Tennessee Infantry (only Confederate monument at Shiloh).

Chattanooga.—Confederate Cemetery: Monument to Confederate dead; cost, \$2,500; 1877. Memorial Arch and Gate to Cemetery; cost, \$1,500; 1901.

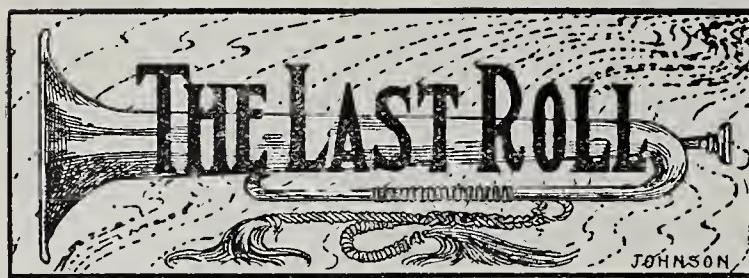
Chickamauga.—National Military Park, on Chickamauga Battlefield; three monuments to Confederate infantry and artillery, costing each \$2,500; also forty-six markers on battlefield, erected by the State of Tennessee, Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission. They also erected one monument, \$2,000, to two regiments of Tennessee Federal cavalry.

Chickamauga Park.—Private Battery Monument to Carnes's Battery (cost, \$1,000), by Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Memphis.

Lebanon.—Cedar Grove Cemetery; July 27, 1899.

Fayetteville.—In courthouse yard; erected in 1906.

The VETERAN earnestly desires a record of all Confederate monuments and memorials in existence to date.



WILLIAM HAWLING ROGERS.

Capt. William H. Rogers, more widely and lovingly known by his friends as "Extra Billy" Rogers, died at his home, in Leesburg, Va., on January 13. He was the son of Col. Hamilton Rogers and was born at Oakham, near Middleburg, August 22, 1824. Here he spent his youth.

From 1854 to 1861 he was agent of the United States government for the Indians and Mormons, and rendered conspicuous service to his government in that capacity during that period. In 1857 Captain Rogers and Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the United States troops, directed the rescue of the survivors of the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah.

In 1861 he came East, resigned his office, and volunteered as aid on the staff of Gen. N. G. Evans, of South Carolina, and later on General Longstreet's staff.

After the war, in 1869, Captain Rogers went to South America and engaged in business with his cousin, Dr. John Hawling. Here he remained until 1880, when he returned and purchased Oakham, where he resided and dispensed true Virginia hospitality until April 1, 1902, when he moved to Leesburg.

Captain Rogers was a knightly gentleman of the old school, courteous, of dignified bearing, yet approachable and accessible to every one. His manner was always engaging and his heart was ever in sympathy with those around him.

He is survived by two brothers (Mortimer M. Rogers, of Roanoke, and Col. Asa Rogers, of Petersburg, Va.), one sister (Mrs. Philips, of Fredericksburg), and nephews and nieces.

MRS. MARY ELOISE WORMELEY.

Entered into rest February 17, 1906, Mrs. Mary E. Wormeley, aged seventy-four years. Mrs. Wormeley was born in Fauquier County, Va., September 18, 1831. She was a cousin of General Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. After her marriage, she came to Memphis in 1852, and the remainder of her life was spent here. During the sad days of civil strife, when our country was bleeding and our homes were being desolated, she, yet in the prime of young womanhood, zealously entered upon the work of nursing the sick and clothing the soldiers.

In 1861 a band of loyal women organized a society known as the "Southern Mothers," around the brows of each one of whom we now see the halo of sainthood. Mrs. Wormeley was a charter member of this association, and some of their first work was to make up the Confederate gray for the soldiers, and afterwards they nursed and cared for all sick soldiers who were brought into Memphis. During the last year of the war her house was burned by Federal enemies.

After these dark days were over, no one was more loyal to the dear memories nor yet more conservative under the dreadful discipline of reconstruction than Mrs. Wormeley. She was a charter member and Honorary Vice President for life of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, and she was also a member of the Sarah Law Chapter, U. D. C. At the unveiling of Forrest's monument in Memphis, in May, 1905, she occupied the seat arranged for her on the grand stand, wearing the badges of the three Confederate orders to

which she belonged. Much good and philanthropic work was also done by Mrs. Wormeley. She was a charter member of the Woman's Christian Association and President of the same for the last four years of her life; she was also a constant visitor and member of the Board of Managers for the Woman's Refuge, the reformatory work of the W. C. A.

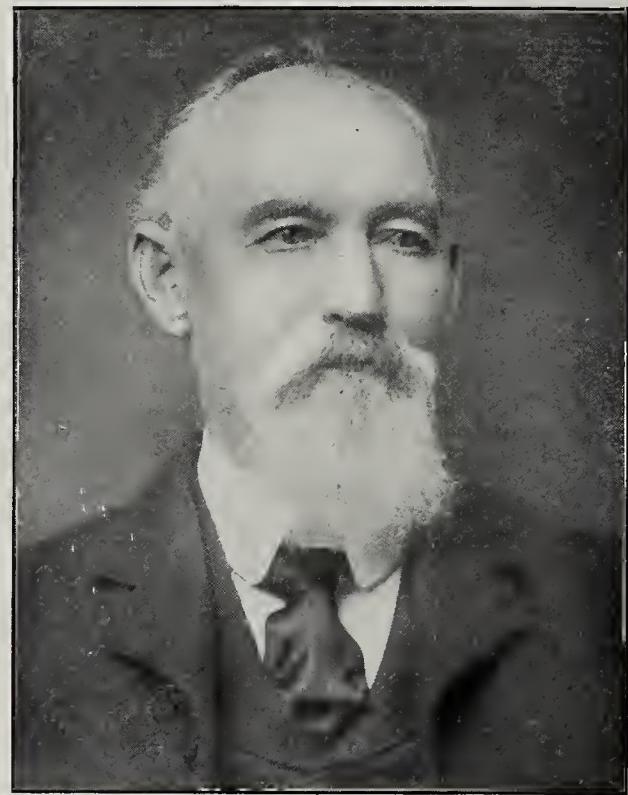
Rarely has there been a life as complete, for even up to the last month of her life she was actively engaged in those good works which were an inestimable benefit to mankind. Patriotic, philanthropic, broad, but first and always a Christian—such was Mrs. Wormeley's character. There can be no more valuable records for our children than those which keep green the memories of such women, and now we take comfort in remembering that the rest of Paradise is the reward of His saints. "By their works ye shall know them!"

[The foregoing is from a Memphis friend.]

CAPT. T. W. BUFORD.

The death of Capt. T. W. Buford at Pickens, Miss., removed from earth one of the noblest of men and the bravest of Confederacy's soldiers.

Captain Buford enlisted in Corinth, Miss., just at the opening of hostilities in a cavalry company formed by Colonel Inge and was elected first lieutenant. Being delayed in leaving for the front, he became impatient and started to Virginia, where he enlisted as a private soldier in the 2d Mississippi Infantry.



CAPT. T. W. BUFORD.

He fought valiantly until the battle of Sharpsburg, where he received a fearful wound which incapacitated him for infantry service; so he and his brothers formed a cavalry company and joined the Mississippi Division.

Captain Buford was a Southern gentleman of the old school—generous, modest, yet brave and daring. In war he served his country faithfully and honorably, and in peace became a law-abiding and highly respected citizen, a devoted husband and father, a true friend, a Christian gentleman, and one of the courageous, true men who have maintained the high level of Southern citizenship.

MRS. REBECCA ELWELL MAXWELL.

It is with deep regret that the VETERAN records the death of Mrs. Rebecca E. Maxwell on the 15th of January at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Cook, in Jacksonville, Fla. She was in her eighty-eighth year. From the beginning Mrs. Maxwell had been an interested subscriber to the VETERAN for herself and others, and her kind thought in contributing thus toward its maintenance was indicative of her character of helpfulness.

Mrs. Maxwell was an honorary life member of the Martha Reid Chapter, U. D. C., of Jacksonville, and was always interested in the objects of the Chapter, doing her share in its



MRS. REBECCA ELWELL MAXWELL.

many good works. She was referred to as the mother of the Chapter, having proposed its name and being its oldest member.

Prior to her marriage she was Miss Elwell, of Boston, Mass. Coming South in her early womanhood to visit relatives in Leon County, Fla., she met Col. C. William McWhir Maxwell, and in marrying him she became an adopted daughter of the South, and there were none by birth who were more devoted to or espoused its sacred cause more ardently. She possessed a wonderfully retentive memory, and was probably better posted than any native in the history of the old aristocratic South.

Mrs. Maxwell is survived by two sons (Capt. D. Elwell Maxwell and Clarence W. Maxwell) and two daughters (Mrs. W. J. Cook and Mrs. Jennie Farrell, of Jacksonville). The interment was at Tallahassee.

DEATHS IN THE W. B. PLEMONS CAMP, AMARILLO, TEX.

[Reports by committees on several deaths in the Camp.]

Comrade E. F. Scott was born December 16, 1842, in Pettus County, Mo. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 10th Missouri Cavalry, Marmaduke's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, in which command he was a faithful soldier to the end. On October 4, 1876, he was married to Mary F. Jones, who, with two sons, survives him. Comrade Scott had been an honored citizen of Amarillo, Tex., for several years, a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, and a faithful and beloved member of W. B. Plemons Camp, No. 1451, U. C. V. On June 14, 1906, God in his wisdom saw fit to call him home, where he joined the hosts of his comrades gone before. Comrades, we miss Comrade Scott, as he was always with us "around the camp fire;" but a few more meetings and more of us will be missing.

Comrade W. C. Cone died May 6, 1906, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. Comrade Cone was a member of Company A, 2d Regiment Texas Infantry, in which he enlisted in Hunt County, Tex., in which command he acted well his part in the defense of Southern rights; and as a true American citizen, like other Southern soldiers, he did his best in building up the desolated South, and lived to see the South again the grandest country on earth.

God in his wisdom has again thinned our ranks in the death of Comrade P. D. Tucker, who was born in Tennessee January 25, 1842, and died in Amarillo, Tex., September 20, 1906. In 1861 he enlisted in the 15th Mississippi Regiment, in which he discharged his duty to the close of hostilities. On August 13, 1865, Comrade Tucker was wedded to Miss Aurena Mackey. He took up railroad work as his vocation, and was employed in the shops of Grenada, Miss., up to 1871, when he came to Texas, working in different shops in Southern Texas until two years ago, when his health failed him. He then came to Amarillo to live with his son. Before coming here he was an honored member of J. P. Benjamin Camp, U. C. V., of Kaufman County, afterwards uniting himself with the W. B. Plemons Camp. Comrade Tucker had been a great sufferer with chronic stomach trouble for years, to which disease he finally succumbed. He leaves his faithful wife, who has shared his joys and sorrows for forty-one years, and eight children, besides a host of friends to mourn their loss.

George Keenan Whitcomb, of W. B. Plemons Camp, answered to the "last roll" at his home, in Amarillo, Tex., August 23, 1906. He was born in Keenan, W. Va., March 29, 1834; and his parents moved to Union, W. Va., in his childhood. In 1854 he moved to Augusta, Ark. At the call of his country he was the first volunteer, joining the 1st Arkansas Cavalry. He was promoted through merit to first lieutenant, and served throughout the war. Returning to his home in 1865, he engaged in the furniture and undertaking business until 1890. He was married to Miss Cordelia Flynt, of Augusta, Ark., in 1866, and in 1867 united with the First Presbyterian Church of that city, serving many years as deacon. In 1890 he moved his family to Texas, and cast his lot with the then frontier town of Amarillo, and was one of the few who braved the trials and helped to make it the beautiful city it now is. Comrade Whitcomb was a faithful Church member and a devoted Christian, and for the past eight years had been a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Amarillo, Tex. He was also a Mason of long and high standing. He had been in feeble health for more than a year. He leaves a devoted wife and five children.

WILLIAM A. BRITTON.

W. A. Britton died recently at the home of his son, Jim Britton, near Keith's Mill, Whitfield County, Ga., at the age of ninety-two years. He was born in Greeneville, Tenn., in 1815, and went to North Georgia when it was inhabited by the Indians; and when the government removed the Indians from North Georgia, he assisted in the work of taking them away. He was a cabinet maker, but gave up his work when the Civil War broke out and enlisted in the Confederate army.

Mr. Britton was known for his marvelous memory. He was well informed, and "never forgot anything that he heard" Up to his death his memory was as clear as that of a man in his prime. He is survived by three sons and four daughters, besides numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

FANNY SILLERS SAUNDERS.

Entered into paradise December 31, 1906, the spirit of Fanny Sillers Saunders. In the early morning a voice called, and she was given the "cup of salvation."

Born in Port Gibson, Miss., fifty-seven years ago, the daughter of Col. Williams Sillers, she passed a joyous childhood, a carefully trained girlhood, and became an educated and cultured woman.

Mrs. Saunders was a member of the Commodore Perry Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and of the J. Harvey Mathis Chapter, U. D. C. Holding offices in both organizations, she always extended a cordial friendship to the members of these Associations and generously assisted in their various duties. Around her last resting place many friends crowded to do her honor, and laid over the consecrated mound flowers of sweetness arrayed in the colors of her beloved Southland.

Col. W. J. Saunders, a literary man, planter, and later a retired capitalist, won this winsome woman, and together they spent many years of ideal happiness. Their home life was a positive power for good; they were kind, generous, and cheerful, and much courted; neither would have wounded, by word or deed, a fellow-being; both were tender, affectionate, consistent, and natural. Colonel Saunders is a member of the Confederate Historical Society, and is also a member of Company A.

Two gifted daughters (Mrs. J. B. Brugler, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Mrs. J. S. Selmar, of Dallas, Tex.), three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild have had left to them a legacy of purity and devotion to duty that will remain a perpetual inspiration. She was to her husband the light of his life. Is not this a legend of the breath of a rose, the sadness of the cross, and does it not portray life in its joy, its sorrow?

There was a day full, perfect, and radiant, young from the hand of God, of a sweet stillness, save for the song of the bird trying its trill, the soft measures of the rippling water, the newborn sigh of the pine—all bathed in the warm sunlight. A man strong in stature, a woman a poem of purity, clinging and true, abode in a beautifully created garden, where all was fair, from the rose of velvet sheen to the tree of stately pride. When they left the garden, he trusted, she leaned upon him and bade him hope; together they made a home of joy and care. God so willed it that one should say good-by to a still face and hands ever folded; that one soul should wing its way to gates leading into vistas of light and draw thence the other. She best loves who most exalts, who most gives courage, who bids that faith be a power to action with God again joining the golden cord connecting tender souls.

In this day of hurry be not deceived, woman still clings to

home, and knows that her happiness is found in its fold. She knows that husband, children, friends, her servants, her hidden charities—these are the living interest of life. Her influence may be silent, but 'tis powerful. It has no limit; it is for time and eternity. So it was with the gentle, cultured woman gone from our midst.

We wish you to go, as she would wish, to Him who made the garden, the home, to be dissolved, only to be rebuilt, when



MRS. FANNY SILLERS SAUNDERS.

you reach the land where they are, no shifting sands, no last good-by, no folding of the tent; but a realizing of every promise made by and through one Man of exceeding mercy and boundless love.

In time we all can say in tender anticipation:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which says: 'I must not stay.'
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away."

[The foregoing tribute is by Mary Y. Walworth, Corresponding Secretary J. Harvey Mathis Chapter, Memphis.]

ROBERT CARUTHERS.

Mr. Robert Caruthers died January 3, 1907, in Huntsville, Ala., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Newson. He was a splendid, cultured, chivalrous Southern gentleman of the old school. He was in his eightieth year, and is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Newson and Mrs. W. H. Simon-ton, who now resides in Fort Scott, Kans.

Robert Caruthers was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families in Tennessee. His people came from Scotland to this country and settled in Virginia and North Carolina. Soon after the State of Tennessee was formed this family located in Maury County near Columbia. Here Robert Caruthers was born December 13, 1827, the youngest of the family. There was one other son, James Caruthers, and four daughters, Mrs. Richard Looney, Mrs. Mitchell Davidson, Mrs. William J. Sykes, and Mrs. Leonard D. Myers, all of whom have crossed the river. His mother was Elizabeth Porter, of one of the famous pioneer families. His father and his grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier, and generations before them were named Robert, until now there is no male to bear it, his only son, Robert, having died without a son. Robert Caruthers came from Columbia to Nashville, Tenn.,

in 1852. He was married to Mrs. Sarah Vaughn Lawrence, a sister of Judge Michael and Mr. Hiram Vaughn, deceased.

Robert Caruthers was intensely Southern in his sentiments. Although frail in health, he volunteered twice; but each time was refused on account of his physical condition. Later he entered the secret service of the Confederacy, and experienced many thrilling adventures. His stepson, Lawrence Vaughn, served under Forrest. The Federal authorities put a "price upon his head." Finally when sick in bed he was arrested and taken to prison, where he became so critically ill that his release was secured by a prominent Union man. So he was



ROBERT CARUTHERS.

allowed to return to his home, but his house was burned to the ground immediately afterwards. Robert Caruthers never took the oath of allegiance, which was always a source of satisfaction to him. He was never able to readjust his idea of life and duty to the changed conditions. He was a man of stainless honor and absolute integrity and a devout member of the Church for a half century. He took great interest in all Confederate organizations, especially in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. His favorite magazine was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. After the death of Mrs. Caruthers, he moved to Huntsville, Ala., where he made his home with Mrs. Newson, his youngest child.

W. GLEASON BARGER.—W. G. Barger died at his home, near Martin, Tenn., in July, 1906, aged sixty-six years. He served throughout the war in Company H, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest, which is proof of his service as an active soldier. He was married in 1873 to Miss S. E. Carlin,

daughter of Elder John H. D. Carlin, A.B., D.D., one of the most noted scholars and ablest divines of the Baptist denomination in West Tennessee. Ten children blessed this happy union. Comrade Barger, by industry and economy, became one of the wealthy men of Weakley County, and had many friends.

S. H. HOUSTON.—S. H. Houston, a member of Company C, 6th Alabama Regiment, Capt. R. M. Green, Colonel Lightfoot, Battle's Brigade, died on December 22, 1906, in Stephens County, Tex. He fought in Lee's army in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania; was captured April 5, 1865, and carried to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was discharged about July 1, reaching home on the 13th. He had nearly finished his seventy-fourth year. Comrade Houston was a good citizen, and reared a large family to usefulness.

NELSON JOHNSON.—Nelson Johnson, aged sixty-two years, died at his home, near Welborn, Fla., April 9, 1906. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1862, in Company A, 1st Florida Regiment Cavalry, and was wounded west of Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1864. A piece of shell penetrated his cheek, and finally caused cancer. Faithful as a soldier and respected as a citizen, of him it can be truly said: "He did what he could."

WILLIAM J. CROWDER.

After a brief illness of pneumonia, William J. Crowder died at the home of his brother, Walter J. Crowder, in Shreveport, La., in February, 1907, the second of the family to succumb to the dread disease, his brother Ben having preceded him to the grave but a few days. He was born in Oglethorpe County, Ga., in 1834, the family removing to Caddo Parish, La., in 1854, and the two brothers had been planters near Sand Beach.

In April, 1861, William Crowder volunteered in the Shreveport Grays, serving as second corporal, and at Pensacola, Fla., his company was incorporated with the Dreux Battalion, which was actively engaged in the army operating on the Virginia peninsula commanded by General Magruder, who, with about thirteen thousand men, held in check for three weeks General McClellan's very large army, which was on the way to Richmond. In 1862 William Crowder was transferred to Vicksburg, where he surrendered with Pemberton's army; and when exchanged he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Shreveport.

As a soldier, Comrade Crowder's record is unsullied; as a citizen, he was active and public-spirited; as a friend, he was steadfast. He was never married. A sister and two brothers survive him.

BENJAMIN DAVID EWING.

Benjamin D. Ewing was born in 1831 in Wilson County, Tenn., where he was reared to manhood, receiving a moderate education. He went to Texas in 1856; but upon the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he returned to Tennessee and enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Frank McNairy, which command was organized by special act of the Tennessee Legislature before the secession of the State. After about a year's service this 1st Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry was consolidated with the 7th and formed the 2d Tennessee Cavalry. Comrade Ewing was with his command under Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek, and was in Forrest's Cavalry command for a long while, and in all the battles fought from Fishing Creek to the surrender of Forrest in Alabama. He was an active soldier from start

to finish, as brave as the bravest, but with a heart as tender as a girl's. It is said that "he and his horse, a fine iron-gray called Mack, could be seen in the front in every battle." He was often placed in charge of a squad of soldiers on important duty, and exemplified thoroughly that a brave man in power is ever merciful. He was made a Mason during the war, and it was with Masonic honors that he was laid to rest at his old home, Lane, in Hunt County, Tex., on Christmas day of 1906. His devoted wife and five children survive him to bless his memory.

JOHN SHERMAN SANDERS.

John S. Sanders was born in Claiborne County, Tenn., near Springdale, in 1836. Believing in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, he enlisted in October, 1862, in Company H, 61st Tennessee Infantry, Col. F. E. Pitt's Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade. He was elected second lieutenant of his company, and, proving himself a true soldier and an impartial officer, he was loved and respected by his comrades in the army. He was captured in September, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase, and from there to Fort Delaware and confined till the close of the war. He returned to his home in June, 1865, and in November of the same year was married to Miss Margaret Neal Stone. He removed to Missouri in 1867 and to Texas the next year, residing in the vicinity of Grapevine until his death, in May, 1906.

Comrade Sanders lived a consistent Christian life, and his passing was mourned by many friends. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, one son having died in his sixteenth year.

His friend and comrade, J. C. Gardner, of Springfield, Mo., who was first lieutenant of the same company, writes of having met him a short while before his death, and in their parting Comrade Sanders said: "Our cause was right; I know we were right. I have lived right; let us meet right over yonder."

C. W. BURGESS.

C. W. Burgess was born in March, 1840; and died in December, 1906, having nearly completed his sixty-seventh year. He volunteered in the Confederate service in August, 1861, going from his home, at McKenzie, Tenn., to Union City for enrollment, where he was sworn in as a member of Company G, 5th Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was sent to Columbus, Ky., early in September, thence to Mayfield, where they stayed in camp, drilled, and built breastworks until about March 1, 1862, when they were sent to New Madrid. There a little skirmish was had with the enemy without any fatalities on our side. The next move was to Tiptonville, Memphis, and Corinth, then to Shiloh, where he received a wound which necessitated the amputation of his left leg above the knee. On the retreat of our army he was captured and kept in a hospital at Louisville, Ky., until September 6, when he was sent to Camp Chase, then to Johnson's Island, and in November he was sent to Vicksburg for exchange. Soon after the war he went to Corinth, Miss., and engaged in the livery business. He was married to Miss Maggie Bell in 1892, whose tenderness and devoted care made his last years happy.

CAPT. C. C. HARRIS.

Capt. C. C. Harris, a faithful member of Sterling Price Camp, of Fresno, Cal., died in Fresno on November 16, 1906, aged sixty-six years. He was born near Gallatin, Tenn., in 1840. He enlisted in the Newbern Blues, Capt. W. M. Harrill's company of Colonel Russell's Regiment Tennessee Infantry, at Newbern, Tenn., in May, 1861, and was afterwards promoted to chief of ordnance, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Cav-

alry. He participated in all the campaigns and battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was mustered out of service at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

COL. J. A. JOEL.

Col. J. A. Joel died at his residence, 144 East 62d Street, New York City, on December 27, 1906. Colonel Joel was conspicuous as a flag manufacturer, and had been in business at 88 Nassau Street, New York, for a third of a century. At the age of seventeen he joined the famous Ohio Regiment, serving with Generals Rosecrans, Hayes, and McClellan, and in the same company with President McKinley. This regiment was noted for the number of Presidents and prominent men it turned out. Colonel Joel was wounded several times, and his long illness and death were caused by wounds received in battle. He was presented with a medal for bravery. During President Hayes's time he was appointed United States Consul to Sagua Le Grand, Cuba.

Colonel Joel was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic, receiving the title of colonel for splendid services rendered. In 1873 he began the publication of the Grand Army Gazette as editor and publisher, but had to discontinue its publication on account of ill health. In all movements pertaining to the welfare of the Veterans he had been a leading spirit. As a manufacturer of flags it was said of him that he worked as much from a patriotic motive as he did from business reasons. He was a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having organized the John A. Dix Post, of New York City, and was its first Commander. He afterwards joined Edwin D. Morgan Post, also of New York City, and was twice Commander. He was also a very active member as well as a national officer of the Union Veteran Legion, and was Colonel of Encampment No. 38 in New York City for many years.

His oldest son, R. B. Hayes Joel, named after his father's friend and comrade, Ex-President R. B. Hayes, died five years ago from the effects of the Spanish-American War, he being first sergeant of Company G, 9th Regiment, National Guard, New York. With the regiment at Chickamauga he contracted a severe cold which eventually caused his death.



COL. J. A. JOEL AND FAMILY.

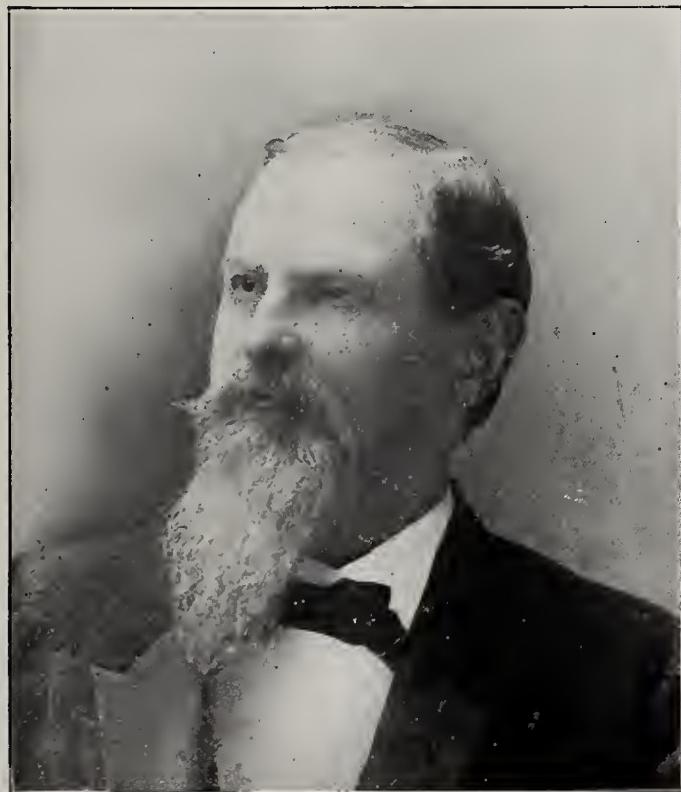
It is unusual to publish Last Roll sketches of Grand Army men in the VETERAN; but Colonel Joel had been a thoroughly good friend for many years, entertaining richly his Confederate friend when on visits to the metropolis. His advertisements had appeared regularly for nearly thirteen years. Gratitude to his memory and to his family is abiding.

GEN. ROBERT NEILL.

Robert Neill was born in Independence County, Ark., November 12, 1838; and died in Batesville, same county, February 16, 1907. In 1860 he was elected surveyor of his county, and served as such until he enlisted in the first company which was organized in that county for the Confederate service, of which he was elected orderly sergeant, and which became Company K, 1st Regiment Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, Col. T. J. Churchill. Sergeant Neill was severely wounded in the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861, but he sufficiently recovered to accompany his regiment east of the Mississippi River after it was dismounted. About that time he was promoted to a lieutenancy, in which capacity he commanded the company in the battle of Richmond, Ky. He was with it in the advance on Covington, Ky., when the Confederate forces pushed to within four miles of that city. He participated in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., in December, 1862, and later was sent west of the river on recruiting duty, where he was detained several months, and in an effort to recross the river after the fall of Vicksburg was captured and held as a prisoner of war and confined in Fort Delaware until June, 1865.

In 1866 he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Independence County, and served as such until removed from office by the carpetbag reconstruction of the State in 1868. Later he was licensed to practice law, and soon became known as a safe counselor and a successful advocate, painstaking, conservative, and reliable, and for years past he steadily maintained his position at the head of the bar in his county.

In 1874 Comrade Neill was appointed brigadier general of the State Guard by Gov. A. H. Garland, and was conspicuous among the leaders of the people when the carpetbag yoke was successfully thrown off and the State restored to the rightful control of its best citizenship. For several years he served as a member of the Batesville School Board and of the Town Council, in the former capacity aiding largely in bringing the local public school to a state of efficiency and in the erection



GEN. ROBERT NEILL.

of the superior group of buildings now in use under his supervision; while in the latter capacity he contributed largely to the general improvement of the town, prominent among the permanent benefits being the bridge across Polk Bayou, which was secured largely through his untiring efforts.

In 1892 General Neill was elected to Congress as the first Representative from the Sixth Congressional District of Arkansas, and was reelected in 1894, rendering valuable service throughout two terms. It was through his efforts that the United States District Court was located at Batesville, creating the necessity for the splendid building which has since been erected; and the first appropriation was made for a survey of White River, which resulted in the beginning of the system of locks and dams in that river to secure permanent navigation. When the railroad commission was created by the Legislature of 1899, General Neill was appointed and confirmed as a member of it, being elected chairman by his associates, and he largely shaped the course of the commission in putting the law into effect. Later as a member of the Board of Commissioners of the Batesville Improvement District he assisted in negotiating the sale of the bonds, letting the contract and supervising the erection of the water and light plant of his home town. At all times active and positive in his affection for his native county and State, whatever tended to the development and betterment of either received his hearty and loyal support. His last semipublic service was as chairman of the committee which secured the contributions for and superintended the erection of the Confederate monument in the courthouse grounds in Batesville.

In 1869 General Neill was happily married to Miss Mary A. Byers, and of this union ten children were born, of whom four sons and three daughters grew to maturity and useful citizenship. The wife and six children survive the husband and father. The greatest sorrow of General Neill's life was the untimely death of his eldest son, Arthur Neill, Adjutant General of the State of Arkansas during the Spanish-American War, which occurred less than two years ago.

Shut up to the limited school privileges of the country during the period of his boyhood, General Neill was thrown upon his own reading and study for the acquisition of the mental equipment which he used so effectively; but the breadth of his reading, which he retained with wonderful accuracy, was the source of constantly recurring surprise to those who had been blessed with better advantages in their youth.

As a man, as a soldier, as a citizen, and as a friend, General Neill's prominent characteristics were a single-hearted devotion to duty as he saw it and a rugged honesty that commanded the respect of all who knew him.

[This tribute is by James P. Coffin.]

MRS. JOSEPHINE MCPHERSON WARE.

Mrs. Josephine Ware, wife of Dr. James Ware, Surgeon of Calcasieu Camp, Lake Charles, La., died on the 27th of February, at the age of seventy-six years. She was born in Maryland and of Scotch-Catholic stock, her parents having emigrated to this country at the time of religious persecution in Scotland. She was married to Dr. Ware in 1865, and had been a resident of Louisiana, and of Lake Charles since 1887.

Mrs. Ware was a woman of remarkable strength of character, and she lived and died an ideal wife, mother, and friend. Her husband was surgeon of the 16th Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade. As a member of the U. D. C. Chapter of Lake Charles, she was actively interested in its good work, and the pallbearers at her funeral were all Confederate Veterans. Her husband and two sons survive her.

JAMES L. PUGH.

James Lawrence Pugh, distinguished jurist, statesman, and soldier, died in Washington, D. C., on March 9, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; and was buried in Eufaula, Ala., on March 12.

James L. Pugh was born in Butts County, Ga., in 1820. When four years old, his parents moved with him to Pike County, Ala.; and, dying soon after, left him an orphan with no resources save his indomitable energy and unconquerable will. When scarcely in his teens, he was mail rider through a section then lying partly in the Creek Indian Nation. He served in the Creek Indian War of 1837. Next he was clerking in a store in Eufaula, Ala., and, in spite of all obstacles, at the same time mastering the knowledge of law and laying the foundations of legal wisdom which in after time made him the foremost jurist in the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar, and took a prominent place at once among the lawyers of East Alabama—Judge John Cochran, John Gill Shorter (afterwards War Governor of Alabama), Edward C. Bullock (who died in the great war as colonel of the 18th Alabama Regiment), Alpheus Baker (afterwards brigadier general of the Confederacy and distinguished lawyer of Louisville, Ky.), and Henry D. Clayton (afterwards major general in the Confederate army). His partner in practice was the brilliant Jefferson M. Buford, who acquired a national reputation by his part in the Kansas troubles just before the Civil War.

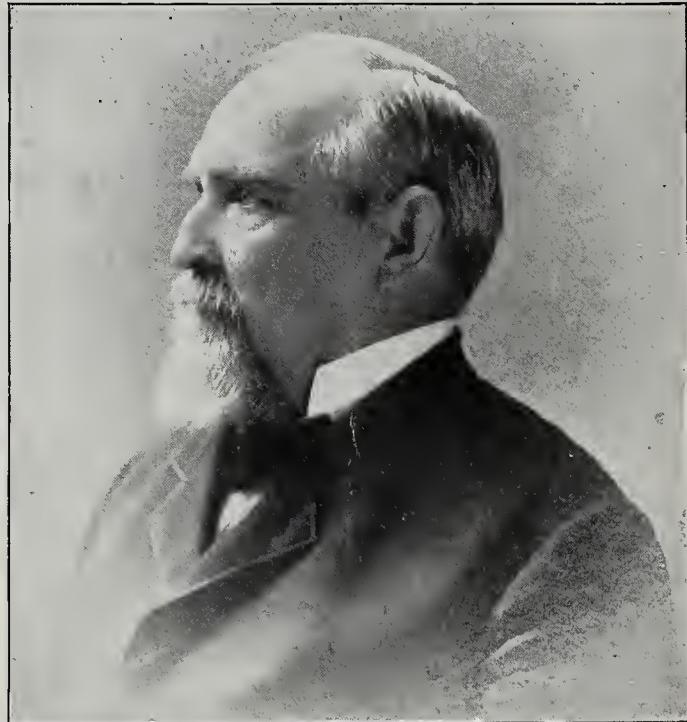
In 1849 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Henry W. Hilliard. Again, in 1859, he was a candidate for Congress, and was elected without opposition. When his State seceded, he resigned his seat in Congress, came home, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Eufaula Rifles, 1st Alabama Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A. After a year of faithful service in the ranks, his fellow-citizens elected him to the Confederate Congress, and reelected him at the expiration of his first term.

When the Confederacy was overthrown, he resumed the practice of law in Eufaula, and did his part in redeeming his State from carpetbag rule. He was selected as chairman of the Democratic Convention of 1874, which nominated George S. Houston for Governor, and he was a member of the Convention of 1875, which framed the State Constitution to supersede the one of 1867 imposed upon the State by negroes, carpetbaggers, and Federal bayonets.

When United States Senator Houston died in office, in 1880, the Legislature, being in session, elected Senator Pugh to fill the vacancy. He was twice reelected, and finished a continuous service in the Senate of sixteen years in 1896. He was regarded as the foremost constitutional lawyer on the Democratic side in the Senate; and when his party was in the majority in 1892-96, he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. After leaving the Senate, he continued to reside in Washington, as he had acquired possession of a home there, and three of his sons were residents of that city. But he made frequent visits to Alabama, and never grew out of touch and sympathy with the people of his State.

He was buried from St. James Church, Eufaula, the rector of the parish being assisted in the services by Dr. T. J. Beard, of Birmingham, the venerable friend and former rector of the ex-Senator in the days of the war. The local Camp of Confederate Veterans also conducted exercises at the grave, led by the Commander, Capt. S. H. Dent, a lieutenant in the Eufaula Rifles when Senator Pugh was a private.

In the early forties Senator Pugh married Miss Serena Hunter, daughter of Gen. James L. Hunter, of South Carolina and Alabama; and she, with six of their children, survives him. Their living children are: Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, of



THE LATE EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR PUGH.

New York; Edward L., James H., and Henry Pugh, of Washington; John Cochran Pugh, of Birmingham; and Mrs. S. P. Elliot, of Eufaula.

LAWRENCE AYLETT DAFFAN.

Lawrence Aylett Daffan was born April 30, 1845, in Conecuh County, Ala. His father, John Warren Daffan, was born and reared in Westmoreland County, Va. His mother, Mary Jones Daffan, was born and reared in Caroline County, Va. In 1849 the family went from Alabama to Texas, living first in Montgomery County, and in 1860 went to Navasota.

His first employment was carrying the United States mail from Montgomery to the old town of Washington, in Washington County.

In 1861, age sixteen years, Lawrence Daffan enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and went to Virginia. His regiment and brigade went to Virginia in companies. His regiment was organized at Camp Bragg, near Richmond. Three regiments were so organized. He was a member of Company G, 4th Texas Regiment, under Capt. W. H. Hutcheson. Maj. John B. Hood, of the Confederate cavalry, was appointed colonel of this regiment. The first engagement in which young Daffan participated was at Seven Pines, near Richmond. He took part in many important engagements: Thoroughfare Gap, August 29, 1862; Second Manassas, August 30 and 31, 1862; crossed the Potomac into Maryland, September 6, 1862; Boonesboro Gap, September 15, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 16 and 17, 1862; recrossed the Potomac to Shepherdstown, September 18, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13 and 14, 1862; in vicinity of Suffolk, Southwest Virginia, twenty-three days in April, 1863; fighting Franklin's Corps, Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863.

While encamped at Culpeper C. H. a member of the Texas Regiment was ordered to wear a ball and chain, and his fellow-soldiers considered this a disgrace to their regiment and

to the State of Texas. A number of the soldiers, including Lawrence Daffan, took him from the guard. Charges of mutiny were immediately made against the indignant young soldiers, and they were put under arrest. Their captains became responsible for their appearance at court, and for six weeks they were relieved from every duty.

Early in September, 1863, the trial took place at General Longstreet's headquarters at Fredericksburg. On the march from Port Royal, twenty miles east of Fredericksburg Lawrence Daffan stopped at the home of his uncle, Champ Jones, and reached Fredericksburg after his regiment had arrived there. He went alone. In looking for the Longstreet headquarters, where he was to be tried, he asked a major, who directed him to a large white house, about a mile away, and asked: "What are you going for?" Daffan replied: "I am going to be court-martialed for mutiny." The major replied: "What? You are looking for a court to be court-martialed?" "Yes." "Well, go on, sir; I don't think you will be shot."

He was then eighteen years of age. The young men who stood by their own comrade and their own State were cleared with no further ceremony.

He revisited his uncle, during which time the 4th Texas had left Virginia for Georgia. He proceeded at once to Richmond and reported to the provost marshal, who gave the young Confederate transportation and rations to Resaca, Ga. He reached there Friday, September 18, 1863. Saturday evening a ball struck his gun between the rammer and the barrel, shivering the stock and knocking him down; he received no other injury than this during his service.

Hood's Brigade made a gallant charge at Chickamauga, and there were two lines of battle of Federals from which the Texans received a terrible volley of musketry. Ten of his company were killed at Chickamauga and thirty or forty wounded.

After this battle Longstreet's Corps moved east on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad also by marches on their way to Knoxville and farther east.

On his way to Knoxville Lawrence Daffan was captured at Lenore Station, Tenn., November 19, 1863, and this ended his soldiering in the firing line. He was taken to Chattanooga, thence to Nashville to the penitentiary, which was being used as a prison of war. Here he was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. From Nashville in December, 1863, he was taken to Rock Island prison, Rock Island, Ill., and was released June 19, 1865.

Lawrence Daffan took the oath of allegiance to the United States June 19, 1865, in his twenty-first year. He went from Rock Island to Houston, Tex., by water, the government furnishing transportation and rations. Leaving Rock Island on June 22, he went to St. Louis and on to New Orleans. He left New Orleans July 3 and reached his home, in Navasota, July 6, 1865.

In prison at Rock Island with Comrade Daffan were C. C. Hemming, now of Colorado Springs, Colo., H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, and J. W. Walkup, of Fort Worth.

On October 1, 1865, he entered the employ of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad under W. D. Herrick, who was roadmaster and conductor. He was made a conductor December 1, 1866. The Houston and Texas Central then had eighty miles of track, seven engines, and three of them in bad order. In 1867 the Houston and Texas Central bought the Washington County Railroad, running from Hempstead to Brenham. He was given this branch of the road, running four trains a day, passenger and freight, until the road extended to Austin in 1870. He followed the extension of this road as far as it was completed, running a passenger train until it reached Austin in December, 1871. He carried the first through passenger train into Austin December 25, 1871. On July 13, 1885, he was made trainmaster of the second division of the road, and July 18, 1889, he was made superintendent, and so continued until September, 1904. From that time to the day of his death he was general agent of transportation for the same road.

On January 23, 1872, he was married to Miss Mollie A. Day, daughter of John H. Day, of Brenham, and they made their home in Austin. He is survived by his widow and six children: Miss Katie Daffan (former President Texas Division, U. D. C.), John, Lawrence A., Charles, Edna (Mrs. B. B. Gilmer, of Houston), and Quinlan.

Colonel Daffan was stricken with apoplexy at his office on Monday, January 28. He was brought to his home by his two sons and physicians, and in spite of every care and medical aid and the thoughtful watchfulness of his loved ones he passed from death unto life January 28, 1907.

Though having been in imperfect health for some time, Colonel Daffan was greatly improved. He attended to his business, making frequent trips to and from Ennis, and none of his family were prepared for the sudden death.

The funeral took place from the Daffan home, the services being conducted by Rev. George Truett, of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, assisted by Rev. R. T. Philips, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Corsicana, Rev. Mr. Lyon, of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Ennis, and the other local pastors. The casket was draped in the Confederate flag. The ceremonies at the grave were under the auspices of the Masons and the active pallbearers were selected from among Masons.

Old and prominent friends from over the State were in attendance. Hundreds of telegrams were received by the family from absent friends from this and other States, and the floral designs covered not only the new mound but the entire lot in the "silent acre," coming from railroad men, personal friends



COL. L. A. DAFFAN.

of the deceased and his family, the various Confederate organizations over the State, both Camps and Chapters, the Young Men's Christian Association, and various orders.

Colonel Daffan was a Knight Templar, a member of the Shriners, and a charter member of the Houston Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Among those who paid the last tribute at his grave were the many colored people, men and women, to whom he had been a friend, and the city was in mourning, the stores were all closed and the schools were closed as a tribute of respect and love to an esteemed and well-beloved citizen, whose place cannot be filled.

For the funeral of Colonel Daffan the Houston and Texas Central Railroad ran complimentary special trains on both ends of the road for the accommodation of old soldiers and railroad men and any others who wished to attend.

There were hundreds of railroad men present, from general officers to the day laborer. Every courtesy was shown by the railroad managers, and each line of work where it was practicable was suspended during the funeral hours. The Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was the first President, attended, as did the Confederate Veterans and the Masonic fraternity. The "Cross of Honor" was buried with the brave man who had won it. In the dark days of reconstruction he entered valiantly into the dangerous vigils of the Ku Klux Klan. The family have the sympathy and loving regard of the broad and splendid friendships which Colonel Daffan enjoyed.

Much attention has been shown the memory of Colonel Daffan in Texas by the Veterans and the Daughters. In addition to his well-known loyalty to the cause, interest was increased through the labors of his daughter, Miss Katie Daffan, Ex-President Texas Division, U. D. C., who has been a conspicuous Confederate worker in the State. Prominent among the resolutions by Camps on the death of Colonel Daffan are those of the Hannibal Boone Camp, at Navasota, and the R. E. Lee Camp, at Fort Worth, one of the largest in the organization.

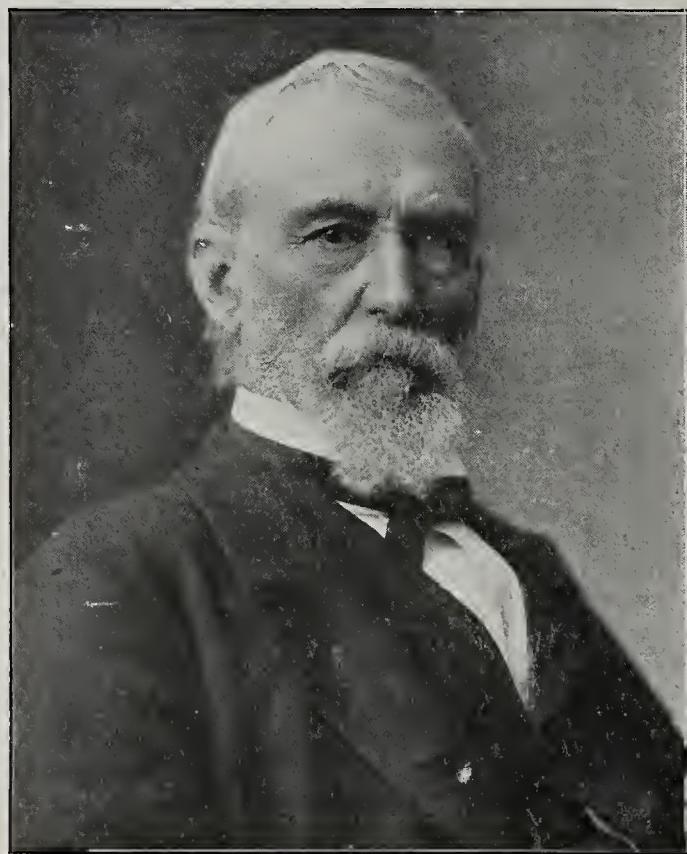
MAJ. LEMUEL LONG.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."

Near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., on August 19, 1906, the soul of Lemuel Long passed suddenly but quietly into eternity. A man fitly "formed for deeds of high resolve!" Worth, courage, and honor were his birthright. His genial, hearty companionship, his generous sympathy, kindly courtesy, high principles, and worthy citizenship are sadly missed. He was a native of Maury County, Tenn., having been born January 11, 1827, within a mile of Mt. Pleasant. Old Jackson College was his *Alma Mater*. He served the Confederacy under Generals Pillow and Forrest during the four years of fratricidal war. It was under Gen. G. J. Pillow's leadership that Major Long distinguished himself and won the rank of major. He was serving as aid-de-camp until General Pillow was made chief of conscripts in the Western Department; then Major Long was transferred to the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, in which he served till the close of the war. His ardent love for the Southern cause never waned. He was a member of the Leonidas Polk Bivouac, U. C. V., of Columbia, and a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from the beginning and the tenets of its faith in the Southland. He was also a faithful soldier of the cross of Christ.

Through his mother Major Long was descended from the

Lawrence, Willis, and Boddie families of Virginia and North Carolina which figured in early Colonial and Revolutionary times. He married in the later fifties Miss Martha Woodson Pillow, the second daughter of Jerome B. Pillow, one of the foremost men of Maury County—a woman beautiful in person and attainments, saintly in character, and in every sense a helpmeet to her husband, who was loverlike in devotion and chivalrous courtesy throughout their long companionship of more than half a century. Their home life was ideal, their children worthy scions of a worthy ancestry (both were descended from the cavalier settlers of Virginia). No man stood higher in the esteem of his fellows than Maj. Lemuel



MAJ. LEMUEL LONG.

Long. His sudden death occurred while on a visit to the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Orr, near Summer-town. A vigorous constitution had been his blessing through life; but when he began to decline, a faulty action of the heart gave anxiety to friends. When the Master's summons came, he "fell like autumn fruit that, mellowed long," had waited for the garnering. His body was brought back to the home for the last sad rites, and then borne in the midst of friends and laid to rest in historic old St. John's Churchyard at Ashwood beside his wife, who died a few years ago.

Five children are left with the memory of his life as a benediction: Miss Maude Long, Mrs. E. A. Orr, Mr. Jerome Pillow Long, of Memphis, Rev. Lemuel Long, of Centerville, and Hon. William Bethell Long, of Mt. Pleasant.

R. O. PERKINS.

R. O. Perkins, of Thayer, Mo., has gone before the great Captain to receive his promotion if found worthy. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity February 18, 1907. Comrade Perkins was reared near Marion, Ala., and when only fourteen joined the 8th Alabama Mounted Infantry. He leaves three sons, who reside at Columbus, Ga., fine sons of a Confederate veteran.

BIOGRAPHY OF REV. J. D. BARBEE, D.D.

A book has recently appeared from the press of the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., bearing the title of "Life and Memories of Rev. J. D. Barbee." (Smith & Lamar, Nashville. Publishers' price, \$1, postpaid.) This book is of more than ordinary interest as being the story of the life of a most remarkable man of the South. It will have a special interest also for veterans. Dr. Barbee, who was a young and vigorous man at the breaking out of the War between the States, was given a colonel's commission by the Confederate Secretary of War, Pope Walker, of Alabama, and authorized to raise a regiment. This he actually did, and was prevented from taking the field with his regiment only by reason of a prolonged attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which, lasting an entire year, brought him near to death. Recovering, he accepted the chaplaincy of another regiment, and in that capacity rendered services in various places.

Of the biography by Dr. Du Bose, Mr. John Leist Tait says:

"Dr. Du Bose is a graceful writer. He is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject. Himself one of the leading divines of his denomination, he comprehends more fully than the lay writer of even equal rhetorical facility could do the more spiritual and psychological phases of the work he undertook. . . .

"Those who knew Dr. Barbee require the panegyrics of no biographer to compel their admiration and win their love for this man of mighty power with God and man. He was an evident incarnation of earnestness of purpose, seriousness of conviction, and steadfastness of life. His was no wavering torch of faith, but a mighty beacon set upon a hill. His sense of duty never left him. His time was full, and there was no space in his life for the frivolous, the questionable, or the mean. His work as pastor of many of the leading Churches of the Middle South and as the executive head of the Publishing House at Nashville called for powers of mind and graces of spirit such as it is given the fewest to possess. There were days of gladness in his life, when his people rallied about him and vied in doing him honor. There were days of darkness, when falsehood and calumny assailed him. He was the same steadfast, unfaltering, lordly man and Christian. Neither puffed up by successes nor cast down by apparent defeat, he bided his Master's time with unwavering trust in the right, and lived to receive the acknowledgments of those who had at one time opposed him.

"He was a poor boy, a country boy. He grew to grace the homes of the wealthiest and to adorn the gatherings of the most deeply learned. He was studious by instinct. He was a logician born. He was possessed of that rarest quality of character and understanding—perfect poise. He was gifted as an orator and of princely presence. To know him was an inspiration. To have been closely associated with him, to have been permitted to enter into the secret places of his intimate life and to give out a record of these to the world, is a privilege for which Dr. Du Bose is more to be envied than he is for having produced even so delightfully written a volume."

On the appearance of this book a newspaper critic writes: "In this volume you have brought out the best book your House has ever issued. It is one of the finest biographies in the language, very sympathetic, yet a true picture of the man." It is a 12mo volume, beautifully bound in muslin crape, gold lettering and gold top, 243 pages. Price, postpaid, \$1. Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn., or Dallas, Tex. Rev. H. M. Du Bose, D.D., is the author of this book.

GEN. R. E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

The life-size painting of Gen. Robert E. Lee on Traveler, by Mrs. L. Kirby-Parrish, of Nashville, Tenn., is justly regarded as the most faithful and characteristic of all the portraits of the "great soldier and greater man." He appears here in his lovable character as a man of peace while President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. His famous war horse, Traveler, is painted from the only life photograph ever taken of him, and is a perfect likeness. At the solicitation of the Exposition authorities, this superb picture will have an honored place among the art treasures at Jamestown. Nothing could be more appropriate, for General Lee was not only one of the most illustrious sons of Virginia but he is recognized as a world character of the highest rank.

Photographs from this fine painting (copyrighted) are now on sale, and there is an increasing demand for them. Size 20x24 inches, \$3; size 12x15 inches, \$2. Mounted on best white card, with wide margins, ready for framing. Exact and beautiful reproductions of the portrait, large size, done in water color by the artist herself, are offered at 50c each. Order from CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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"Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee." Compiled and written by his son, R. E. Lee, Jr. Price, \$2.50.

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"Life of Stonewall Jackson." By Colonel Henderson. It is the best biography ever written of him. Price, \$4.

"Two Wars." By Gen. S. G. French. An autobiography of his life and services in the wars with Mexico and between the States. An interesting and valuable historical work. Price, \$2. This is a charming history of the Mexican War, and it is an indispensable part of the history of the great Confederate War.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War." By Gen. John B. Gordon. One of the most entertaining of all the books written on the war. Price, \$1.50.

"Life of Forrest." By Dr. John A. Wyeth, who followed Forrest as a boy, and writes from knowledge and admiration of the great "Wizard of the Saddle." Price, \$4.

Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Fannie Eoline Selph is to be congratulated upon the popularity of "Texas; or, The Broken Link," the book that she has advertised liberally in the VETERAN. She is soon to issue the third edition. The book has been liberally ordered in New York, Virginia, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Her native State of Mississippi honored her in having it placed in the State Library. It has also been placed in most of the leading Southern libraries and in some of the leading schools and universities of the South.

Dan W. Ward, of Juno, Ark., writes of having taken the watch of General Mouton when he found him dead on the battlefield of Mansfield, La., and a comrade, Eugene Kidd, took off the General's spurs. These were all turned over to General Mouton's hostler, who promised faithfully to deliver them to the wife. Mr. Ward also wants to hear from Kidd.



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Charles D. West, of Paragould, Ark., seeks to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, and would like to hear from any comrades who can testify in his behalf. He enlisted at Gainesboro, Jackson County, Tenn., in 1861 in Company E, 28th Regiment, under Capt. R. Brown and Colonel Murray, and served two years. He is now seventy-nine years old, and needs a pension.

J. L. Gregory, of Washington, Mo., asks any surviving members of Company K, 11th Texas Regiment, to communicate with him. He is especially anxious to hear from Maj. Granville Porter, of the commissary department, Col. Robert Hooks, commanding the brigade, Capt. B. Dolby, S. M. Knight, and William Greenhaw—all of Bowie County, Tex.

Mrs. A. A. Whitehurst, of Mexia, Tex., would like to hear from any one who knew John Gregory Whitehurst, who enlisted in the cavalry service and was then transferred to the infantry, serving throughout the Civil War. He entered the army from Arkansas or Tennessee.

On page 25 of the January VETERAN appears an article in regard to the Veterans of Portsmouth, Va., which is improperly designated as Norfolk. Friends of Adjutant Thomas Shannon, of Stonewall Camp, Portsmouth, will kindly not put upon him this error of the VETERAN office.

W. N. Shive, of Union City, Tenn., would like to open correspondence with any comrade of Company E, 19th Mississippi Regiment, A. N. V., who was with it in its last battle in front of Petersburg, Va., Sunday, April 25, 1865, immediately before the surrender.

Those who wish to fill out their file of the VETERAN may be able to get some copies from R. F. McGinty, of Fayette, Miss., who writes that he has back numbers from May, 1901, which he will dispose of. Write him of what you need and the cost.

Sam B. Dunlop, of DeKalb, Mo., will be pleased to hear from any army acquaintances, and especially any who were members of the 1st Missouri Battery.

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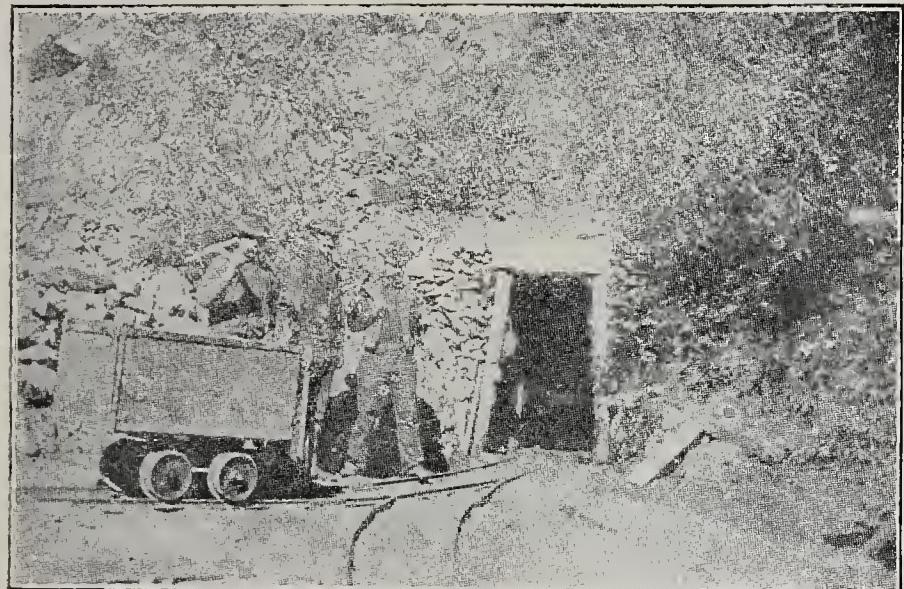
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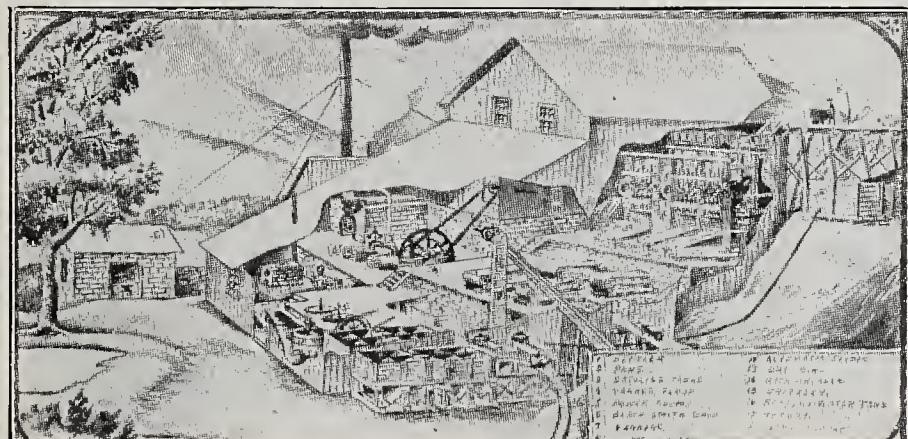
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Vol. 13

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1905

No. 5

Confederate Veteran.

R. D. L. C.



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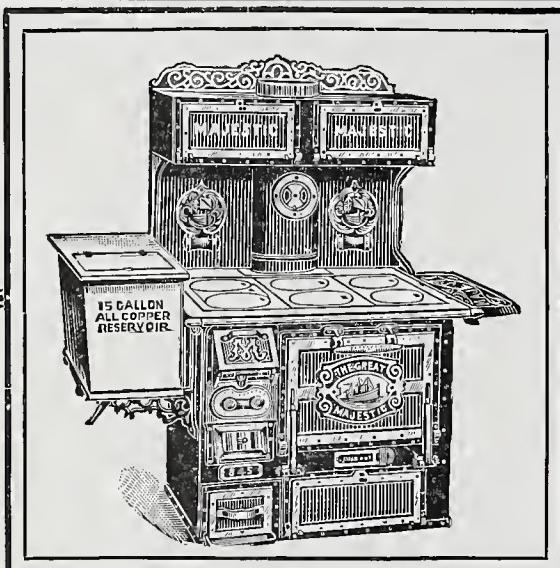
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1905.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

LOUISVILLE'S GREATEST REUNION.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE.

Louisville's citizens and the Confederates are in a contest, striving to surpass each other in arranging courtesies to be extended to the men who wore the gray when they meet in the lovely city on the falls of the Ohio June 14-16.

As a type of the gracious efforts, Dr. A. D. James, United States Marshal and one of the leading Republicans, gave a large room in the customhouse to be filled with cots for the Veterans, and added: "Send me eight old soldiers for me to entertain at my home." Hon. Charles F. Grainger,

MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE,

will have the city in its finest sanitary condition, and, in co-operation with Mr. John C. Lewis, the great dry goods merchant, Chairman of Illuminations and Decorations, will in due time have all the streets in the main section of the city bridged with banners, flags, and portraits. The business part

of the city will be lighted by arches, lit up by red and white electric lamps, and from each of which will be suspended in colors the name of some distinguished hero of our sacred cause.

AMPLE HEADQUARTERS

have been secured in close proximity to each other for every State. With twenty bands distributed in these headquarters, certainly there will be music enough and amusement enough for all who may come. Gen. Dozier Thornton, Chairman of States Headquarters, has subdivided his committee of two hundred into details who will provide for every possible convenience. The buffet lunch at each State headquarters will be a most attractive feature.

THE MAMMOTH HORSE SHOW BUILDING

erected by the Louisville Confederates for the 1900 reunion has been enlarged to double its former capacity, and is now the largest house in the State.

Surely when the survivors of the army of the Southern Confederacy gather in annual conclave next June in Louisville, they will find prepared for



Galt House, Headquarters.



Union Depot, Central Information Bureau,
Seventh Street, Near the River.



Louisville Trust Co. Building, Headquarters
Music, Parade, and Review Committees,
Fifth and Market Streets.



Shawnee Park, where Barbecue and Garden Party will be given.

Confederate Veteran.

them a round of entertainment measured in extent only by the time limit of the reunion. Each day sees a marked advance in the arrangement of affairs for the reunion, the recording of the approximate numbers that will attend, the securing of adequate accommodations for all, and the mapping out of pleasures and pastimes for these men who followed the flag of the South.

Mr. Breckinridge Castleman, with his fine committee of one hundred on entertainment, has planned a

BARBECUE IN SHAWNEE PARK

for ten thousand Veterans, followed by the English novelty—a garden party for sponsors, maids of honor, and friends. Then will come the gorgeous sponsors' ball in the horse show building, where fifteen thousand spectators can witness the most brilliant spectacle.

There will be something doing every hour during the reunion in the way of entertainment for the Veterans, except while they are asleep. Of course there is no desire to have anything to distract attention from the regular proceedings of the association, but these pleasures and recreations will be provided and will be at the disposal of the visitors. It will be a season of the year when Louisville is at its best. The parks will be open with

MYRIAD FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT,

and the theaters will be in full blast. In addition, excursions up and down the river will be arranged.

As is known to many, Louisville boasts of five beautiful parks, where nature has shown the handiwork of her happiest mood and man has added to increase the pleasures. These are Fountain Ferry, Shawnee, Cherokee, Jacobs, and Central Parks. They will be alive with the varied forms of entertainment found at such resorts.

The five theaters of the city will all have attractions during the reunion.

SEVERAL FOUR-DECK STEAMERS

from Cincinnati have been chartered for the reunion, and, in addition to the crafts here already, will be put into commission as pleasure boats, with frequent daily trips on the Ohio. Land excursions to various points of interest in and rear Louisville will also be arranged, important among which will be trips to the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Pewee Valley.

And all of this will be free to the visiting Confederate Veterans. Just as the gray they wear is their patent of nobility, so will the official reunion badge be passport and open sesame to everything within the gates of Louisville.

EACH VETERAN WILL REGISTER

when he arrives at his State headquarters, and will then receive his badge. From then until the reunion ends his needs for money will be few and far between.

Louisville is going to show the Veterans just how they are valued in the eyes of Kentuckians and, in fact, the whole South.

The official button for the reunion has been adopted. It will show a background of the Confederate flags with a portrait of Gen. John Cabell Breckinridge.

The committees in charge of this mighty meeting are:

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Nearly two thousand of the best people of Louisville are serving on the reunion committees. Among them are these:

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City Hall, Texas Headquarters, Jefferson and Fifth Streets.



Customhouse, where United States Marshal A. D. James will entertain, Fourth Street.

KENTUCKY'S GIFTS TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, REUNION PRESS COMMITTEE.

That Kentucky, in the War between the States, furnished the two Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, Northern, and Jefferson Davis, Southern, both natives of the State, is generally known, as is also the fact that a Kentuckian, Gen. Robert Anderson, of Louisville, was the officer in charge of Fort Sumter when the first gun of the great war was fired. But it is not widely known that Kentucky played a star part in the mighty drama which drew the greatest stream of blood that ever crossed the track of time.

The occasion of the Fifteenth National Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, June 14-16, is a fitting opportunity to emphasize some points indicating the prominent part played by Kentucky. Of the eight full generals, one-fourth were by birth Kentuckians—Albert Sidney Johnston and John B. Hood. The only full general killed on the field of battle was a Kentuckian, Albert Sidney Johnston. The only Southern Governor killed in battle was a Kentuckian—Gov. George W. Johnson, shot dead in the fight at Shiloh while he marched in the ranks carrying a musket. Of the seventeen lieutenant generals in the Confederate army, two were from Kentucky—Simon Bolivar Buckner and Richard Taylor, the latter the only son of the President of the United States, Zachary Taylor. He was born January 27, 1826, near Louisville, and brought up and educated in this city. This Kentuckian commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, the last to surrender. He won praise from every one; even Gen. Forrest said of him at Meridian: "He's the biggest one in the lot. If we'd had more like him, we would have licked the Yankees long ago." Gen. Taylor was brilliant in every way, and wrote the most thrilling book on the war, "Destruction and Reconstruction."

Of the eighty-one Confederate major generals, Kentucky furnished six: John C. Breckinridge, T. J. Churchill, George B. Crittenden, Charles W. Field, William Preston, and Gustavus W. Smith. One of these, Gen. Breckinridge, served the last part of the war as Secretary of War, and was the best-liked of all in the Cabinet of the Southern Confederacy. Gen. G. W. Smith, who preceded Gen. Breckinridge as Secretary of War, was also a Kentuckian.

The brigadier generals from Kentucky were: D. W. Adams, A. Buford, G. B. Cosby, B. W. Duke, R. M. Gano, Henry L. Giltner, J. B. Grayson, J. M. Hawes, N. W. Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm, George B. Hodge, Adam R. Johnson, Joseph H. Lewis, H. B. Lyon, H. Marshal, Sam B. Maxey, J. H. Morgan, Thomas H. Taylor, Lloyd Tilghman, J. S. Williams, and others.

As to the entire number of men enlisted in purely Kentucky commands it would be about 28,204. The regulations, which were not always complied with, required that a company should have seventy-eight men, including commissioned and noncommissioned officers. This would make the nine regiments and three battalions of infantry 7,692 men, the eighteen regiments and sixteen battalions of cavalry 17,200 men, and the four artillery companies 312 men. The bodyguards, escorts, scouts, signal corps, etc., were largely composed of men taken from the before-mentioned commands.

Owing to the loss of a large number of rolls, a positive statement cannot be given as to the number of troops of all arms contributed by Kentucky to the Confederacy. The number of Kentuckians who served in regiments from other States is known to be large, but there is no way of fixing

the number. It is to be deplored that complete records cannot be found. There went from Kentucky into the Confederate army nine full regiments and three battalions of infantry, as follows: 1st Kentucky Infantry, Col. Thomas H. Taylor; 2d Kentucky Infantry, Col. Roger W. Hanson; 3d Kentucky Infantry, Col. Lloyd Tilghman; 4th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Robert P. Trabue; 5th Kentucky Infantry, Col. John S. Williams; 6th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Joseph H. Lewis; 7th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Edward Crossland; 8th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Hylan B. Lyon; 9th Kentucky Infantry, Col. Thomas H. Hunt; 1st Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. Blanton Duncan; 2d Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. Martin H. Cofer; Desha's Battalion, Maj. Joseph Desha. These were merged into the other commands of infantry.

There went also eighteen regiments and fifteen other organ-



MISS CARRIE PEYTON WHEELER,
Daughter of Gen. Jos. Wheeler and Sponsor for the South, U. C. V.

izations of cavalry, as follows: 1st Kentucky, Col. Ben Hardin Helm; 2d Kentucky, Col. John Hunt Morgan; 2d Kentucky, Col. Thomas G. Woodward; 3d Kentucky, Col. J. Russell Butler; 4th Kentucky, Col. Henry L. Giltner; 5th Kentucky, Col. D. Howard Smith; 6th Kentucky, Col. J. Warren Grigsby; 7th Kentucky, Col. Richard M. Gano; 8th Kentucky, Col. Roy S. Cluke; 9th Kentucky, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge; 10th Kentucky, Col. Andrew J. May; 10th Kentucky, Col. David W. Chenault; 11th Kentucky, Col. Adam R. Johnson; 12th Kentucky, Col. W. W. Faulkner; 13th Kentucky, Col. Ben E. Candill; 14th Kentucky, Col. Richard C. Morgan; 15th Kentucky, Col. J. Q. Chenowith; 16th Kentucky, Col. L. A. Sypert; 1st Kentucky Battalion,

Lieut. Col. William E. Simms; 1st Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Col. O. G. Camron; 1st Kentucky Special Battalion, Col. William W. Ward; 2d Kentucky Battalion, Maj. Clarence J. Prentice; 2d Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Maj. Thomas Johnson; 2d Kentucky Battalion Special, Col. R. O. Morgan; 3d Kentucky Battalion Rifles, Lieut. Col. E. F. Clay; 3d Kentucky Battalion Special, Col. Joseph T. Tucker; 4th Kentucky Battalion Special, Maj. W. R. Messick; 6th Kentucky Battalion, Maj. George M. Jesse; King's Kentucky Battalion,



MRS. HENRY HEUSER, LOUISVILLE,
Chaperon for the South.

Maj. H. Clay King; Huey's Kentucky Battalion, Lieut. Col. J. K. Huey; Jenkins's Kentucky Battalion, Maj. B. W. Jenkins. Nearly all of these latter were later merged into other cavalry regiments. Patton's Partisan Rangers, Lieut. Col. O. A. Patton; Morehead's Partisan Rangers, Col. J. C. Morehead. There were also a few companies of cavalry on special service, such as Buckner's Guards, Quirk's Scouts, Quantrill's Scouts, Breckinridge's Signal Corps, etc. There were also Kentuckians in the regiments from all the Southern States. Ex-Speaker W. M. Moore was colonel of the 10th Missouri, and many Kentuckians were in Missouri regiments. Gen. Jo O. Shelby, recently deceased, was a member of the Kentucky Veterans' Association of Kentucky. There were also four full artillery companies, as follows: Cobb's Battery, Capt. Edward P. Byrne; Graves's Battery, Capt. Rice E. Graves; Lyon's Battery, Capt. H. B. Lyon.

It may be noticed that several regiments have the same number. This confusion existed almost throughout the war. There were two 5th Kentucky Infantry Regiments for several years. Finally it was decided that "Cerro Gordo" Williams's Regiment was senior, and then Col. Thomas H. Hunt's 5th Kentucky became the 9th Kentucky Infantry. The cavalry regiments were never entirely corrected. Cols. Chenault and Gano each claimed to be the 7th Kentucky Cavalry; but this was awarded to Col. Gano, and Col. Chenault's became the 11th Kentucky Cavalry.

As it was difficult to recruit the Kentucky regiments, and as their ranks were thinned out at every fight, many companies and regiments were consolidated; and when the war ended, there were not more than two full regiments of infantry and six regiments of cavalry remaining.

Kentuckians' blood was shed on the soil of every State. The last man killed in the war was a Kentuckian, a member of the Orphan Brigade, which was fighting April 29, 1865, near Statesburg, S. C., when the news came that both Lee and Johnston had surrendered late that evening. George Doyle, of Logan County, Ky., a private in the 9th Kentucky Infantry, was killed. He was, as his commander, Col. John W. Caldwell, reported, the last man who fell under the Confederate flag.



Seelbach Hotel, Newest and Finest Near Headquarters, Fourth Street.



Columbia Building, Headquarters Invitation Committee, Main and Fourth Streets.



Boys' High School, State Headquarters, 638 First Street.

Confederate Veteran.

The most notable command in the Army of Tennessee, the Orphan Brigade (1st Kentucky Brigade), has members buried near battlefields in thirteen States.

Although the members of the Orphan Brigade were very largely Kentuckians, there were some from other sections. Of the five thousand men and boys in the 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th Regiments and Cobb's Battery, which organizations composed the brigade, sixty-seven were foreign-born: England, Greece, Prussia, and Scotland, one each; Canada, two; France, three; Germany, thirteen (including Capt. Chris Bouche); Ireland, forty-three (one of whom, Hugh McVey, had been a British soldier in India). There were also some Indians—Flying Cloud and a Mohawk Indian. All the others were native Kentuckians, except ninety-eight, who came from eighteen States: Arkansas, New Jersey, West Virginia, one each; Alabama and Pennsylvania, two each; District of Columbia, Illinois, Louisiana, New York, Ohio, and South Carolina, three each (among these was Lieut. Henry Buchanan, of New York, and "Devil Dick," of Ohio); South Carolina, three (who joined in March, 1865); Indiana, five; Maryland, six; Georgia, Virginia, Missouri, seven (of the Georgians was Emory Spear, now the famous United States Judge Spear; of the Missourians was John Nichols, who carried the colors off Stone's River battlefield after three color bearers had been shot dead within thirty feet); Texas, nineteen; Tennessee, twenty-five. All classes of society were represented. The sunburned farmer's boy stood shoulder to shoulder with the star-crowned soldier who had swept over the fields at Mexico, and stormed the heights of Chapultepec. There were men from the mansions in the blue grass, marching with the mountain boys from the Kentucky highlands; there were men from ninety-one counties in line.

Gen. William Preston, who had been Minister to Spain and had gone around the world, called them "the rose and expectancy of the State." President Jefferson Davis: "They are the seed corn of the Southern Confederacy." The officers were worthy of such men. Buckner, who organized the brigade, was a wonderful West Pointer, and with a dozen other members had served in Mexico with credit. Breckinridge, their first commander, came almost from the White House. He had been Vice President of the United States and acting President. He turned his back on a six years' term in the United States Senate to head the Orphan Brigade. Then there were Gen. Hanson, the great orator and master of men; Helm, brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, from whom he had refused a general's commission in the United States army; Maj. Rice Graves and several West Pointers; Capt. Joe

Desha, who later declined the brigadier generalcy to remain with the Orphan Brigade; Col. Moss and a score more who served in Mexico; Judge Burns, who left the bench of the



MISS FRANCES T. HERNDON,
Sponsor for Paducah (Ky.) Camp.

circuit court; Gen. Joe Lewis, Capt. Phil Lee, Col. Cofer, favorites in their communities; Col. Clark, who had been captain of the National Blues; Maj. Hays, son-in-law of Gov. Helm; Capt. Monroe, who had been Mayor of Lexington, left the office of Secretary of State; the fighting Col. Robert D. Trabue (of thirty-five of his name, thirty-two came into the Southern army). Then there was Col. Hewett, son of the millionaire Hewett, whose firm, Hewitt, Norton & Co., had cotton warehouses in New Orleans, New York, and Liverpool. He resigned a captaincy in the 7th New York Regiment, the crack command of that city, to serve with the Orphans. Capt. Peter Daniels, honor graduate of Harvard University, came with him. Both were killed at Chickamauga. Col. Hewett was the finest dresser in the Southern Confederacy, and the most shocking sight I saw, Sunday morning at Chickamauga, was where he lay dead in the deep dust of the Chattanooga road, his rich red sash and splendid uniform smeared with blood and dust from the tramp of horses and men.

Last year I was down in Breckinridge County and visited the grave of Capt. Pete Daniels, and saw in his old home his sword hanging on the wall, and on the mantelpiece was his Harvard University society pin. A great historic figure in the brigade was Gov. George W. Johnson, who was sworn in as a private at the battle of Shiloh. It was a dramatic scene when the boy captain, Ben Monroe, with his naked sword in one hand and the other uplifted, swore the Governor in,



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

Helm, brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, from whom he had refused a general's commission in the United States army; Maj. Rice Graves and several West Pointers; Capt. Joe

A little later both were shot down, and the Governor died. There were with the brigade in that great fight Gen. John H. Morgan, then a captain, and Gen. Basil Duke, at that time a first lieutenant. They went out from the brigade, and naturally became famous fighters.

After the battle of Shiloh, Judge Walker, of New Orleans, wrote a pamphlet history of the brigade; and Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, who afterwards became brigade historian and fixed the fame of the brigade forever in the temple of glory, said that, no matter how the war ended, any man who served in the Orphan Brigade had a title to nobility. When we went to dedicate his monument at Frankfort, I confessed that at Louisville the boys had bragged about their deeds until they were tired, and the other people were tired also; but when that Yankee professor of Harvard University wrote his article in the *Century*, in which he said, "I have searched in vain the annals of ancient and modern warfare to find a body of soldiers who surpassed this Orphan Brigade," then we met at the *Courier-Journal* and resolved that all the lies we had been telling were true. Professor Shaler, in the article referred to, went into details, telling how the brigade marched out from Dalton with eleven hundred and forty men, and after one hundred days of fighting had eighteen hundred and sixty dead and wounded. (All the wounds, of course, were not counted—only wounds which sent a man to the hospital.) This was the official record given by Dr. Walter Bryne from the hospital records to Gen. Fayette Hewett, who furnished it to Professor Shaler. They tell of the great seven days' fight in Virginia; but think of the one hundred days' fight in this body of men who covered the retreat of Johnston's army, much of the time digging rifle pits almost every night on skirmish line or line of battle every day. There was almost a spray of blood in the atmosphere from Dalton to Atlanta.

When I was shot down on May 28 at Dallas, Ga., and left on the battlefield, afterwards carried to the old church and laid in a pew on a platform of cotton, then recaptured and sent to Atlanta, later to Macon, I found near there four Orphan Brigade doctors. The Orphan Brigade had singularly successful surgeons. Dr. David W. Yandell was Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's medical director, Dr. S. M. Bemis became assistant director of hospitals, Dr. Preston B. Scott medical director of the Alabama and Mississippi Department; then there was that array of splendid surgeons, Byrne, Bryson, Brunson, Brookin, Dodge, Dudley, W. Duke, Eckford, Foreman, Gore, Hester, Mann, Marshall, Mathews, Newberry, Pendleton, Rutherford, Sanders, John O. Scott, Alf

and Hugh Smith, Stevenson, Thomas, Thompson, Vertrees, Wible, and Yanaway.

Great as was the soldier service by Kentucky for the South, there was one Kentuckian whose work was such that President Davis said it was worth that of a general. This worker

was Walter N. Haldeman, Esq., of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, who was offered a commission as an officer, but later was asked also to act as news purveyor; and accordingly he arranged a news route from Evansville, Ind., through the lines to himself, and he furnished President Davis all the news from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, and other Western papers. These were declared by the President to be most valuable. Often news of contemplated movements in Virginia came to Richmond by way of Kentucky.

A partial list of engagements between the Confederate and Federal forces in Kentucky, arranged chronologically, is as follows:

1861.—October 23, Hodgenville; November 9, Ivy Mountain; November 17, Rowlett's Station; December 5-8, Russellville.

1862.—January 7, Jennie's Creek; January 8, Fishing Creek; January 14, Columbus; January 19, 20, Mill Springs; January 24-30, Piketon; February 14, 15, Bowling Green; March 2, 3, Columbus; March 25, Paducah; May 11, Cave City; June 6, Tompkinsville; June 11, Monterey; July 12, Lebanon; July 17, Cynthiana; July 19, Paris; July 29, Mt. Sterling; July 19, Russellville; August 26, Danville; August 30, Richmond; September 12, Glasgow; September 14-21, Munfordville; September 18, Florence; September 19, 20, Owensboro; September 27, Augusta; September 30, Russellville; September 30, Glasgow; October 4, Bardstown; October 6-8, Perryville; October 10, Harrodsburg; October 11, Danville; October 14, Lancaster; October 17, Lexington; October 28, Williamsburg; October 31, Morgantown; November 6, Hopkinsville; November 8, Burkesville; December 24, Glasgow; December 26, Nolin; December 27, Elizabethtown; December 28-31, Muldraugh's Hill; December 31, New Market.

1863.—January 3, Columbus; February 23, Athens; March 2, Mt. Sterling; March 11, Paris; March 22, Mt. Sterling; March 24-26, Danville; March 30, Somerset; April 15, Pike-



W. N. HALDEMAN.



Courthouse, Headquarters for Florida and Pacific Division.



Kentucky Blind School, North Side Frankfort Avenue, East of State.



Girls' High School, Headquarters Ladies' Memorial Association, Hill and Fifth Streets.

Confederate Veteran.

ton; April 26-29, Celina; April 28, Howe's Ford; May 1, Monticello; May 13, Woodburn; May 24-26, Danville; June 8, Glasgow; June 8-10, Burkesville; June 9, Rocky Gap; June 9, Monticello; June 16, Triplett's Brigade; June 16, Maysville; June 28, Russellville, June 29, Columbia; July 1-26, Morgan's Ohio Raid; July 4, Green River Bridge; July 5, Bardstown; July 7, Shepherdsville; July 16-18, Paducah; July 28, Lexington; July 28, Richmond; July 29, Paris; July 31, Lancaster; August 1, Hickman; August 18, Crab Orchard; September 11, Greenville; September 28, Columbus; October 6, Glasgow; November 30, Salyersville; December 1-10, Mt. Sterling; December 5-10, Columbia.

1864.—January 4, Creelsboro; February 8, Barboursville; February 22, Mayfield; March 6, Columbus; March 30, Moscow; April 14, Paducah; April 19, Pound Gap; May 9, Pound Gap; May 20, Mayfield; June 8, 9, Mt. Sterling; June 10, Frankfort; June 10, Lexington; June 11, Cynthiana; July 5, Lebanon; July 13-15, Big Spring; August 1, Bardstown; August 14, 15, Mayfield; August 23, Canton; August 27, Owensboro; September 2, Union City; September 25, Henderson; October 15, Glasgow; October 17, Eddyville; October 21, Harrodsburg; November 5, 6, Big Pigeon River; December 6, Hopkinsville; December 24, Elizabethtown; December 31,

1865.—January 15, Mt. Sterling; January 19, Big Spring; January 29, Danville; March 25, Glasgow; April 13-16, Lexington; April 18, Taylorsville.

After it was all over, the government gathered its soldiers' bones into national cemeteries; and, as Col. Young in his Baltimore speech suggested, after searching the libraries of the centuries, selected for inscription the lines written by Capt. Theodore O'Hara, of the Orphan Brigade:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

And so it will be seen that Louisville and Kentucky played "star parts" in the unsurpassed struggle of 1861-65.

RAILROAD RATES TO THE REUNION.

The Southeastern Passenger Association has authorized the sale of excursion tickets to Louisville, on account of the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion, at one cent per mile in each direction—short-line-distance tickets to be sold from June 10 to 13, inclusive; from points beyond a radius of five hundred miles from Louisville, from June 12 to 15, inclusive; also for trains scheduled to arrive in Louisville before noon of the 16th from points within a radius of five hundred miles of Louisville, final limit to leave Louisville returning, June 19, subject to extension of final limit to July 10 upon payment of fee of fifty cents to the joint agent at Louisville.

The Central Passenger Association, at a meeting held on the 12th inst., concurred in the recommendation of the Louisville Passenger Committee to sell tickets from Cincinnati at \$2.50, from Evansville at \$2.85, and from St. Louis at \$6.50, offering the rate from St. Louis to Missouri lines for basing purposes. Dates of sale, June 14 to 15; limit of tickets, June 17—except that limits of tickets from and through St. Louis will be extended to July 10 upon payment of fee of fifty cents to joint validating agent at Louisville.

Also tickets to be sold June 14 and 15, limited to June 17, at one fare for the round trip, from the following described territory:

Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad: Washington and Osgood, Ind., and intermediate points.

Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville Railway (Monon Route): Bedford, Ind., and intermediate points.

Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway (Big Four Route): Greensburg, Ind., and intermediate points.

Pennsylvania Co.: Columbus, Ind., and intermediate points. Southern Railway: Princeton, Ind., and intermediate points.

IMPORTANT REUNION INFORMATION.

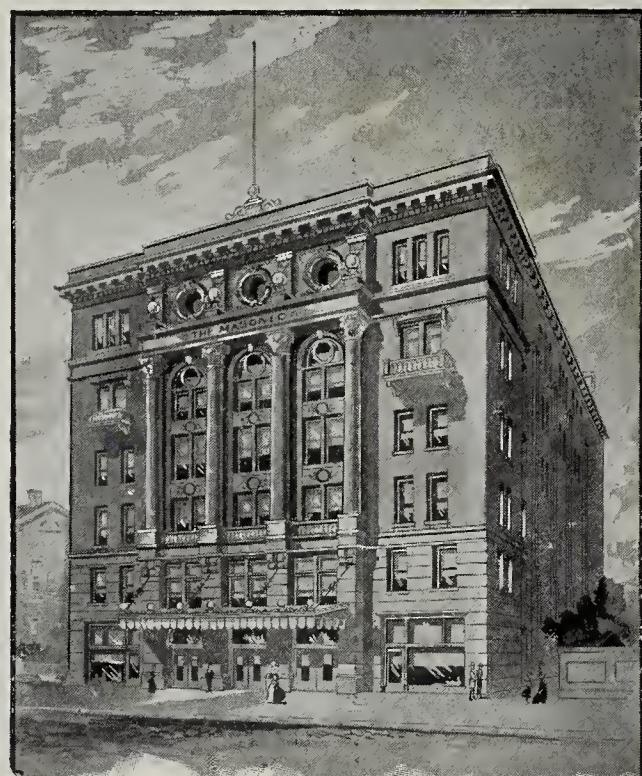
The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Louisville, Ky., will have a place for headquarters during the reunion (June 14-16) in Louisville. All visiting Daughters are requested to come to this headquarters (southwest corner Fourth and Chestnut Streets) and register names, Chapter names, and home and city addresses. This will enable the Louisville women to show the guests every possible courtesy. The Louisville papers will publish the list registered each day, and visitors from different States may meet each other.

MRS. JOHN WOODBURY,
Recording Secretary A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C.

TRIBUTE TO LOUISVILLE FROM MISSOURI.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Salmon, of Clinton, Mo., commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., pays this tribute to Louisville: "No city in all the Southland is better prepared to receive and care for our old veterans than is the beautiful, historic city of Louisville. Its citizens are progressive, warm-hearted, and hospitable; and your Commander not only requests the attendance of every Missouri Confederate soldier, but urges them to take this opportunity to meet and mingle with old comrades whom they may never again see this side of the Great River."

The post office address of W. R. Sims, who attended the Dallas reunion, is desired. Kindly inform the VETERAN.



THE MASONIC BUILDING,
Chestnut near Fourth Street, General Amusement Headquarters.

FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS AT THE REUNION.

OFFICIAL NOTICE IN REGARD TO THE PARADE.

All veterans of Gen. N. B. Forrest's Cavalry Corps have been invited by Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding Confederate Veterans, to appear mounted in a body in parade at the approaching reunion. It is requested that all officers who purpose to attend will report in writing at the earliest practicable moment to Col. C. W. Anderson, Adjutant General, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and the number of men they will have in attendance, that arrangements may be made for mounting them. We learn that horses can be had in Louisville at four dollars each for the parade.

By order of Gen. D. C. Kelley, commanding Forrest's Veteran Cavalry Corps.

C. W. ANDERSON, *Adjutant General.*

REUNION PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY.

John Hess Leathers was born April 27, 1841, in Middleway, Jefferson County, Va., educated in the country school, and began clerking in a store; later he went to Louisville, Ky., and entered upon a business career, which was broken off by the war, at the beginning of which he went to Virginia and enlisted in Company D, 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's Brigade. He served with great credit, was complimented by Gen. R. E. Lee, and promoted to sergeant major of the regiment. He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, was captured in the battle of the Wilderness May 12, 1864, and was kept a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., almost till the war was over.

When peace came, Maj. Leathers accepted an invitation from his Louisville friends and returned to Kentucky, became a commercial traveler, and was soon promoted to a partnership in the firm. It became Tapp, Leathers & Co., clothing manufacturers. For a third of a century it has held the highest rank. Maj. Leathers, having a host of friends, was induced about ten years ago to become cashier of the Louisville National Banking Company, a leading financial institution.

For a quarter of a century Maj. Leathers has been a leader or an important factor in benevolent, charitable, fraternal, or religious movements. He was one of the founders of, and one of the largest subscribers to, the Louisville Charity Organization; also of the Humane Society. For twenty-five years he has been Treasurer of the Masonic Grand Lodge, and for many years has served with singular success as President of the Industrial School of Reform. More than once he has declined strong solicitations to make the race for Mayor of Louisville.

Having assisted in all the earlier Confederate organizations, when the Confederate Association of Kentucky was formed, in 1888, he was made Vice President, and served until the death of Judge George B. Eastin. In 1894 he became President, and, except for a rest of two years, has been President ever since. When the Association federated with the United Confederate Veterans, taking the name of George B. Eastin Camp, 803, he was made Brigadier General, commanding the 3d Kentucky Brigade. After a few years' service as such commander, he resumed the presidency of the Confederate Association of Kentucky.

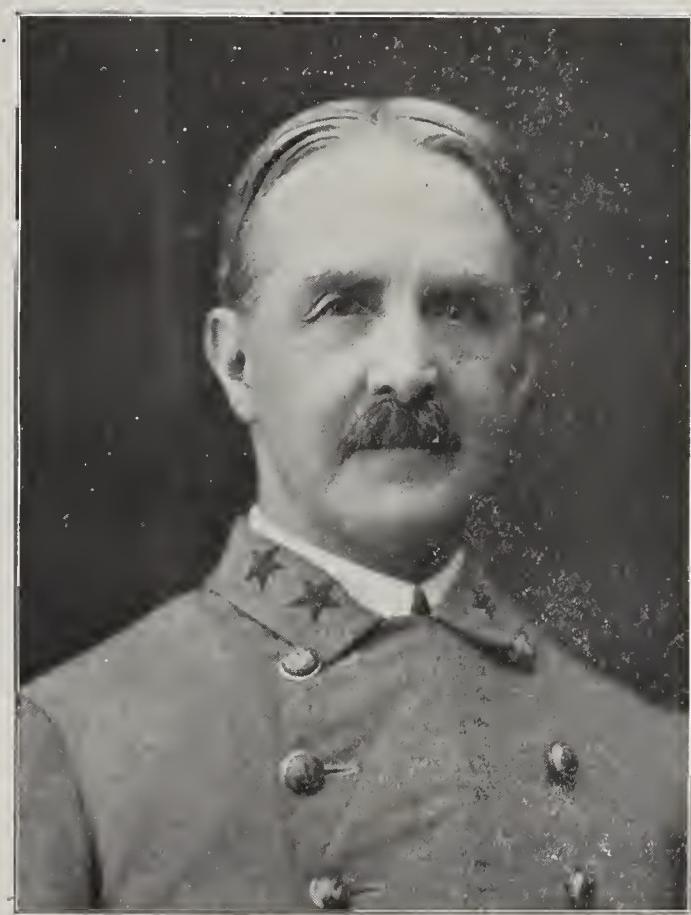
With much entreaty, he was prevailed upon to serve as President of the Reunion Executive Committee, in which position his efforts have contributed the most to make the important occasion a success.

Chairman Leathers has probably given more money to good causes and caused more people to join him in giving than any other man in Louisville, of which city he is probably the best-beloved man.

Not long after coming to Louisville Maj. Leathers was happily married to the accomplished Miss Kate Armstrong, and they reside with their interesting family at 415 W. Ormsby Avenue.

PRESS COMMITTEE'S CHAIRMAN, THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Thomas DeCoursey Osborne, Chairman of Reunion Press Committee and Secretary of Executive Committee, also Orphan Brigade Association, was born near Owenton, Owen County, Ky., November 8, 1844, son of Lee Byrd Osborne and grandson of Lieut. Bennett Osborne, of the Revolutionary army. The family removed to Louisville when Thomas D. was three years old. He was educated in the city schools and



THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was first lieutenant of the cadets at the opening of the war. He assisted his father in service for the Confederate government, and in February, 1863, enlisted in Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, and was in every battle up to May 28, 1864, when he was shot down and left on the battlefield at Dallas, Ga. He was in the hospitals at Atlanta, Macon, and Augusta until he was honorably retired by the Army Board, in 1865 at Augusta, Ga.

Since 1868 he has been more or less engaged in newspaper work, as owner or writer. He has also been prominent in Church and fraternal affairs.

On September 1, 1870, he married Miss Christina C. Ray, daughter of Col. William R. Ray, and with his family lives in the Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

RALLY FOR THE REUNION.

It will seen that a great deal has been said in this VETERAN about Kentucky and the Confederacy. The coming reunion at Louisville gives increased interest to this feature, while the history of itself deserves the most durable record.

The magnanimity of spirit in which the great public of Louisville is arranging to make this reunion a success is a matter of congratulation to all Confederates, whether or not they may be able to attend.

The editor of the VETERAN is enthusiastic over the assurance that this sentiment will give such success this year to the gathering that the result will be productive of lasting benefits. Some mistakes are apt to be made, as is always the case; some misfortunes in the management which might have been remedied if the committees had known better beforehand. For instance, there are quite certain to be extortions on the part of some who will take advantage of opportunities; but Louisville is a large city, and the sincere esteem of her people for the coming guests will prevent such to a greater degree than has occurred elsewhere. The feature of promise and happiness at Louisville is in the thorough great-heartedness of the leaders in their zeal to make this reunion a success without selfish aggrandizement. There will be no keys for guests, but the gates of the city will be open and there will be no latches to pull. So intent are the people in making the event in every way great that they anticipate ideal weather, and they believe the elements will give joy in June.

FORREST MONUMENT—COPY OF INVITATION.

The Forrest Monument Association request the honor of your presence at the unveiling and dedication of the statue and monument erected in memory of the great Southern chieftain, Lieut. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, on Tuesday, the 16th of May, 1905, at Memphis, Tenn.

Committee of Invitation: H. M. Neely, Chairman; G. W. Macrae, Hunsdon Cary.

Board of Directors: Gen. S. T. Carnes, President; Gen. George W. Gordon, Vice President; James E. Beasley, Treasurer; Judge J. P. Young, Secretary; Hon. Thomas B. Turley, Capt. H. M. Neely, George W. Macrae, S. A. Pepper, I. F. Peters, J. W. Clapp, W. A. Collier, W. P. Eckles, J. M. Goodbar, Col. W. F. Taylor, Hunsdon Cary, Capt. W. B. Mallory, Gen. A. R. Taylor.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY WAS AT SHILOH.—Commenting upon a statement by some writer in the VETERAN that Morgan's Cavalry was not at Shiloh, Gen. Basil W. Duke said that the circumstances were such that he couldn't forget it. A detachment of Morgan's Cavalry was charging upon a solid line of infantry when the men next to him, on each side, were each shot through the heart, his horse was shot through the mouth, and he was shot through both shoulders. Another account of this extraordinary charge is anticipated, with sketches of the two gallant Kentuckians who were instantly killed, as mentioned.

THE RETURN OF OUR BATTLE FLAGS.

The graceful action of a Republican Congress in returning to the Southern States the Confederate flags is doing more to obliterate any lingering feeling of harshness that may have existed between the veterans of the contending armies than any measure of national character that has been passed since the surrender of the Confederate forces.

Of the one hundred and ninety-eight captured flags that have been identified, sixty-three belong to Virginia, thirty-one to North Carolina, twenty-four to Georgia, fourteen to Alabama, five to Arkansas, seven to Florida, one to Kentucky, eight to Louisiana, eighteen to Mississippi, two to Missouri, fourteen to South Carolina, seven to Tennessee, and four to Texas.

There are a number of other flags in the possession of the government that cannot be identified as belonging to any State. It has been suggested that these be turned over to the U. C. V. Association to be displayed at their annual reunions, when most of them, doubtless, would be identified by some of the attending Veterans.

The VETERAN for June will be illustrated beautifully. A large number of copies will be distributed at the Louisville reunion. It will be an exceptionally good issue for advertising, and of those who act upon this suggestion request is made for as early receipt of copy as practicable.

Sample copies of the VETERAN are being sent to ex-soldiers of the Union army in the hope that they may incline to subscribe. Some of this class have been patrons of the publication since its beginning, and assurance of their satisfaction and good will induces this venture.

The reunion headquarters for the VETERAN are to be in or near the Galt House. Specific note may be expected in the June issue, to appear very early in the month.

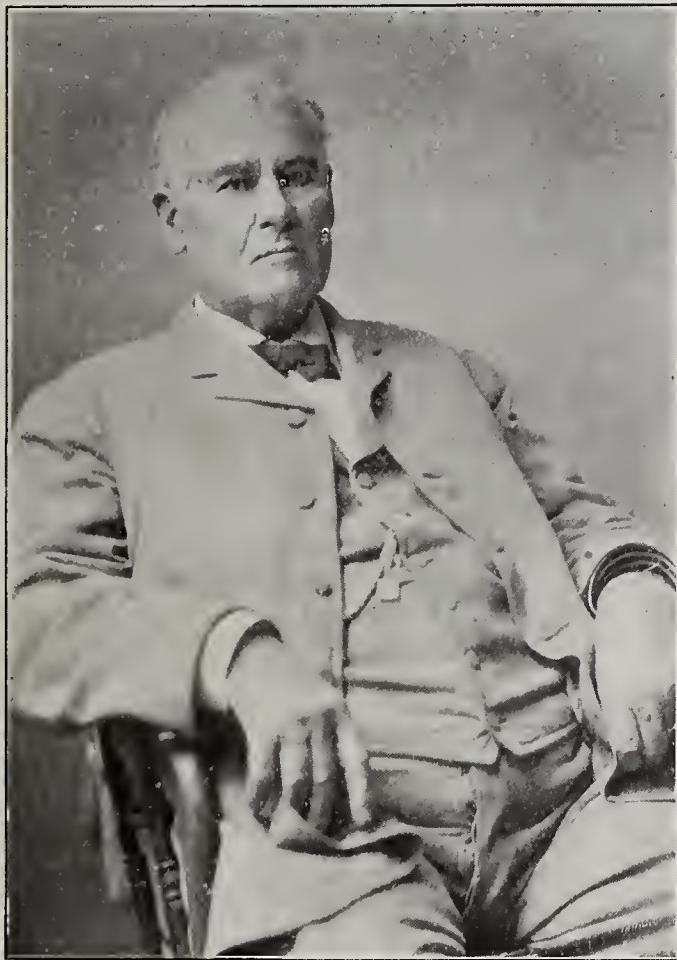
The diligence of friends in behalf of the VETERAN is occasion for sincerest gratitude. The coöperation of all who are friendly to the VETERAN would bring results beyond the conception of those who don't realize that it covers an area broader than the South.

GEN. BASIL W. DUKE AND THE PRESIDENT AT LOUISVILLE.—On the occasion of the President's recent reception in Louisville the Confederate escort was composed of ex-soldiers in service and U. C. V. of all ranks. This goodly company was commanded by a war captain; but his command had a "sprinklin'" of old-time officers, intermixed with the starred and "chicken fixings," uniformed men of newly acquired rank. Maj. L., acting orderly sergeant, in the spirit of fun, told Gen. Duke that if he talked or broke ranks he would promptly be sent to the guardhouse. The procession halted in front of a hotel, and the President recognized his old friend, Gen. Duke, and seemed to expect the General to greet him at the carriage, but the soldierly General made no move to so acknowledge the recognition. A little later in the hotel parlor the friends met, and Gen. Duke said: "Mr. President, I hope you will pardon my not saluting you out in the street, but our orderly threatened me with the guardhouse if I broke ranks or spoke." "That's right, sir; that's right," responded the President, following up the speech with the customary cordial smile.

A MONUMENT TO HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

For nearly three years the John H. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., of Palestine, Tex., has been engaged in raising funds for the erection of a monument to Judge Reagan. Mrs. D. J. Price, President of the Chapter, in a circular issued since the death of Judge Reagan, states: "The time is now ripe to complete this work." It was first the intention of Mrs. Price's Chapter of U. D. C. to build this monument themselves, and for this purpose had raised a fund of eight hundred dollars toward the amount desired; but now, since the death of Judge Reagan, they feel that an opportunity to contribute toward the monument to this honored and beloved Confederate should be offered to his friends and admirers throughout the South.

The monument will be erected in his home city, Palestine, on a plot of ground that has been donated by the city for the purpose. The figure will be life-size on a pedestal of Texas granite. All contributions should be sent to the Palestine National Bank, Palestine, Tex.



FROM LAST PICTURE OF JUDGE REAGAN.

The above is the last picture of the late Judge Reagan. It represents him in a suit of Confederate gray that he had made to wear to the reunion in New Orleans in 1903. It was a color dear to his heart, as were the memories that clustered around it. It was the last suit he ever wore; and when attacked with his fatal illness, the doctor who had been summoned helped his devoted wife to divest him of his Confederate gray forever.

The true greatness of a man can be measured only after death closes his record and life's battlefield is looked over. To the biographer of Judge Reagan his life will present a

continual series of brilliant triumphs, from youth to venerable age, in all that stamps a man with greatness. Armed with only his native ability, unswerving integrity, and a magnificent moral and physical courage that knew no defeat, he entered life's struggle and won many high honors.

GEN. WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE.

Hon. W. P. Tolly, the first captain of the first company to serve the Confederacy from Tennessee, furnished, by resolution of Turney Bivouac, U. C. V., Winchester, a tribute to the late Gen. Bate, from which the following is taken:

"Resolved, That Turney Bivouac, No. 13, U. C. V., do hereby add their tribute of respect to the distinguished memory of the late Gen. William B. Bate as a part of the general expression of sorrow that went up from all parts of the State and from all loyal Tennesseeans when the sad announcement came of his death, which took place in the city of Washington on the 9th of March, 1905.

"William Brimage Bate died as he had lived, at his post of duty. He had taken the oath of office and entered upon his fourth term as a Senator in the United States Congress from the State of Tennessee. His entire life, from his boyhood to a ripe age, was spent in the service of his country, with only brief intervals. He served his country as a private soldier in the war with Mexico while yet in his teens, and soon after attaining his majority he was elected from one of the leading counties of the State to the Legislature; then he was elected attorney for the State in one of the leading judicial circuits. He was a presidential elector for the Hermitage District in 1860.

"In 1861 he was among the first to enlist as a private in the ranks of Southern patriots who sprang to arms in defense of their homes, their families, and their all. He was at once made captain of his company, which became a part of the 2d Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and he was elected colonel of it. In the battle of Shiloh (April, 1862) he won his spurs as a brigadier general. He was equally conspicuous for determined courage on other sanguinary fields, and rose by dint of faithful and efficient service to the rank of major general in that great war. He was faithful to the last, and surrendered his high commission with the Army of Tennessee at Bentonville, N. C.

"As Governor of Tennessee, to which position he was elected in 1882 and re-elected in 1884, as well as United States Senator, he displayed the same fidelity to duty he had exhibited as a soldier. He was exceptionally scrupulous, honest, and always clean-handed. He addressed himself directly to the people for his support in his laudable ambition to serve them. He was indeed a true and genuine commoner.

"No veteran of the great war in which he served so conspicuously was truer to his comrades. Their interest and their welfare were the objects of his closest attention. His championship, only a few years before the close of his splendid career, of the refunding to the soldiers of the Confederate armies of pay for their horses and their accoutrements taken from them in violation of the terms of surrender was only one of many illustrations of his devotion to his comrades. Confederate veterans everywhere mourn their loss. He was the last of Tennessee's great leaders of the memorable struggle for Southern rights and Southern honor, excepting alone Gen. A. P. Stewart. We have but the gallant and gifted George W. Gordon, Major General Tennessee Division, U. C. V., left of those who bore the rank of general."

OTHER TRIBUTES TO THE LATE GEN. W. B. BATE.

Of the many beautiful and appropriate tributes that have been paid to the distinguished and venerable Senator Bate, none are more expressive of the man than the following from a friend in California: "Full of years, crowned with honors, his whole life a noble river bearing on its bosom argosies of good deeds, like the full ripe sheaf he was ready for the harvester. How beautiful and simple was his life, grand in its simplicity! How sweet and fragrant is his memory! His life and character were models of excellence that few will ever attain and none surpass."

Col. E. J. Harvie, of Washington, who was a gallant Confederate officer, holding many responsible positions (one of which was chief of staff to Gen. J. B. Hood while in command of the Army of Tennessee), and who knew much of Gen. Bate as United States Senator, wrote of him: "He was typical of the Old South, full of truth, zeal, and fidelity. I always went to him when I needed advice or wanted influence. I had no better friend in Washington. He was truly the representative of the section he hailed from—high-bred and chivalrous, an example of all manly virtues. . . . I liked him best as a Confederate officer. When bullets were flying and blood flowing, he was always on the firing line. I saw much of him in those days. Honored as he was as Governor and as Senator since the war, his star was brightest in his efforts to establish the Southern Confederacy."

It has been impracticable to print a tithe of the tributes to him and to the South's beloved John H. Reagan.

SHARPSHOOTERS REQUESTED TO ASSEMBLE.

Attention! Surviving members of Rodes-Ramseur-Grimes Division Line Sharpshooters, A. N. V.! Comrades: Your old commander on the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, on which to a man you illustrated Southern chivalry, sends you greetings. He hopes that a gracious Providence will spare him for active participation in the reunion at Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905, and he suggests a distinct assemblage of his old command at a specific hour at some point to be designated in the VETERAN for June. He desires that the survivors adopt such measures as may seem best for organization and for future meetings. Comrades, open correspondence at once with the undersigned, giving suggestions on the subject herein indicated.

P. H. LAREY, *Berry, Polk County, Ga.*

THE BELOVED JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

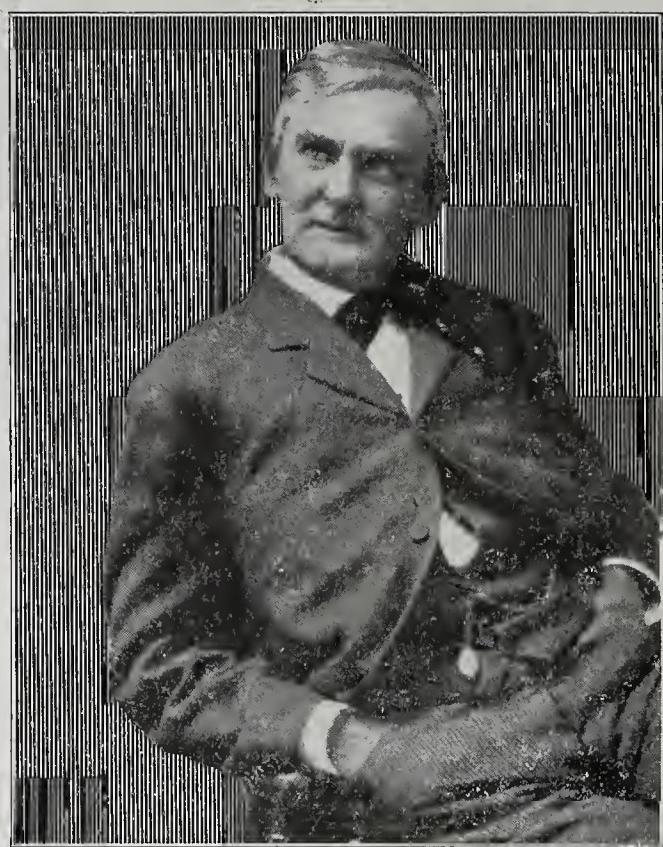
A more popular man of the stage never lived, perhaps, than Joseph Jefferson. Admiration was intermingled with genuine affection. Millions who never had the joy of his childlike sweetness of character truly loved him.

Mr. Grover Cleveland paid a tribute to him, saying:

"It is difficult for me to speak of Mr. Jefferson. He was closely my friend. His delightful traits were so manifest to me in confidential intimacy, and my love for him so great, that his death caused me to feel like a mourner whose sorrow should be silent.

"All knew my friend's professional supremacy. Many knew how zealously he defended dramatic art and how completely he illustrated the importance of its cleanliness; many knew how free he was from hatred, malice, and all uncharitable-ness; but fewer knew how harmoniously his qualities of heart and mind and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere, and God-fearing man.

"I believe that in death he has reached a world where the mercy of God abounds, and I know that in the world of men



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

the sadness of his loss will be felt the most by those who knew him best."

This picture of Mr. Jefferson is copied from one that he liked very much, so expressing himself when presenting it to the editor of the VETERAN about two years ago.

STORY OF A KNIFE FOUND IN A TREE.—A remarkable story is revealed by the finding of a pocketknife in a large tree near Camden, Tenn. About a year after the beginning of our great war a Col. Lowe's regiment of Federals was stationed there, and his men arrested Courice Pavatt, aged twenty-five years, who lived there with his mother. Pavatt was charged with being one of a band of guerrillas. He had escaped, but was captured and had been tied to a tree in the woods, when one of the Federal soldiers, in sympathy, was in the act of liberating him with the knife in question. He artfully concealed the knife in the hollow snarl of a tree. Pavatt was shot dead. The Nashville *American* concludes a sketch of the event: "The knife which so nearly saved Pavatt was forgotten, and as the tree flourished and grew the metal was hidden from view. When the saw struck^e the hard substance, an examination led to its discovery, and it was hewed out and taken to Camden. The story became known, and to-day its true history is told by reliable old citizens. The Federal who attempted to save Pavatt's life remained in Camden many months, being left there sick. It was reported after he left there that he joined the Confederate army and was killed by a shell from a gunboat near Danville."

Mr. D. Eldredge, Historian of the Third New Hampshire, No. 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., wishes to correspond with some Confederate who has a view or plan, or both, of the Poplar Town Prison, Petersburg, Va.

A BAREFOOTED BOY DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS, LOUISVILLE.

The war between the North and South furnishes us, on both sides of that terrible conflict, thousands of examples of courage and bravery unexcelled in the history of the world. The heroes of that war were not confined to the men who held high positions. There were heroes whose names have never been mentioned, and who in thousands of instances fill unknown graves; but they were none the less heroes.

The incident I am about to relate is a true one, and furnishes an illustration of courage and daring unsurpassed in any war. During the fall and spring of 1861 and 1862, when Stonewall Jackson's army was in camp at Winchester, both armies had been busy after the battle of Bull Run in recruiting and preparing for the conflict which both sides knew would be a long and bloody one. The North was aroused and amazed at the defeat at the battle of Bull Run. Thus the men of the North and millions of money were brought into requisition to stamp out the rebellion. The South, on the other hand, rose to a man, and we might add to a woman, in defense of their homes and what they believed to be their rights. The flower of the youth of the Shenandoah Valley flocked to Stonewall Jackson. "The common people" also came with the same patriotic impulse to join his forces, and among these many sturdy sons of the mountains of Virginia.

Among them was a young mountaineer by the name of Jo Ersom. Jo was a boy about nineteen years of age, about "six foot" tall, as straight as an arrow, with big black eyes, dark complexion, and long, straight black hair, looking half Indian. He was dressed as a mountaineer and barefooted. He had never been to school a day in his life, and had never worn shoes except in the roughest winter weather. From his appearance, the boys, who were always ready to give every one a nickname that seemed to suit, dubbed him "Killoola," and he went by that name all through the war.

At first he was imposed upon by the other soldiers who had been in the war long enough to learn a thing or two, and he was made the "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for the entire company, which he bore without a murmur. He drilled along with the company, and soon filled his place as a member in the ranks. In the battle of Kernstown, four miles above Winchester, in a terrific little fight between Jackson and Shields, Jo received his first baptism of fire, and he behaved so splendidly that he at once earned the confidence and respect and affection of the entire command. From that day on he was known as a brave soldier.

It is known to those who are familiar with the history of the war that after the defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville Lee immediately prepared for the invasion of Pennsylvania, and sixty days after the battle of Chancellorsville the great struggle at Gettysburg took place.

Before starting out on the campaign Gen. Lee endeavored to provide his army with the best arms and equipments he could obtain, and as far as possible with new clothing. Many of these new things he managed to get through the blockade from England, and among other things thus brought through was a splendid lot of English army shoes, which were distributed through the army to those who most needed them. Jo, who rarely ever wore shoes at all because his feet did not suit shoes, drew a pair of these English army shoes, of which he was very proud. He could wear them only a little while at a time, but he would not sell them for

love or money; and on the march from Virginia to Gettysburg he would wear them until his feet commenced to hurt, then he would take them off and go barefooted, carrying his shoes on his gun, and then put them on again, and so on until the army reached Gettysburg.

It is known to those who are familiar with the history of the war that both in the first and second day's fight at Gettysburg the Confederates drove everything before them. It was in the first day's fight that poor Jo lost his life. Jackson's corps, then commanded by Gen. Ewell, advanced upon the enemy, who had intrenched themselves on the crest of a long and rocky hill. Jo was in the ranks of his company, and started in this charge with his shoes on. After the line advanced through a wheat field some quarter of a mile or more, he began to lag behind, and, finding that, with the quickening pace of the men who were then about ready to charge, he could not keep pace with them, he stopped, took off his shoes, tied them together with the leather shoe strings and threw them across his left arm, and hurried forward over the rough and stony ground barefooted to regain his place in the ranks. As the enemy's skirmish line was broken, the order was given for the Confederates to charge the breastworks of the Federals on the crest of the hill some four hundred yards distant. The charge was made with the terrific yell of the Confederates and met by the galling fire of the Federals, who were waiting for the charge; and when the smoke of the battle cleared away, the Confederates occupied the position the Federals had been driven from. Among the dead lying on the very top of these earthworks was poor Jo Ersom, barefooted, and his shoes lying across his left arm. This poor, untutored mountain boy had given all he had to give to his country—his young life's blood.



CAPT. JOHN H. LEATHERS.
President Louisville Confederate Reunion Committee.

THIRD ARKANSAS AND RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

BY W. P. JOHNSON, MALVERN, ARK.

Comrade J. B. Minor, of New York, in reporting what he terms a "little incident" in the February issue of the *VETERAN*, which occurred during Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and the novel method of our gallant Col. R. S. Taylor of rallying the men of the Third Arkansas Regiment with a frying pan, were read with great interest by me. He very graphically describes one of the fiercest conflicts in which we were engaged; but his imperfect memory, which I attribute to the long interval of time, causes him to confuse the location and date of this memorable event. The attack to which he alludes occurred on the left of our lines at Spottsylvania C. H. on May 10, 1864, instead of the 6th, and was made by Warren's Corps.

I was a member of Company A, Third Arkansas Regiment, and participated in repelling the attack he mentions. Col. Taylor was commanding the regiment at the time, and we supported the Richmond Howitzers, to which Comrade Minor belonged, and they never ceased firing until the enemy were hurled back, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. We expected a renewal of the assault. Quite a number of our men went out in front of the breastworks and gathered up the spoils—such as muskets, cartridge boxes, etc.—and distributed them along the line.

James C. Rice and T. G. Stephenson, two Union generals, were killed in this day's fight. To give you an idea of what a desperate assault it was, nearly one hundred dead and wounded Federals lay at the muzzles of our guns, and seven were found dead inside of our works. Col. Taylor would not hesitate to take a meal under fire, nor would it prevent him from enjoying a good old-time smoke. Capt. John Cousins, of Gen. Law's staff, was another cool man. The fiercer the fire from the enemy, the more vigorously he smoked.

STRATEGY AT NEW CREEK STATION.

BY CAPT. W. E. GARRETT, LEESBURG, VA.

New Creek Station was a supply post for Gen. Sheridan's army in the Valley of Virginia, and was protected by a heavily manned fort of some nine hundred guards, with siege guns and batteries, and situated on a very high elevation, so that all approaches to it could be seen for a mile in any direction. It was also headquarters from which scouting parties were frequently sent to reconnoiter, and thus it was an object of special interest to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Division, then operating in that section of the State.

Gen. Rosser was in command, Gen. Lee being sick, and determined to capture these supplies with his brigade and that of Gen. W. H. Payne. When within about four miles of the fort, with Gen. Payne's command in front, orders were given to charge the pickets and rush them in, making no halt until the fort was captured. The sagacity and strategy of Gen. Payne just then prevented a "bloody carnage." Before getting close enough to be observed he halted his command, and detailed some fifty or sixty of his men who wore blue (captured) coats and sent them forward to capture the pickets, if possible, without any alarm. The picket guard, supposing them to be Federal, allowed them to approach near, and on being challenged they answered, "We are what's left of the scout sent out yesterday;" and before they were conscious of our identity each of the pickets had his gun taken from him almost simultaneously, and without any alarm being sounded. Thereupon we marched into the fort quietly, found the of-

ficers and reserves at dinner, took possession of the armaments of defense without firing a gun and with only one killed, that being a Federal officer, who was sabered for persisting in trying to fire.

Gen. Rosser detained his own brigade of hungry men until Gen. Payne's were fully supplied; but this seemed to be unnecessary, for there were tons and tons of stores of flour, meat, molasses, sugar, coffee, and liquors galore, and munitions of war said to be of more than a million dollars in value. After appropriating all that could possibly be taken away with the transportation, we fired the balance, and with about nine hundred prisoners we retired to camp.

WORTHY INSTITUTION FOR NEGROES.

There is an industrial college for negroes at Conroe, Tex., known as the Conroe-Porter Industrial College, which ought to become a great institution. The property consists of eight acres of land paid for, one four-story building with twenty-three rooms and two more buildings, and enough lumber on the ground to erect another commodious building. The college has about forty boarders and one hundred other students.

The object of the school is to teach young negroes these lessons: (1) The science and art of politeness; (2) how to obey law, and respect for public sentiment; (3) how to resist temptation and be virtuous; (4) that idleness is sin, all labor is honorable; (5) that a good character is the greatest wealth; (6) that the white people in the South are the negro's best friends; (7) that Christianity means love and service.

The *Houston Post* says:

"An institution like this deserves encouragement not only for the great good which will accrue to the negroes who learn these important truths, but for the welfare of the white people among whom the negroes have to live. A negro who is polite, law-abiding, virtuous, honest, and industrious will never lack for friends in the South; and if the Southern people could have their way, all the negroes would live up to the standard of this school at Conroe. There are many such negroes in the South, and negroes of character are respected and treated with cordial consideration by the white people."

"There is no negro problem in which the self-respecting, honest, and industrious negroes are concerned, and there will not be. The problem comes of the presence of a constantly growing number of idle, lawless, and vicious negroes, many of whom are continually clamoring for social equality and treatment that is not even extended to white people who are similarly idle and vicious."

"The *Post* hopes that the trustees of the Conroe School will meet with generous encouragement at the hands of the white people. The institution is under the control of an advisory board of white men, who are endeavoring to acquire more land and erect other needed buildings."

In commending this institution the integrity of the management is presumed through the indorsement of the *Houston Post*. The Southern people have been so tried on these "educational" lines that it is difficult to consider this subject without prejudice. If this industrial school, or "college," is conducted on the lines indicated, our white people should give it hearty encouragement. Let its maintenance be by our own people, entirely free from Northern missionaries. An institution properly conducted on these lines would rapidly prove a blessing to both races. It would be just such a monument to the South's regard for well-behaved negroes as would be universally satisfactory.

MOSBY'S MEN PLEASE ANSWER.

[Comrade J. C. Birdson, of Raleigh, N. C., who served in Company B, 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's (old) Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, seeks information concerning some of Mosby's men.]

When Hooker crossed the Rappahannock in 1863, and the Chancellorsville fight occurred, it was my misfortune to be captured. We were carried to Falmouth, where we were sent by steamer to Washington City and placed in the "Old Capitol" Prison. We reached that city on the Sunday following our capture. From the boat we were marched to a police station, where our names, company, and regiment were enrolled. After entering my name on the register, and immediately behind me, came three other unfortunates, who registered as members of Company H, 13th Virginia Cavalry. Knowing nearly every member of that company, and a large per cent of them being kinspeople, I immediately faced about and took a good look at them, and that look convinced me that they were not members of that particular company; so I kept close to them, and on reaching the prison we were assigned to the same quarters. Soon after, I called one of them aside (one who had registered as Charles Fisher), made myself known to him, and interrogated him in reference to his company. Finding out that I knew Company H better than he did, he called his two friends, and they informed me that they were members of Mosby's command, and when captured always gave some other company than their own.

They proved to be from the neighborhood of Washington, and they soon opened correspondence with their "cousins" who lived in the Federal lines, and were supplied with everything needful for prison life, such as money and clothing, and

they shared their fortune with me. We remained there only two or three weeks, when we were sent to City Point by the steamer City of Maine. Arriving in Petersburg, Va., we reported to the provost marshal (a Mr. Pannill) and separated.

They were whole-souled, jolly fellows. Instead of the



MISS KATE CHADWELL, MISS MARY LOUISE LOVE,
Sponsor for Tenn. Div., U. C. V. Maid of Honor to Miss Chadwell.

ragged Rebel when I entered the prison, I was, through their aid, sent back to Dixie with a good suit of clothes and a "biled" shirt. A Dr. Johnson was then in charge of the distribution of articles sent to the prisoners. I have often thought of these three fellow-prisoners, but have forgotten the names of all except the one most especially kind to me (Charles Fisher); and if any of them are living, it would give me much pleasure to hear from them.

Survivors of the immortal six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war who were confined on Morris Island under fire of our own guns, and subsequently starved on corn meal rations at Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head, S. C., are earnestly requested to meet at Louisville for the purpose of organizing a society to suit themselves. They shall seek to have announcement made by Gen. S. D. Lee before the convention of the place of meeting. Some of these survivors are: Brig. Gen. W. D. Ballantine, Florida; Brig. Gen. Leon Jastremski, Lieut. Col. LeBroten, J. L. Hempstead, Louisiana; P. H. Benson, Texas; Capt. J. L. Cantwell, North Carolina; W. W. Hulbert, Georgia; A. M. Bedford, Missouri.

The P. F. Liddell Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Carrollton, Miss., has ordered a monument to be erected in the courthouse inclosure to the Confederate soldiers who were killed or died in the service of their country during the War between the States. This monument is to be twenty-eight feet, six inches high, and will be unveiled in October, 1905. Names of all those soldiers will be engraved on indestructible parchment and inclosed in a receptacle of copper and stone and placed in the corner stone of the monument. This Chapter bears the name of Col. Liddell, of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, or rather after the battle, by a bursting shell. He was a brave and gallant soldier, who left Carroll County as captain of the Carroll Rifles on the first call for troops for the defense of his country.



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE,
Chaperon for Sponsor and Maid of Honor Tenn. Div., U. C. V.

Confederate Veteran.

CONCERNING THE WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.

The Committee of Coöperation of the United Confederate Veterans propose to issue ere long, in aid of the memorial to the women of the Confederacy, a supplement to one leading daily paper in many of the larger cities of the South.

These supplements will be devoted exclusively to historic incidents, showing what these noble women heroically did and how they suffered. These papers will portray principally the deeds of the women of the State in which they are published.

The pecuniary benefit to the memorial will be derived from the advertisements to be therein inserted and from the sales.

It is believed that the publication simultaneously by States all through the South of this edition, showing the heroism of these glorious women, will awaken such an enthusiasm as will induce liberal donations to the memorial.

It is further believed that, independent of pecuniary results, these supplemental sheets will do these women historic justice, and show to all the world the splendid character of the women of the South and their godlike heroism in this the most thrilling period of their country's life.

Thirty daily newspapers, among the foremost of the South, have already given their consent, embracing the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. While no paper in Louisiana has gone into the plan, yet arrangements are in progress which it is hoped will place in effect, though by a different means, that State beside her sister States of the South. All efforts to elicit the support of any Texas daily paper in her larger cities have failed.

Literary contributions have been sought and many collected, showing the heroism of our women. If any having such valued information have not been called upon, they are asked by those in charge to waive the formality of a personal call and send such literary contributions to the editor for their State.

The editors for the various States so far designated are as follows:

Alabama: Hon. Thomas M. Owens, Montgomery, Ala.

Arkansas: Cols. S. H. Nowlin and J. Kellogg, Little Rock, Ark.

Florida: Gen. F. P. Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.

Georgia: Col. James R. Randall, Augusta, Ga.

Kentucky: Not yet selected, but contributions may be sent to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.

Mississippi: Col. R. H. Henry, Jackson, Miss.

North Carolina: Miss Mamie Bays, Charlotte, N. C.

South Carolina: James A. Hoyt, Columbia, S. C.

Tennessee: Capt. Alex Allison, Knoxville, Tenn.

Virginia: Col. James Mann, Norfolk, Va.

Contributions are asked, and especially asked for from those of the most brilliant literary attainments, from those of modest culture, from those who cannot even spell correctly, and from those who cannot write at all and must get some friend to write for them. We ask only a true history of what our women did, how they suffered, and all that they endured with such heroism, that justice may be done to those deserving of all honor, all praise, all glory.

The Veterans, Sons, and younger Daughters have earnestly supported the movement, and in all the cities of publication are hard at work to aid this high object—the securing of a memorial to our glorious women of the Confederacy.

The net revenue derived from these supplements will be

devoted to the memorial. The newspapers have all contributed their share of the work at actual cost, and the effort promises a handsome return.

The great bulk of those who are interested in this object are beyond the bounds of these cities of publication, and cannot make their contributions of money through that channel—*i. e.*, the supplements—but they can do so by remitting direct to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative, U. S. C. V., and Chairman Committee, U. C. V., Charleston, S. C.

Those in the cities of publication can, besides embracing a good business proposition, show their appreciation of these women by liberally advertising in the supplement of their city paper. They cannot be too generous. If a billion dollars were given for this object, it would not enable the Sons and the Veterans to pay even a tithe of the tribute due the noble women of the Confederacy.

At the Nashville reunion the Veterans placed the sacred duty of raising this memorial on their heirs, the Sons solemnly pledging their coöperation. The Sons, through Mr. James Mann, Chairman Women's Memorial Committee, U. S. C. V., very wisely secured the active assistance of Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, one high in the confidence and esteem of the Veterans, who had been appointed by Gen. S. D. Lee as Chairman of the U. C. V. Committee on Coöperation. He has been able to bring to the work the influence of the Veterans and the greater activity of the Sons, and it really looks as if success were about to perch upon the joint work he is conducting. He has had the active and cordial backing of the Sons, without which nothing could have been done, and a large share of whatever credit success may give will be due to the valued work and aid of Mr. James Mann, Chairman. While thousands are helping, the particular praise will be due to these two gentlemen.

[The foregoing has been submitted by high Confederate authority, and the VETERAN prints it, as it is ardently in favor of as nearly a worthy testimonial as it is possible to make. However, the conviction is maintained by it that what to construct and where to locate it are of such paramount importance that no practical success may be expected. "Battle Abbey" experiences deter every patriot who has studied the question, from the confidence of results which would otherwise exist.]

GOOD FEATURE OF ST. LOUIS CAMP, U. S. C. V.

A very interesting and profitable meeting of Camp Sterling Price, in St. Louis, was held on the night of February 23 at the Missouri Athletic Club. A large attendance was present in the beautiful quarters, and the meeting was prominent for its enthusiasm and interest throughout. About twenty-five new members were elected, the progress of the work was discussed, and many valuable suggestions were made and committees appointed to carry them out.

One hundred and thirty dollars was subscribed toward the Woman's Memorial Fund, which, together with what has been already subscribed and paid by this Camp, makes a total of three hundred and eighty dollars. One of the most promising projects which were put on foot was the agreement that at their meetings, at least once every month, there will be a smoker or light supper. Veterans are to be invited guests. It is intended that these meetings shall be decidedly social, bringing the members together more closely in that way. No business need be transacted at them, although it will not be prohibited.

NOT DEAD YET.

BY W. C. NIXON, HALL'S, TENN.

I write to correct an error I noticed in the VETERAN of February. In publishing the list of Confederate dead buried in Cave Hill Cemetery of Louisville, Ky., the name of W. C. Nixon appears. Thanks to a kind Providence, I am yet very much alive, and I will explain why I have a nicely kept grave in Cave Hill Cemetery.

I was wounded and captured in the second day's fight at Murfreesboro, and was sent to Camp Boyd Prison at Louisville, where I met a messmate, Jack Glimps, who had been wounded and captured at Perryville. Both of us belonged to Company G, 4th Tennessee, and it was on his account that I was supposed to be dead and buried. It happened this way: Our rations were issued to us in a narrow passageway. We would form in single file and march by a little window, where a negro would pass out to each of us a slice of bread and fat pork. Jack was weak from long suffering, had but little appetite, and asked the negro to give him a lean piece of the meat. With an oath the negro threw the meat in his face, saying it was good enough for a d— Rebel. Jack was still using one crutch, and he remarked, "I can't reach you now, but will see you later," which he did. A few days after he caught the negro unexpectedly and at a disadvantage in a secluded part of the prison. Steadying himself on his good leg, he dealt the negro a blow on the head with his heavy crutch, and the next morning the dead body of the negro was found in the ditch. Of course suspicion rested on Jack, from the remark others had heard him make about the meat. He was arrested and carried before the court-martial. I was satisfied they would shoot him, so I went before the officer in charge and told him I knew Jack did not kill the negro, but refused to say who did. They released Jack, but much to my surprise arrested me and ordered me to be tried in his place.

I was put in a cell to await trial next day. Time was short, and what there was of it looked powerful serious. Whatever I did had to be done that day and night. Examining my surroundings, I saw there was no possible chance of escape from the cell. I must be moved at once to other quarters, so in a few moments I was the sickest boy you ever saw to be alive. I was groaning and rolling all over the floor of the cell, screaming and begging for the doctor—must have been poisoned in some way. The doctor thought so too when he came; so he ordered me moved to the hospital, thinking the chances were against my living. I was given a cot near a poor fellow named Hawkins, from Georgia, who died soon after I was carried in. Two ladies—Misses Burns—who had been nursing Hawkins came in to look after him. I stated to them my peril, and they at once began thinking of some way for me to escape; and I don't think any one but a woman would have ever conceived the plan. There were no openings to the room except a door at each end, and both of these were guarded. There was a small hole in the floor, beneath which was a chute something like a grain chute, through which the slops were poured. So it was arranged that when everything got quiet they would change the slat that had my name on it to poor Hawkins's cot, and Hawkins's to mine; so that Hawkins would be buried as Nixon and I escape. Everything worked well, and about two o'clock I shot the chute, crawled from under the house, and made my way to the house of my lady friends, who kept me concealed a few days and gave me a new suit of clothes. I then boarded a train with a regiment of new recruits bound for Nashville, Tenn., to have a look at the Johnny Rebs. When I reached Nashville, I abandoned my new blue-coated friends, slipped through the lines, and joined my regiment at Shelbyville. I won't say how long my scare lasted, but it taught me a lesson never to take another man's place without first counting the cost.



MISS LOWE, OF GALVESTON,
Sponsor for Texas at Louisville Reunion.



MISS ADDIE F. WILSON, OF BELTON,
Sponsor for Texas at State Reunion.



MISS VIOLET HARRIS, OF OCALA,
Sponsor for Florida at Louisville Reunion.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, sends out from Rusk, Tex., under date of March 25, 1905, General Order No. 5, in which he states officially through Adj't. Gen. Stockett: "It is anticipated that much important business will come before the body for final action; and if your Camp would participate in the business and pleasure of the gathering, it is necessary that the *per capita* tax be paid (ten cents for each member) before the opening day of the reunion. The immediate payment of this *per capita* tax is urged."

He emphasizes the duty to the Veterans, living and dead, and to ourselves, to see that this organization is perpetuated. He says: "Do not let it be said that we are less patriotic than our sires." And he appeals for increased membership.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND BEAUVIOR.—J. D. McLane, of Patterson, Ill., writes in connection with the VETERAN's tribute to President Roosevelt in the March issue: "I was at the World's Fair on the last day of November and visited the Mississippi Building, passing through all the rooms, and was shown the Davis relics by Mr. Henry, the Commissioner. I was there several days after Mr. Roosevelt was, and I made it a point to inquire whether or not the President was in the Mississippi Building, and was told by one of the persons in charge that he was *not*; that he merely looked out as he was driving past. I too have been encouraged by recent utterances of the President. But truth must prevail, and will do no one an injustice."

SOUTHERN WOMEN'S MONUMENT.

Comrade John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., has written the Atlanta *Journal* about a monument to Southern women.

"Thinking over ways and means in the erection of a memorial to the 'Women of the Confederacy,' it occurs to me that if a circular letter setting forth clearly the objects and aims of the committee having this memorial scheme in charge be mailed to the Mayor of every city and village in Dixie, requesting him to lay the matter before the ball team of his city or village, and asking said team to play at least one game during the season, the proceeds, minus the actual expenses of the visiting team, to be given in aid of this glorious work, the problem would be solved.

"The boys composing these many teams are the grandsons of the women who prayed and wept and toiled and lost for Dixie, and I know that with a wild Rebel yell they will welcome the friendly struggle on the 'diamond,' feeling that every stroke of the bat, every fly caught, and every sprint to the base will help to send the memorial shaft to these noble grandmothers of theirs higher and yet higher toward the blue dome above us, even until the steadfast empyrean shall from its giddy height be almost accessible.

"If the days on which and the purpose for which these games were to be played are properly advertised, the people would by hundreds, by rail, by carriage, on horseback, on foot, from farm, from hamlet, from cypress swamp and riverside, come to aid the glorious work. The summer in the South would be enlivened as never before.

"In round numbers, there are fourteen hundred counties in the Southern States. Each county has a team, and many more than one; so that we may safely place the number of teams at fifteen hundred, and we can count on two hundred dollars per team; for while the smaller places would not yield more, perhaps, than one hundred dollars, such places

as Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, Savannah, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Charleston, Columbia, Raleigh, Charlotte, Wilmington, Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Knoxville, Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Louisville, St. Louis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and Houston would run into the thousands. I believe many friendly to the project in Delaware and the District of Columbia would help.

"The money raised in this way and by other means would in two or three years reach a million dollars, and this memorial should cost no less. Its foundation should rest on the solid rock, be built of Stone Mountain granite, and capped with a marble female statue, the head of which should be just one thousand feet from the surface of the earth. For the nearness of the material, and because it is the gateway through Dixie, the shaft should be erected in the city of Atlanta—but these are matters of detail.

"Go build their monument, and let it be
High as the firmament, deep as the sea."

REUNION MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V., 1904.

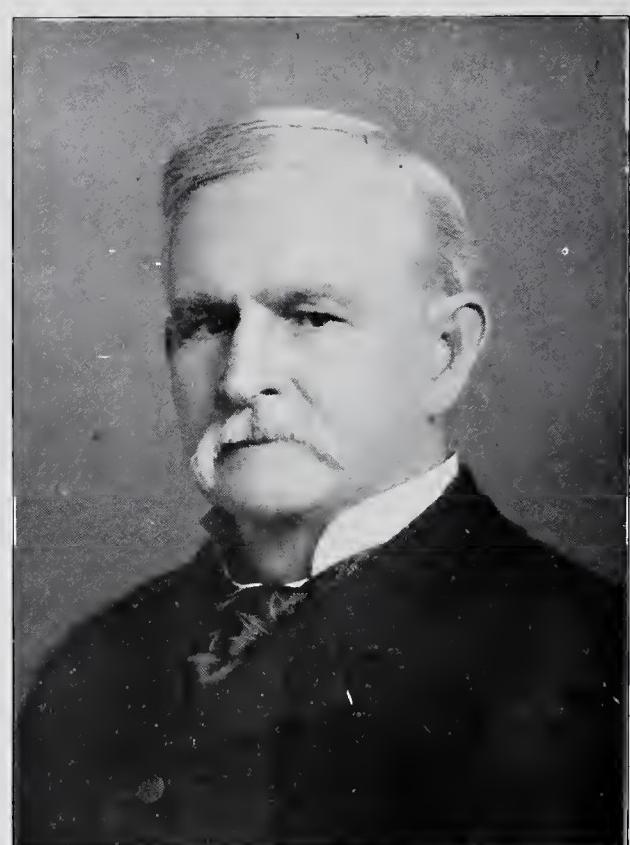
The annual reunion of the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, was held at the Missouri State Building, World's Fair grounds, St. Louis, Mo., October 6, 1904.

The attendance was as large as could be expected with so many diversions, and much interest was manifested.

The national meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy being in session in St. Louis at the time of the reunion, they paid the Missouri Confederates the honor of adjourning their meeting to meet with us, which was duly appreciated by the Veterans.

OFFICIALS OF MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Harvey W. Salmon, commanding the Missouri



HARVEY W. SALMON,
Major General Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Division, United Confederate Veterans, announces the following as constituting his official staff:

Col. William F. Carter, Clinton, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Lieut. Col. William H. Kennan, Mexico, Inspector General.

Lieut. Col. George P. Gross, Kansas City, Chief Quartermaster.

Lieut. Col. J. D. Ingram, Nevada, Chief Commissary.

Lieut. Col. John W. Halliburton, Carthage, Judge Advocate.

Lieut. Col. J. M. Allen, Liberty, Chief Surgeon.

Lieut. Col. J. J. Fulkerson, Lexington, Assistant Surgeon.

Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Cobb, Lexington, Chaplain.

His aids-de-camp, with the rank of major, are: James C. Wallace, Keytesville; Robert H. Stockton, St. Louis; W. P. Gibson, Warrensburg; Charles H. Howard, Waynesville; Robert McCulloch, St. Louis; O. H. P. Catron, West Plains; Robert J. Tucker, Lamar; George M. Jones, Springfield; Frank M. Russell, Lebanon; P. E. Chestnut, St. Joseph; George W. Lankford, Marshal; E. McD. Coffey, Platte City; R. H. Keith, Kansas City; T. C. Holland, Sedalia; James F. Edwards, Foristell; A. L. Zollinger, Otterville; J. N. Bradley, Papinsville; J. G. Simpson, Bolivar; J. E. Devinney, Ripley, Tenn.; Ed P. Raynolds, San Marcos, Tex.

OFFICERS OF THE EASTERN BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. Frank Gaiennie, St. Louis, commanding the Eastern Missouri Brigade, names as his official staff: Majs. R. Daugherty, Inspector General; J. B. Gantt, Judge Advocate; John M. McGhee, Quartermaster; A. J. Furr, Commissary; J. J. Miller, Surgeon; Capts. W. W. Trent, Sam J. Harrison, E. G. Williams, J. H. H. Maxwell, C. W. Digges, T. O. Towles, Aids-de-Camp.



FRANK GAIENNIE,

Brigadier General Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

OFFICERS OF THE WESTERN BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. John B. Stone, Kansas City, commanding the Western Missouri Brigade, announces as his official staff:



JOHN B. STONE,
Brigadier General Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Lieut. Col. Henry M. Withers, Kansas City, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Majs. J. Q. Plattenburg, Lexington, Inspector General; Maxwell M. Minter, Kansas City, Quartermaster General; N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Commissary General; James W. Boyd, St. Joseph, Judge Advocate General; D. K. Morton, Kansas City, Surgeon General; William F. Bahmann, Warrensburg, Chaplain General.

His aids-de-camp are: Capts. A. Atkinson, Kansas City; S. C. Ragan, Kansas City; James Kennedy, Kansas City; T. G. Crotty, Kansas City; Lewis Renfro, Greenfield; T. B. Dry, Eldorado Springs; John Waddell, Sedalia; Ed Barton, Linneus; P. W. Reddish, Liberty; Isaac C. Cruzen, Carrollton; L. H. Loudermilk, Joplin; C. C. Catron, Carthage; W. H. Quarles, Richmond; Ed W. Strode, Independence; Rich W. Nichols, Marshall; R. D. Berry, Selma, Ala.

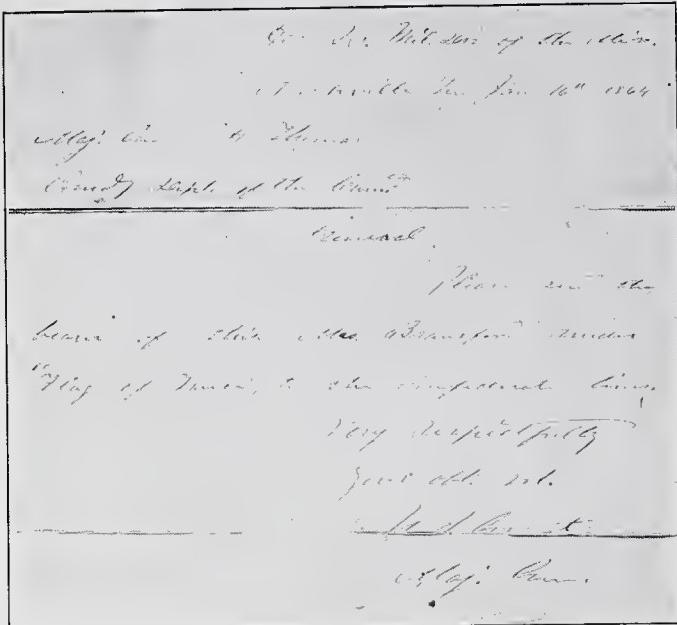
STONEWALL CAMP ELECTS OFFICERS.—The Stonewall Camp, C. V., Portsmouth, Va., held its annual election of officers on the evening of the 4th inst., and chose the following comrades to serve for one year from that date: Commander, John W. H. Porter; Lieutenant Commanders, M. W. Allen and J. H. Gumm; Adjutant, Thomas Shannon; Quartermaster, W. L. Langhorne; Surgeon, Dr. George W. O. Maupin, Jr.; Chaplain, C. H. Eckert; Treasurer, John C. Ashton; Sergeant Major, Samuel Y. Browne; Vidette, Joshua Denby; Color Sergeant, John E. Foreman.

WANTS HIS BULLET BACK.—Mr. James F. Smith, of Morgan, Tex., wishes to learn the address of his cousin, Mrs. Lottie McCord, formerly of Columbia, S. C.—a daughter of Prof. Lawrence Reynolds—in whose keeping he left a Minie ball extracted from his foot during the war.

Confederate Veteran.

KIND LETTER BY GEN. U. S. GRANT.

The VETERAN frequently copies autograph letters from distinguished people concerning Confederate matters. The above



happened not to reproduce well, so is printed below. It was a generous act of Gen. Grant to the mother of a prominent Confederate officer:

"HEAD QRS. MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 16, 1864.

Maj. Gen. G. H. Thomas, Commanding Department of the Cumberland.

"General: Please send the bearer of this, Mrs. Bransford, under 'Flag of Truce' to the Confederate lines.

"Very respectfully, U. S. GRANT, Major General."

FATHER RYAN MEMORIAL WINDOW AT TAMPA.

Miss A. E. Caruthers, President of Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., at Tampa, Fla., appeals to Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere: "Having assumed the debt of one thousand dollars for the Father Ryan memorial window, which honors our beautiful Cathedral here, as well as the poet-priest who gave his best to our cause, we, the Daughters, appeal to you, our co Helpers in every good cause. Meet us, O Veterans, in our hour of need with just one dollar for each Camp and the Daughters the same for each Chapter, and our Father Ryan memorial window will soon be paid for. Our small Board of Daughters are working hard to accomplish this end. Will you help us? If so, forward all contributions with name and number of Camp and Chapter. Some of the Chapters have already responded to our written appeal."

STATHAM-FARRELL CAMP, U. C. V.—The two Camps of Confederate Veterans in Montgomery County, Miss., have consolidated under the names of two gallant soldiers, both commanders of the 15th Mississippi Infantry. Gen. Statham was the first colonel of the regiment, and won his grade of brigadier general at the battle of Shiloh. He was succeeded in rank by Col. Mike Farrell, who first went out as a private in the regiment. It was generally conceded that the 15th Mississippi was one of the best-drilled regiments in the Army of Tennessee, all of which was due to its drillmaster, Private Mike Farrell, afterwards colonel, and who fell in the bat-

tle of Franklin at the head of his regiment. The headquarters of the Statham-Farrell Camp is Winona, Miss., and Comrade J. B. Simpson is Commander; M. H. Allen and J. Stafford, Lieutenant Commanders; R. I. Allen, Adjutant; and Dick Wood, Color Sergeant. The Camp at its next meeting, in June, will formulate plans and start a movement to erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy in the town of Winona.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY.—The Texas Legislature, as has been stated in the VETERAN, has honored itself in passing a bill making the 3d of June, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, a legal holiday in that State. But to Mrs. D. A. Nunn, First Vice President of the Texas Division of the U. D. C., and her active committee is largely due the success of this work. Mrs. Nunn has received numerous congratulations from all parts of the State for the successful result of her efforts; amongst others, a letter from Mrs. Austin, State President of the U. D. C., saying: "Praise and thankfulness should be on the lips of every daughter in our State for the noble work accomplished by you and your committee." Mrs. Reagan, the widow of the lamented Judge John H. Reagan, wrote: "You more than any one else deserve the greatest commendation for the success of the bill, for you have been indefatigable in your efforts, and I am in favor of giving three cheers for Mrs. D. A. Nunn for this tribute of Texas to President Jefferson Davis." Judge Reagan, who died a short time after the bill was passed, wrote to Mrs. Jefferson Davis expressing his gratification, and inclosed clippings from various papers commendatory of the measure.

WANTS TO RETURN SWORD TO ITS CONFEDERATE OWNER.—Mr. Albert Brown, of Bridgeport, Ohio, writes: "I was a member of Company B, 98th Ohio Infantry, 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 14th Army Corps, and at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in April, 1864, I captured a Confederate officer. He was wearing a good overcoat, which I took for one of my wounded comrades. I took from him also a very fine sword, which I still have, and would be glad to return it if he is still living." Ordinarily there might be some difficulty in locating the owner of this sword; but, as Mr. Brown says he had on a fine overcoat, it simplifies matters greatly, for at that time of the war it is safe to say there were not a half dozen men in Johnston's whole army who had on overcoats of very good quality, so the sword evidently belongs to one of these.

RODDEY'S OLD COMPANY.—Calling in the office of the VETERAN a few days since to renew his subscription, Comrade W. R. Petree, of Belgreen, Ala., related a number of interesting incidents of his soldier days. He was a member of Capt. (afterwards Gen.) Roddey's command, and served with it to the close of the war. The original company was organized in North Alabama, Mississippi, and Southern Tennessee, near where the three States join; and out of about a hundred and ten members, fifteen were steamboat captains. If any of the old company are living, Mr. Petree would be glad to hear from them.

Many letters commending in high terms the address by Dr. Randolph H. McKim, delivered before the U. C. V. Convention in Nashville last June, have been received. The address has been published in pamphlet form, and can be procured of Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La. Price, 25 cents.

REVIEW OF GEN. MILES'S CRUELTY TO MR. DAVIS.

BY BENNETT H. YOUNG, MAJOR GENERAL KY. DIVISION, U. S. V.

Smacking under some criticism spoken in the Congress of the United States in connection with his acting as Adjutant General of the State of Massachusetts while being on the pay roll of the United States, Gen. Nelson A. Miles has made what he calls "A Statement of the Facts Concerning the Imprisonment and Treatment of Jefferson Davis while a Military Prisoner at Fortress Monroe, Va., in 1865 and 1866."

It is unfortunate for Gen. Miles that he has allowed this statement to be so long delayed. He now himself reopens the subject. It is nearly forty years since these transactions which affected Mr. Davis's imprisonment took place, and they have become a part not only of the history of the United States but of the world. It is very late to change or modify them. They are transactions of the past, over which no man has control. They must stand or fall by what was said or done at the time of their happening.

I propose briefly to review Gen. Miles's treatment of President Davis in the light of historical facts, and to show that the four decades which have passed since the horrible occurrences at Fortress Monroe have not mitigated nor palliated the outrage that was perpetrated upon that helpless, defenseless prisoner.

It is always just to judge men by their surroundings. The country was in a high state of excitement. The Confederate army had surrendered. Mr. Davis, Mr. Clay, and others had been charged with connection in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, a charge which even their enemies were forced quickly to withdraw in shame and confusion.

As I understand the defense of Gen. Miles it is fourfold: First, that there was some fear that Mr. Davis might attempt to escape; secondly, that Mr. Davis was not treated unkindly; thirdly, that he is not responsible for having manacles put upon Mr. Davis; and, fourthly, that Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay thanked him for what he had done for Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay.

It is necessary to get a few facts before the mind in order to properly discuss this question.

Gen. Lee had surrendered his armies at Appomattox on April 9, 1865; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had surrendered his armies in North Carolina on the 26th of April, 1865; Gen. Taylor had surrendered his armies on the 4th of May, 1865; and on the day following that on which Mr. Davis was put in irons by order of Gen. Miles the armies of the United States which had engaged in the great civil conflict were to be mustered out at the country's capital and return to the pursuits of peace.

Mr. Davis reached Fortress Monroe on the 19th of May, 1865. His jailer, Gen. Miles, was present to receive him. At that time Mr. Davis was fifty-six years of age and had lost the use of one eye by neuralgia, and the terrible physical and mental strain through which he had passed had resulted in extreme emaciation and feebleness.

Something in Gen. Miles's character suggested to the iron-souled Stanton and marble-hearted Halleck his fitness for the work to which he was assigned, and that a mere hint from his superiors would be sufficient to secure from him a ready compliance with any cruel or vindictive measure or any bitter humiliation which should be meted out to Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis was manacled on the 23d of May, 1865, four days after his arrival. He had been placed in a stone casemate at Fortress Monroe. He had been given a cot and a

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coarse mattress and a hair pillow, and the food furnished to him was such as that given to strong, healthy soldiers. This was brought on a tin plate, placed upon a table standing by his side, and the soldiers who bore it and paced by his cell were forbidden to speak a single word to their invalid and infirm captive.

In the small room occupied by Mr. Davis two sentinels were stationed, who walked up and down night and day on each side of his cot, and in an adjoining room an officer and other soldiers were stationed. Outside of this door paced other sentinels, whose tramp, tramp, tramp resounded along the echoing masonry of the fortress night and day.

No man who came in contact with Mr. Davis except his surgeon was allowed to speak to him, and after a while even his surgeon was forbidden to speak to him except professionally.

All books except the Bible and prayer book were refused. No papers were permitted to enter his cell. His correspondence with even his wife and children was examined by Gen. Miles, and sentences and paragraphs oftentimes cut out.

These were the existing conditions when, on the 23d of May, 1865, Gen. Miles issued peremptory orders to Capt. Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, to enter Mr. Davis's cell with a blacksmith and to place upon his feet manacles of iron about five-eighths of an inch thick and connected together by a chain of like weight. Mr. Davis resisted, and was threatened with the bayonet. At last he was thrown upon his couch, soldiers sat upon his limbs, and by force the manacles were riveted on his ankles, connected with the chain. Gen. Miles was then twenty-six years of age. No plea of infancy will avail as a justification of his cruel and malignant wrong.

In 1902 he caused to be issued a pamphlet, which was printed in Washington by Gibson Bros. In this pamphlet, as a quasi-justification of his conduct, are published the rewards offered by Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for Mr. Davis, Mr. Clay, Mr. Thompson, and others, and he revamps the old story that Mr. Davis was hunted down and captured in the disguise of a woman. He even had the temerity to quote from the records of the Bureau of Military Justice, which have been scorned and eschewed by the honest men of the Republican party even in those days of political excitement and passion.

To justify this inhuman thing, Gen. Miles quotes an order of Gen. Halleck. That order is in the following words:

"FORT MONROE, May 22, 1865.

"To Brevet Maj. Gen. Miles, Commanding, etc.

"The commanding general of the district is authorized to take any additional precautions he may deem necessary for the security of his prisoners.

"H. W. HALLECK, U. S. V., Commanding."

But his chief reliance is a subsequent order issued by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, which is in the following words:

"FORTRESS MONROE, May 22, 1865.

"Brevet Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

"By order of the Secretary of War.

"C. A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War."

In some recent statement Gen. Miles claims that this was an order to put manacles on Mr. Davis. Charles A. Dana is

Confederate Veteran.

dead. Gen. Miles now seeks to place upon this dead man the responsibility of his crime.

It will be observed that in both of these orders the manacling of Mr. Davis was left within the discretion of Gen. Miles. There has never yet been a line produced which directed Gen. Miles to manacle Mr. Davis. It was left to Gen. Miles's discretion, and he exercised that discretion in a way which is bound to invoke the sharpest criticism and the profoundest contempt.

When this horrible order was to be executed, Mr. Davis pleaded that it be delayed until Gen. Miles could be communicated with. Gen. Miles put himself in such a position that he could not hear the plea of this weak and despairing prisoner. He had left the fort so that no appeal could reach his ears, and there was nothing left for his subordinates but to enforce his hideous and shocking order.

The execution of this plan to humiliate Mr. Davis was conceived, we have a right to assume from accompanying circumstances, by the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, and Gen. Halleck, Commanding General. They were unwilling to assume the responsibility of such a crime against a helpless man who represented a brave and chivalrous people, and so they put the execution of it within the discretion of Gen. Miles; and it seems that Gen. Miles most willingly carried out the suggestion, if not the desires, of his superiors, and exercised the discretion and enforced the order in the most brutal way, and thereby forever placed a stain upon American honor.

That it was unnecessary, cruel, humiliating, Mr. Davis's worst enemies are compelled to admit. Among all the men living in this day of refinement, of justice, of intelligence, and humanity Gen. Miles is the only person who is willing publicly, as far as known, to justify his conduct toward Mr. Davis. Gen. Miles's effort to unload upon Gen. Halleck, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, cannot avail against the cold, hard facts of the orders which they issued and those which he issued. They may have wanted it done, but they were unwilling to require it to be done. Gen. Miles alone had the power to do this thing, and he did it with cheerfulness, alacrity, and brutality; and now, after nearly forty years of deliberation, he attempts to justify it on the ground that there was some information as to efforts of the prisoner to escape. This statement about plots and conspiracies is too ridiculous to merit the notice of intelligent people. There was not in all the Southland one soldier who had a gun. The armies of the South were scattered, and its soldiers had returned to peaceful pursuits. The armies of the United States on the day following the one on which Mr. Davis was manacled, were mustered out of service; Lee, Taylor, and Johnston had surrendered; there was not a single Confederate gunboat afloat; and all the South was in grief and sorrow because of the misfortunes brought upon it by the stern decrees of fate.

As Gen. Miles at this time was brevet major general, we have a right to assume that he was a man of intelligence, and his succeeding military history shows him to have been a man of courage; but there is nobody in the world who will believe that Gen. Miles had any reliable information of any plot or effort on the part of Mr. Davis to escape or on the part of his friends to effect his escape. Around Fortress Monroe was a great army. Mr. Davis was in his cell, and was feeble and invalid. Would anybody in the world to-day believe there was any intention or desire on the part of his friends to attempt to free this prisoner? This story of plots

and conspiracies was conjured up by Gen. Miles after forty years' writhing under the memory of this awful wrong that he had committed against this helpless man. It was inexcusable, and as brutal as it was unjustifiable.

There is also an effort on the part of Gen. Miles to say that Mrs. Davis thanked him for courtesies shown her husband. All that he ever got from this woman is this:

"FORT MONROE, VA., May 23, 1865.

"Please receive my thanks for your courtesy and kind answers to my questions of this morning (May 23). I cannot quit the harbor without begging you again to look after my husband's health for me.

"Yours very respectfully,

VARINA DAVIS."

Mrs. Davis did not know of the terrible scene that had taken place that morning in his cell, when Mr. Davis was, by brutal force, manacled under orders of Gen. Miles.

It seems that Gen. Miles had had decency enough to answer Mrs. Davis's questions about her incarcerated husband, and in her desolation and grief she thanked him even for that; and then, with the faith of a woman in man, especially a man who wore a uniform, she asked him to "look after my [her] husband's health for me." Vain prayer! for before the ink had dried upon this communication Gen. Miles had issued the order to manacle her husband, and had left the fort to prevent an appeal from the hopeless prisoner.

He also published a letter from Mrs. Clay, dated July 27, 1865. Mrs. Clay simply said that she had written him twice and that he had responded. For this she offered him her heartfelt gratitude. She prayed Gen. Miles's kind offices for the prisoners and thanked him for them.

He published another letter from Mrs. Clay, dated September 4, 1865, in which she says: "Accept my heartfelt thanks for your great kindness in forwarding my dear husband's letter. May you never be placed in a condition to realize the mingled joy and sorrow its reception gave me!"

This is all. He had given Mrs. Clay a letter from her husband, probably the first she had received, and the faithful, loving, womanly soul was grateful for that much. But this is no justification of Gen. Miles.

Gen. Miles also filed the affidavit of John S. McEwan, dated May 13, 1866, in which he attempts to show that Gen. Miles had said to Surgeon Craven that he wanted him to take charge of the health of the State prisoners, and to make any suggestions or recommendations that he thought would benefit their health. Gen. Miles's own orders and instructions show beyond all question that if he ever said any such thing it was not sincere or honest, but uttered to deceive. He also attempted to get a letter from James Curry, dated September 2, 1866, and also one from James Whytal; but all these people could say was that they were satisfied that Gen. Miles had practiced all the leniency to Mr. Davis that his duty to the government required. This is no vindication. It is an opinion of subservient subordinates.

He also files a letter from H. S. Burton, Brigadier General, but Gen. Burton was careful to say that he did not come to Fortress Monroe until December 12, 1865. The same is true of Maj. William Hays, but he did not arrive at Fortress Monroe until February 15, 1866, nine months after Mr. Davis had come.

Some other letters were gotten, but none of them reached the real question in issue. The truth is, almost all of them admit that they knew nothing about the facts.

Gen. Miles has waited nearly forty years to try to justify

his conduct. A thousand times in his imagination, doubtless, there has come before him the shocking scene in the casemate at Fortress Monroe on the 23d of May, 1865, when he forced this indignity and humiliation on this brave and noble man.

After forty years of consideration Gen. Miles has not been able to devise an excuse that will even mitigate or palliate, much less justify, his conduct. It would have been far better if Gen. Miles, after viewing all the circumstances, had frankly confessed that he had done a great wrong, and said that it was under circumstances of excitement and passion, and, the war having passed away, with calm and cooler thought or on reflection, he would not have placed Mr. Davis in irons and would not have subjected him to the indignities inflicted upon him. Then all the world would have respected him, would have recognized the manliness and the courage which had prompted such a statement; but it can only despise and condemn as disgusting an effort now to justify his conduct, and to unload upon a dead man the responsibility of his action, when the order of the dead man shows that the whole responsibility was left within the discretion of Gen. Miles.

Nor will it avail for Gen. Miles to attempt to justify his conduct by expressions of gratitude from two broken-hearted women, whose husbands were then threatened with trial before a military commission or for treason before the courts. The only gratitude which they expressed was, first, by Mrs. Davis for information about her husband; and, secondly, from Mrs. Clay for the courtesy of sending a letter which her imprisoned companion had written her.

Gen. Miles makes further pretense that Mr. Davis was ironed because there was some change of the doors of the casemate, being changed from wood to iron, and the manacling was a precaution against attempted escape. That this is a mere pretense is shown by the fact that it was never heard of or mentioned until Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, on the 28th of May, 1865, called upon Gen. Miles to know "whether irons have or have not been placed upon Jefferson Davis. If they have been, when was it done, also for what reason," and "remove them." Up to this time nothing was heard of the doors to the casemate. In the then state of the public mind Secretary Stanton would not stand for this foul wrong against the helpless captive. Gen. Miles concluded that he must have some excuse for this blot on a brave nation. Nothing was then heard of Dana's or Halleck's orders; no claim that they had ordered this manacling. As they were living, it was not safe to charge that they had directed it, and this excuse was withheld until forty years had elapsed and Dana and Halleck were dead. If this excuse was not available while those who Gen. Miles says were responsible for it were alive, surely the American people will not receive it now, after forty years of suppression, and long after the men whose names it seeks to dishonor have ceased to live. It is bad enough to wrong the living, it was inexcusable to torture Mr. Davis with the chains which his cruel jailer put upon his emaciated limbs; but it is absolutely dreadful to stalk behind the skeletons of these dead men, who can make no protest nor speak a single word in defense of their good name and character.

Gen. Miles also, in his published vindication, seeks to create the impression, by a letter received from some Confederate in Alabama, that the Southern people had confidence in him and would gladly follow him in war. Southern men did follow him in war, Southern men might again follow him in war;

but this great wrong of his, this brutal outrage upon Mr. Davis, will burn, burn, burn in their souls forever, and the people of the Southland must always regard Gen. Miles's conduct, under the circumstances, as malignant, cruel, and unjustifiable, and such that no unbiased man can excuse, explain, or palliate.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association has published a history of all memorial associations enrolled in the Confederation, embodying in enduring form the records of the work accomplished by the women of the South since the early days of her struggle and sorrow. This book is beautifully printed, contains over three hundred pages, and is richly illustrated with half-tone engravings, representing noble women of the South and many grand and imposing monuments, which have sprung from their loyalty and devotion. The Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans' Association recommended this work at the Nashville convention in 1904, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee, our Commander in Chief, commends it by saying: "I have carefully examined the 'History of the Confederate Memorial Associations of the South,' indorsed by the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, and most cordially recommend it to the people of our Southland. It is nicely edited and beautifully illustrated, and tells in modest style of that superb, noble race of Southern women who suffered with us in the epoch of war and were the first to overflow the graves of our dead with beautiful flowers and to build monuments to their memory." These memorials and monuments will ever point our descendants to the heroism, patriotism, sacrifices, and fortitude of their fathers and mothers, thereby treasuring the heroic deeds of remote ancestry and inciting them to like conduct when occasion is ripe and demands like display of heroic action. This splendid volume should have a place in the home of every one who loves his Southland."

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Association, says of it: "It should find permanent lodgment upon the shelves of every public library, and should be preserved in every Southern home as an object lesson for its youth."

The price of this volume is \$1.25, with ten cents extra for postage. Address Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 1816 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La., or Mrs. W. J. Behan, Godchaux Building, New Orleans, La.

BRONZE STATUE OF LEE IN RICHMOND.

BY R. HADEN PENN, BUCHANAN, VA.

There stands a bronzed hero in figured fame,
A warrior true of the Southern clan,
A Rupert Rebel, with a righteous name,
Whose life was glory and honor to man.
Though his country's cause flamed and fell,
'Twas crowned with many a proud victory;
And time's fabled stories cannot tell
Of chieftain so knightly as our Lee.
As the centuries sweep to the end of time
And generations give their great to fame
None will be nobler, purer, more sublime
Than Robert Lee, Virginia's name.
A kingly warrior of unsullied fame,
His glory will stand when others fall;
A hero, a patriot, without a stain,
The grandest, noblest Roman of them all.

Confederate Veteran.

PATRIOTIC MR. BOUTELL.

The liberal extracts from the speech of Congressman Boutell, copied in the March VETERAN, have given much pleasure.

That conspicuously enterprising newspaper, the *Atlanta Constitution*, that furnished the report, states editorially:

"The speech of Congressman Boutell before the West End Republican Club, of New York, is a notable utterance from one of the most prominent Republicans in Congress.

"Mr. Boutell, appreciating the deep significance of the lamented McKinley's more than friendly attitude toward the South, devotes, appropriately enough, nearly his entire address to the relation of the South and Southern questions to the nation. It is evident, from the facts and statistics which he utilizes so effectively, that Mr. Boutell has been a close student of his subject. He knows the South and the truth about things Southern. His grasp of the problems involved in the somewhat anomalous position of this section and the broad philosophy of his proposed solution will appeal to fair-minded and patriotic citizens in all sections of our common country as at once statesmanlike and liberal.

"Of course Mr. Boutell, being a strict partisan, is inclined to unduly magnify the alleged beneficence of some of his party's policies in their application to Southern material conditions; but in the main he is correct in his analysis of Southern needs and Southern dues at the hands of Congress and the Federal administration. Particularly are his deductions on the negro question sound. He makes it clear that outside meddling and an officious interference with a problem that is social and not political will only make bad matters worse."

FITZHUGH LEE AT MCKINLEY'S GRAVE.

"McKinley and the South" was Gen. Lee's subject at Canton, Ohio, on McKinley Memorial Day. He said:

"Ohio, it is true, is the State of his nativity. Her citizens knew and loved the living McKinley; her soil is sacred with the grave which marks the resting place of the dead McKinley; her people will cherish his lofty character and his splendid service as long as the mountains kiss the heavens or the rivers roll to the sea. Ohio, however, cannot bound his boundless fame, for on the wings of renown his glory has been wafted to all parts of the world. Sleep on, O just and wise ruler! Your birth was a blessing to your country; your life a blessing to all its inhabitants; your death a calamity which has excited the lamentations of mankind.

"All sections to-night hear the echo of the voice of the great soldier, U. S. Grant, when on his deathbed he said: 'I feel that we are approaching an era of great good feeling between Federal and Confederate soldiers. I shall not be here to witness it in its perfection, but I feel within me that it is to be so. Let us have peace.'

"The weapons of Grant and Lee have been sheathed forever, the sabers of Sheridan and Stuart have been returned to their scabbards, the tents of Sherman and Joe Johnston have been pitched forever on the eternal camping grounds, and all over this land at this hour is shining the great orb of peace in all the splendor of undimmed majesty."

THE REBEL SCOUT.

Capt. Thomas Nelson Conrad, who recently died at his home in Washington, D. C., was one of the most famous scouts in the Confederate army. He was born at Fairfax C. H., Va., received a collegiate education, and for several years immediately preceding the war he was engaged in teaching a private school in Georgetown, D. C. Having expressed his intention of joining the Confederate army, he was arrested

and confined in the "Old Capitol Prison," Washington, but was soon released. He reported to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who assigned him to the Third Virginia Cavalry as chaplain, with the rank of captain; but Stuart's intuitive knowledge of men, and his knowing that the chaplain was familiar with Washington and vicinity, induced him to put Conrad on scout duty and in the secret service. Shortly after, when President Davis directed Stuart to send him a reliable man for some important secret service in Washington, this chaplain-scout was sent to Richmond, and his thrilling experience began.

He established regular headquarters in Washington and a line of communication to a point on the south bank of the lower Potomac. He went in and out of Washington at will, frequently reporting direct to President Davis, the Secretary of War, or to Gen. Lee, as the nature of his information indicated. In recognition of his valuable and hazardous service, Mr. Davis wrote him a personal letter of thanks, which Capt.



CAPT. CONRAD.

Conrad published in a little volume a short time before his death. In this book he gives an interesting account of his experiences as a scout. A short time before the surrender of Gen. Lee he was in Washington and was betrayed or discovered, and orders were issued in the secret service department for his arrest; but, having secured early in his service as scout a friend in that department, he was promptly advised of the order for his arrest, and immediately made his escape from Washington. He was in some way suspected of being connected with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and for months after the surrender he kept himself concealed in the mountains of Virginia.

After the war Capt. Conrad was a prominent educator, being President of Blacksburg College, Virginia, and later President of the M. and A. College, of Virginia, which position he resigned to accept that of Census Statistician.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright.
 By 'n' by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door;
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,
 O weep no more to-day!
 We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home
 For the old Kentucky home far away!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
 On the bench by the old cabin door;
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end
 In the field where the sugar canes grow;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load
 (No matter, 'twill never be light),
 A few more days till we totter on the road;
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

LEE TO THE REAR.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
 Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
 While perched in the tallest tree tops the birds
 Were caroling Mendelssohn's "songs without words."

Far from the haunts of men remote
 The brook brawled on with a liquid note;
 And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
 The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased
 And deepened the roseate flush in the east—
 Little by little did morning reveal
 Two long, glittering lines of steel

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
 Tipped with the light of earliest beam,
 And the faces are sullen and grim to see
 In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
 Pealed on the silence the opening gun:
 A little white puff of smoke there came,
 And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
 Where a breastwork stands in the copse of pines,
 Before the Rebels their ranks can form
 The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
 Where many a hero has found a grave,
 And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
 The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
 Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured;
 Slaughter infernal rode with Despair,
 Furies twain through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
 A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
 Not much moved by the fire was he,
 Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
 On the bold Rebel brigades close by—
 Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease,
 While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bulldog bay
 The Yankee batteries blazed away,
 And with every murderous second that sped
 A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old graybeard rode to the space
 Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
 And silently waved his old slouched hat—
 A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
 This was what he seemed to say;
 And to the light of his glorious eye
 The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back."
 And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
 "Go to the rear, and we'll send them to hell!"
 And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
 Rode to the rear. Like waves of the sea,
 Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
 Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
 Their banners rent and their columns riven
 Wherever the tide of battle rolled
 Over the Wilderness wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
 Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
 And the brook ran on with a purple stain
 From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year;
 Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
 And the field in a richer green is dressed
 Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of Rebel drum,
 The sabers are sheathed and the cannon are dumb;
 And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
 The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
 And down into history grandly rides,
 Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
 The gray-bearded man in the black slouched hat.

Confederate Veteran.

*FAMILY OF MRS. HENRIETTA HUNT MORGAN.
BY MILFORD OVERLEY, NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.,
FLEMINGSBURG, KY.*

While so much is being said and written concerning the unbounded patriotism of Southern families during the great war, estimated chiefly by the sacrifices made, the number of soldiers sent out to battle for their country and their homes, and the services these rendered and the distinction they achieved, I want to give in brief, through the VETERAN, the record of just one Kentucky family, that of Mrs. Henrietta H. Morgan, of Lexington.

Mrs. Morgan's maiden name was Hunt. She was born in Lexington, Ky., December 5, 1805, was married to Calvin C. Morgan in 1823, and was a widow at the beginning of the war, her husband having died in 1854. She was the mother of eight children, six sons and two daughters. The daughters had husbands, and this enabled the patriotic mother to give to the Confederate cause eight as gallant soldiers as ever went to battle. Seven of these were commissioned officers; the other, a mere boy, the youngest of the family, was a private. There were three generals, one colonel, two captains, and one lieutenant. Two of the generals and the lieutenant were killed in battle, and the other general was desperately wounded. Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed at Petersburg, Va., only a few days before the surrender of Lee's army. He was one of the very best officers in the Confederate service—brave, cautious, thoroughly reliable, and a desperate fighter. His was the last name uttered by the dying Stonewall Jackson, who, in his delirium, said, "Tell A. P. Hill"— That was all, and soon the great general, the Christian soldier, "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," and A. P. Hill became his successor.

Maj. Gen. John H. Morgan, the great raider, the knightly cavalier, was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864. Like Forrest, he was a born cavalry leader; and it was he who, early in the war, taught West Pointers how to utilize cavalry to the best advantage and to make this arm in the highest degree efficient, and they profited by the lesson, notwithstanding their prejudice against army officers who had not been trained in military schools. Morgan, with twenty-five hundred men, often neutralized ten thousand of the enemy, and sometimes more than twice that number. Forrest's "getting there first with the most men" enabled him to win many victories; but Morgan seldom had the most men, yet he generally got there first and caught the other fellows napping, as he did the enemy at Hartsville on that cold December morning in 1862.

Lieut. Tom Morgan, of the Second Kentucky Cavalry, was killed at Lebanon, Ky., July 5, 1863, in an attack upon a force of Federal troops at that place by Gen. J. H. Morgan. He was a gallant boy of but nineteen, and was quite a favorite with the entire regiment.

Gen. Basil Duke, now of Louisville, Ky., is the other son-in-law. He was sorely wounded in a fight with the command of Gen. John M. Harlan—now Judge Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court—December, 1862. Gen. Duke was an able commander, and no man served the Confederacy more faithfully, more gallantly than he. Commanding Morgan's Division after the death of that chieftain, he refused to yield when Lee surrendered, though serving in that general's department, but started southward with most of his command, intending to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. But, finding Johnston preparing to surrender, he pushed on till President Davis's cavalcade was overtaken,

when his command became part of Mr. Davis's escort. At Abbeville, S. C., the last council of war was held, and Gen. Duke was a member. There and then the Confederacy ceased



MRS. MORGAN AT HER ANCESTRAL HOME, LEXINGTON.

to be. Gen. Duke surrendered his men at Woodstock, Ga., May 8, 1865.

Besides Gen. Duke, Col. Richard C. Morgan, Capts. Charlton H. Morgan, Calvin C. Morgan, and Private Francis Key Morgan lived to return home.

FLAG AND UNIFORM OF THE CONFEDERACY.

There has been various claims as to who first conceived the design for the Confederate flag adopted by the Congress assembled in Montgomery, Ala. As to the gray uniform of the Confederate soldier, there has been less discussion, it being generally understood that the color was taken from the uniforms worn by the cadets of West Point, and that Mr. Davis, having been Secretary of War, himself suggested the idea. It now appears, most conclusively, that Mr. Nicola Marschall, quite a noted portrait painter and who is yet living in Louisville, Ky., was the real designer of the flag and the uniform.

Mr. Marschall is a Prussian. He came to America in 1849 when quite a young man, landing in New Orleans. Afterwards he went to Mobile, where he followed his profession as an artist, especially in portrait-painting. Later he accepted a position in the female seminary at Marion, Ala., as teacher of music, painting, and the languages—French and German. He is a hale and hearty old man seventy-four years old, and, in telling in his modest, quiet way how he happened to make the designs which the world admired and respects says:

"In 1857 I returned to Prussia, and remained in Europe for two years continuing my studies of art. I studied both in Munich and Italy. It was while returning from Italy and passing through Verona, which then belonged to Austria, that I saw the uniform which some years later was to furnish me the design for the Southern Confederate uniform.

"In Verona one day the notes of martial music came to me. On searching out the source, I found that a party of sharpshooters belonging to the Austrian army were passing. 'What noble soldiers and what splendid uniforms!' was my involuntary comment as I saw them. They were all great, manly soldiers, and were dressed in the striking uniform of gray with green trimmings. The green denoted their branch of the army—the sharpshooters—and their rank was indicated by marks on the collars of their coats, bars for lieutenants and captains, three stars for the higher officers.

"I returned to America in 1859, and again located in Marion. There I painted many portraits of the wealthy planters and members of their families, as well as of other prominent people of the South. Andrew Moore was then a judge at Marion. He afterwards became war Governor of Alabama.

"Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, a beautiful Southern woman of an old Virginia family and the wife of a wealthy planter, lived at Marion. Her eldest son married the eldest daughter of Gov. Moore, and one of her younger sons married one of the younger daughters of Gov. Moore.

"Soon came the first notes of war. Mrs. Lockett was as loyal a daughter as the South had, and was much interested in its affairs. She came to me one day and said: 'Mr. Marschall, we have seceded, and the Confederate government wants a flag. Will you make us a design? It must not be too unlike the United States flag, but different enough to be distinguished at a distance.'

"At once I took pencil and paper, and made three different designs. The first was of two red stripes and one of white, with a blue field bearing seven white stars—indicating the number of States that had then seceded—in the upper left-hand corner. The second design was the same, except that the blue field with stars was at the extreme left of the white stripe instead of the top red stripe. The third design had the two full red stripes at top and bottom, the white stripe in the middle with the blue field and white stars in the center."

This account does not comport fully with that of Dr. S. E. Lewis adopted by the U. C. V., who does not admit that "this first design made by Mr. Marschall was the flag adopted by the Confederate government;" but it is well known to those familiar with Southern history that this flag—the stars and bars—was placed on the staff above the capitol at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861, by Miss J. C. Tyler, of Virginia, a granddaughter of John Tyler, ex-President of the United States.

Continuing his interesting narrative, Mr. Marschall said: "Mrs. Lockett thanked me for the flag designs, and started to go. Then she came back, adding: 'We also want a design for a uniform, Mr. Marschall. Can't you suggest one?' The thought occurred to me of the gray uniforms I had seen worn by the Austrian sharpshooters. I took a piece of paper and made several rough sketches, indicating the gray color, and also the colors on the collars to denote the branch of the service—buff for officers, yellow for cavalry, blue for infantry, red for artillery, etc. It did not occur to me then that I had done anything worthy of note. I simply made the sketches at the request of Mrs. Lockett. I knew no more about them from then until I found that the uniform and one of the flags had been adopted by the Confederacy."

This is the story of how the gray of the Confederate army and the banner under which that army fought were made.

When war was declared, Mr. Marschall enlisted as a private of volunteers, going with his command from Marion to garrison Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. Afterwards he was with the Second Alabama Regiment of Engineers. He served with Col. Lockett, a son of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, under Gen. Polk, just preceding the fall of Vicksburg. Mr. Marschall served then in the Confederate army until the curtain was finally drawn at Appomattox.

In obscure corners of his studio are old and worn chests, secured with bands of steel. One of these bears the inscription: "N. Marschall, Second Engineers' Regiment of Alabama." It is the kit which Mr. Marschall carried with him during the war. In another box are scrapbooks and papers, among them being letters written Mr. Marschall by generals and statesmen of the South during and after the war. One of the most highly prized of them all is a letter of introduction to Mr. Davis, written by Gen. Forrest after the war, to Mr. Marschall, for whom the great "wizard of the saddle" expressed warm, personal friendship.

WAR TIME'S DISASTER AT MAXWELL HOUSE.

[In the VETERAN for December, 1901 (page 554), there is an account by John C. Cates, Fulton, Miss., and in the June issue of 1902 (page 264), by J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex., there are reports of the killing and maiming of many Confederate prisoners in the Maxwell House at Nashville (known then as Zollicoffer Barracks—who can tell why this last name?) in the fall of 1863. As the unfortunate victims were from nearly every Southern State, and as the following article indicates the spirit of that time and the character of publication as it was then, the entire report, kindly furnished by a friend, is given verbatim. Comrade Templeton reports five of his company in the crowd, all of whose names do not appear in this report. This report is from a Nashville paper under Federal military surveillance.]

TERrible ACCIDENT AT THE "ZOLLICOFFER BARRACKS."

One of the most startling and fatal accidents occurred in our city yesterday that we have ever been called upon to chronicle. The scene of the sad disaster, so fraught with human suffering, was the unfinished building, situated on the corner of Church and Cherry Streets, known as the Maxwell House, which was used as a barracks for our soldiers. At the time of the accident about six hundred Confederate prisoners were confined there in the upper or fifth story. At the signal for breakfast, the prisoners rushed to the head of the stairs on their way to the dining room, all gayety and thoughtlessness. The rush was so sudden and their weight so great that the stairs gave way with a loud crash, and one hundred of the prisoners were suddenly precipitated, with a perfect avalanche of broken and scattering timbers, through two sets of flooring to the third floor, where they landed one quivering mass of bleeding, mangled humanity. Two (whose names we have been unable to learn) were instantly killed, and the whole of them more or less injured. Many of them were frightfully disfigured, having their legs, arms, or heads broken.

The news of the accident spread rapidly through the city, and in a short time the streets in the vicinity were crowded with persons anxious to learn the extent of the terrible affair.

Guards were immediately thrown around the building to prevent the unfortunate sufferers, who were now being re-

moved from the wreck, from being crowded. Ambulances were hurried to the spot, and the misguided and suffering Confederates, who had braved the dangers of many a hard-fought battle, to be maimed for life by an accident, were taken to the prison hospital. Here they were attended by our surgeons and nurses with all the kind and tender care that could have been shown a Federal soldier wounded under the stars and stripes, fighting for the Union. The secesh ladies also waited on them with an untiring devotion that would reflect honor on a more righteous cause. One of the injured prisoners, a mere stripling, who has been captured several times before, remarked that he would not care half so much if he had taken his breakfast.

In another part of the building were some Union refugees, lately arrived from Northern Georgia. Upon the occurrence of the fatal accident, some of the men rushed to the rescue among the foremost. One of them found among the sufferers three of his neighbors from Georgia, who had long since left their homes for the Rebel service. Another refugee found his son, who had been conscripted and of whom he had not heard in sixteen months. A third encountered a brother from Texas, from whom he had been separated eight years. Such are the sad and impressive scenes, which can scarcely be called strange in this unnatural war.

Though many of the prisoners are badly hurt and will be crippled for life, we are told that not more than four or five are likely to die from the effects of their injuries.

We will here remark that the present efficient commander of the barracks, Capt. Lakin, of the Eighty-Ninth Ohio, is in no way to blame for the accident, for he has frequently warned the inmates of the barracks against crowding around the stairways.

The names of the prisoners and their commands are:

C. Knox, 4th Tenn.; J. S. Starnes, F, 29th Miss.; J. M. Dickey, A, 44th Tenn.; C. Swader, K, 3d Con. Cav. (dangerous); J. Jones, H, 20th Tenn.; A. Griffin, C, 2d Ky.; S. O'Neal, I, 50th Ala.; R. H. Henderson, D, 4th Tenn. Cav.; G. T. Eckhart, 10th Tex.; P. Nichol, E, 1st La.; M. Williams, B, 1st Bat. Ga. Sharpshooters; J. P. Smith, C, 16th Ala.; J. T. Killingsworth, H, 17th Tenn.; H. C. Nutt, B, 17th Tenn.; S. H. Orr, D, 50th Ala.; W. Park, I, 6th Ark.; R. Marshall, F, 41st Tenn.; S. J. Tealey, C, 8th Ga.; William Freeman, G, 27th Miss.; S. A. Foster, C, 1st Bat. Sharpshooters; R. H. Leonard, B, 3d Va.; John Simpson, A, 34th Miss.; J. J. Sleilings, C, 57th Ga.; S. V. Green, citizen; J. J. Polk, C, 4th Tenn.; S. Summers, I, 37th Miss.; J. T. Ridgle, E, 50th Ala.; J. Mathew, citizen; R. Kendall, K, 13th Ark.; C. G. Odom, I, 10th Tex.; A. H. Killingsworth, F, 3d Con. Cav.; J. A. Clark, F, 44th Tenn.; J. T. Gray, B, 44th Tenn.; M. J. Tucker, D, 9th Tenn.; J. Fowler, citizen; W. M. Carter, B, 27th Tenn.; J. W. Burch, F, 5th Ky.; W. R. Paine, E, 39th Ga.; E. R. Paine, E, 39th Ga.; J. H. Burke, Q, 10th Tex.; J. W. Jones, Q, 3d Ark.; James Miller, K, 38th Ala.; T. P. Hinsure, D, 33d Ala.; C. H. Bailey, L, 14th Tex.; P. F. Brooks, G, 34th Ala.; John Taylor, 2d Ky. Cav.; R. A. Lasseur, C, 4th Ga.; C. Killingsworth, H, 3d Con. Cav.; J. T. Harris, B, 29th Miss.; J. W. Harris, B, 29th Miss.; J. L. Olea, B, 29th Miss.; J. Reed, K, 27th Ala.; D. N. Forde, F, 24th Miss.; B. Gilmore, B, 34th Miss.; T. H. Terry, K, 13th Ark.; J. C. Hill, C, 34th Ala.; J. W. Ernest, D, 28th Tenn.; J. H. Pierson, H, 7th Miss.; John Bridges, B, 19th Ala.; Terry Money, B, 13th La.; Butler Horner, B, 9th Tenn.; Mike Harlan, B, 13th La.; B. A.

Hewey, A, 8th Ark.; S. A. Mulling, Waite's Light Art.; William Ayers, K, 39th Tenn.; F. Thomas, A, 3d Con. Cav.; D. Walker, E, Con. Cav.; W. A. Moodey, F, 34th Miss.; T. J. Burns, E, 39th Ga.; J. R. Byrd, E, 43d Ala.; R. R. Filby, I, 1st Ga.; G. W. Monfort, K, 2d Ky.; William Reece, 1st Ala. Legion; G. C. Maddock, 1st Bat. Sharpshooters; J. A. Pierson, H, 7th Miss.; W. E. Bradford, E, 44th Tenn.; J. D. Cox, A, 28th Miss.; N. Heinstran, Cort's Battery; W. Lambert, citizen; R. Fox, E, 37th Ga.; W. C. Evit, citizen; E. R. Conner, B, 1st La.; H. B. Fowler, citizen; R. Ranch, B, 19th Ala.; T. M. Dane, C, 17th Tenn.; J. B. Millard, E, 34th Tenn.; J. W. Wells, D, 19th Ala.; J. Williams, B, 19th Ala.; Patrick Comor, B, 13th La.; M. Burke, I, 13th La.; J. S. Lamb, D, 50th Ala.; N. Etchman, Carnes's Battery; J. Allison, 3d Con. Cav.; H. A. Vaughan, D, 18th Ala.; G. W. Hearn, K, 37th Ga.; J. McAltart, Miss. Cav.; G. Vandever, 37th Ala.; G. W. Hoffner, E, 2d Ky.; L. M. Poe, E, 28th Ala. (dangerous); L. B. Scott, A, 9th Tenn. (dead); L. Lewis, K, 9th Tenn.; J. B. Hambelin, G, 18th La.; J. T. Simmons, C, 51st Tenn.—over one hundred in all.



MAXWELL HOUSE, NASHVILLE, TENN., 1861-65.

Mr. W. H. Isham, of Kellar's, Tenn., in writing to the VETERAN of this disaster, says that he was one of the unfortunates who fell; but, aside from a severe shaking up, was not hurt and did not go to the hospital. He was standing at the head of the stairs when the crash came, and doubtless owed his life to this position, as the mass of humanity below him in a measure broke his fall. Mr. Isham says the second floor did not stop them; and when they did stop, he lit on his feet, with the dead and wounded beneath and piled above and around him. He was soon relieved, and thinks that out of the one hundred and fourteen that fell with him he was the only one that went back upstairs.

FIGHTING NEAR PORT GIBSON.

BY A. J. EDWARDS, HOOVER, ARK.

In the January VETERAN is an article by Comrade T. B. Cox, of Waco, Tex., in which he mentions the fight near Port Gibson, Miss., in May, 1863, as one of the "hottest little battles of the war." As a participant in that engagement I indorse the statement of Comrade Cox, and add some data that came under my personal observation. I was a member of Company A (Capt. Douglas), of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, Green's Brigade, Bowen's Division.

On May 1, 1863, or near that date, we left Port Gibson, marching west a few miles and were formed in line of battle, with our pickets well out in front. About two o'clock in the morning we were lying down in line, when I heard a challenge from our pickets, followed quickly by firing. We were the support for six pieces of artillery, and the captain of the battery, who was within a few feet of me, ordered the guns loaded with canister; and as our pickets passed in, closely followed by the Yankees, all six of the pieces were discharged. They were handled rapidly, and the earth trembled under the constant concussion. The Federal line was checked and repulsed, how far we could not see, but the next moment a battery opened on us with shell. Our guns replied with solid shot, and must have crippled the Federal battery, as it was drawn off soon and another took its place. This artillery duel was kept up until daylight, when their guns ceased and their infantry was advanced. Just at this time the captain of our battery reported to Gen. Green, who was within ten feet of where I was lying down under the brow of the hill, that all of his guns were disabled but one, and that he had no ammunition for that except grapeshot. The General told him to go back and use the grape as long as they lasted, and then the gun staffs, if necessary.

To cover the advance of their infantry, a six-gun battery was rushed out on a commanding ridge and opened on us. I remember how beautiful those guns looked to me then, even in the excitement, and the quick, precise movements with which they were brought into action. Our position was naturally a strong one for defense in front, and we waited until they came within less than two hundred yards of us before we rose and delivered our fire. It shattered their first line, and with the second volley they broke, but quickly re-formed and came again, only to meet the same destructive fire, and again they fell back. Having re-formed, they were coming the third time, when Capt. Douglas passed down the line, inquiring for Gen. Green to inform him that they were turning our flank. It was the last words I ever heard that gallant soldier and gentleman speak, for a moment later he received his death wound, and now lies buried in Port Gibson. As I rose to fire on the third advance of the Federals a musket ball struck me in the lower lip and went through to the back of my neck, and that was the last I saw of the battle. I was picked up and carried to Port Gibson, where I remained for a long time before I was able to be sent off to prison.

I did not think our forces were as large as Comrade Cox gives them (four thousand); but even at that Gen. Grant had sixty thousand, and we swung to and fro over the field with these odds from daylight until about noon, and were not driven from our position by fighting, but were outflanked. I believe we killed and wounded almost as many Federals as we had men in the fight.

And now, old comrades, we are fast passing away, answering the last roll call, so let us strive to make our last days on

earth as pure and faithful to our God as they were glorious and true to our principles in that trying ordeal of defending home and native land.

CONDITIONS OF OUR ARMY NEAR THE CLOSE.

That terrible all day's battle, emphasized as "the last battle of the war," at West Point, Ga., under command of Gen. R. C. Tyler, who was killed that day, will be recalled in connection with the following letter to Maj. W. J. Slatter:

"IN BIVOUAC NEAR AUGUSTA, February, 1865.

"My Dear Slatter: Seated by a bivouac fire in the pine woods of South Carolina, the black smoke from a thousand lightwood fires ascending, the cold, bleak winds blowing heavily from the northwest, the division (which I now am commanding, Bate's) being inspected by brigade inspection commanders, are my surroundings. The Army of Tennessee extends between here and Charleston, and *en route* to this and other points there has been some skirmishing at several points recently; results indefinite generally. Wheeler fought the Twentieth Yankee Corps and some cavalry on Saturday and Sunday, repulsing them handsomely on both days. The fight was some fifteen miles from Augusta. I do not have any idea how long this (Cheatham's) corps will be held here. The health of the troops is good; they need rest very much; discipline lax; reorganization wanted. System required a new vigor instilled, which nothing but rest and discipline can impart. Yet the old Army of Tennessee is a grand organization; am proud to be a member of it, humble as I may be. It is composed principally of veteran troops, battle-scarred heroes, bronze-visaged, sturdy-sinewed, iron-willed, brave, and self-sacrificing. They are a noble band. It will be glory enough when peace shall once again smile upon us with all her blessing for me to tell my friends that in this revolution I was one of that army.

"You have doubtless heard much of certain brigades and divisions, of the part performed by them in the recent campaign into Tennessee, of the bravery of this or bad conduct of that. Many reflections have been cast on — Division, but from all accounts I am constrained to the belief that his division did as well as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances. In my own brigade, the Tennessee Consolidated Regiment, numbering about three hundred and fifty men, one hundred and eighty-three were captured while in line of battle (in front of Nashville) before they would retreat.

"The propriety of taking the negro as soldiers is being discussed more or less by the army; have not heard as yet sufficiently to form an opinion as to whether it be popular with the army, but am sure that some prominent officers who were bitterly opposed to it eighteen months since are now advocates for the plan. One thing is certain: our army must be increased, the skulkers and deserters must be returned, and every exertion made by those who cannot come to send them forward.

"My health continues good. Am suffering considerably from my limb, but am in hopes will be able to endure. How are all the good people of Troup? My heart warms when I think of the many kindnesses received at their hands, and hope the day is not far distant when I may be permitted to visit them once again. My kindest wishes to all. Tender to your good lady my salutations, and believe me very truly,

R. C. TYLER."

PRICE'S RAID THROUGH MISSOURI.

BY W. D. HARRIS, BENTONVILLE, ARK.

I was a private in the Second Arkansas Cavalry, Monroe's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, under Gen. Price, in his Missouri campaign in the fall of 1864. Our command started from Princeton, Ark., on September 1, crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Smith, and marched to the vicinity of Pilot Knob, Mo. This was strongly fortified and held by the Federals. Preparations were at once made for an attack. We made the first assault in the morning, and were repulsed with a heavy loss. In the afternoon we attacked the fortification again, and were again repulsed. I do not remember the number of killed, but of my company eight were killed and several others were wounded. After our last repulse we drew off about a mile and went into camp for the night, with the understanding that we would renew the fight next morning.

In the last attack a boy named Mahoney, a member of my company, was wounded and captured. He was carried before the commanding officer and questioned as to our strength. Mahoney gave him considerably less than we had, but told him we were expecting heavy reinforcements that night. The stout fight we had put up with the small force mentioned by Mahoney evidently decided the Yankee officer that he had best get away before our reinforcements came up; so about two o'clock that night they moved out and blew up their magazine.

A short time after the report made by the explosion, Mahoney rode into camp mounted on a splendid horse and leading two others, and behind him came another one of the boys that had been captured, also mounted on a Yankee horse, with a sack of coffee in front of him. In the confusion of evacuating the fort and blowing up the magazine the boys escaped with horses and coffee.

After caring for our wounded and burying the dead we resumed our march, following the Missouri River. Constantly for twenty days succeeding some part of our command was engaged with the enemy. Our last stand was made on the prairie near Little Blue River, between Independence and what is now Kansas City. We could see the Yankees forming, and Gen. Cabell rode down our line and said: "Boys, they are going to charge you; give them h—." They did charge, and inside of twenty minutes the General was a prisoner. We held our line until both flanks were enveloped, and then it was hand-to-hand fighting, the only that I saw during the war. Those of us who got away united across the creek. I had an ugly flesh wound in my arm by a Minie ball. This was our last stand; after that we kept moving, followed by the enemy. We reached Tulip, Ark., about November 1.

I have always thought that Price's raid through Missouri was the most fruitless as well as the hardest on men and horses made during the war.

THAT CHARGE AT SPANISH FORT.

BY T. G. CARTER, GEORGIANA, FLA.

I read with great interest the articles of your correspondents when they refer to matters in which I had some part, and occasionally I note some inaccuracies. In the December VETERAN Mr. Eli Davis says that he remembers the night "when three lines of battle charged our picket line, but we forced them back." As in the fight at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, he speaks of the absence of trees in his front, this must have been on the south side of the fort, facing the Federals of Veatch's Division, of the Thirteenth Corps.

One dark night there was an alarm in Veatch's front, and it sounded as if a large body of troops were approaching. A heavy fire was opened upon the supposed line of battle. The next morning it was ascertained that a large drove of cattle had in some way gotten between the two lines, and it seems that both sides supposed an assault was being made. All of the cattle were killed, and it seems that the Federal fire killed and wounded some of the Confederates. I do not know that any of the Federals were struck. Afterwards my brigade was sent to occupy Veatch's line while he was sent to guard a train of supplies for Gen. Steele at Blakely. While there I learned about this "charge of the Light Brigade," and I did not know that both sides were "charged;" but I do know that no charge was made by the Federals against the Confederates during the siege. Gen. Canby was asked by one of his corps commanders, Gen. A. J. Smith, if he might charge the works; but was refused, with the explanation that he had men enough and time enough, and it would be unnecessary to sacrifice life in a charge.

As to the cattle. I have a distinct recollection of advancing our line one bright, moonlight night to within a stone's toss of the Confederate outpost, in which sentinels were kept in the daytime. We made no noise as we crawled out of our trench and took our places on the proposed new line; then we dug ourselves into the ground as rapidly as possible, and, when sheltered in a hole, dug toward their works. By daylight we had a good trench, with a sap connecting with our works, when we were discovered. I have always thought that the Confederate pickets fled from their post on account of the proximity of those dead cattle, which gave a "loud" odor at that time. We would have been glad for orders to retreat, but had to stay all night in the midst of decaying cattle.

In the January VETERAN Mr. Jesse M. Dunaway says that the siege lasted sixteen days. The fort was invested on the 27th of March, 1865, and was evacuated on the night of April 8, making thirteen days.

ROBERT McCULLOCH CAMP.—E. H. Lively, Adjutant of the Robert McCulloch Camp, at Spokane, writes: "It is pleasant to note in the VETERAN that the good and noble man whose name our Camp bears is still alive at his home, in Boonville, Mo. This is the only Camp in this State at present. They realize the importance of organization in this part of the State. Comrade Jacob Heater is working diligently for this purpose. He was of the Thirty-First Virginia, commanded by Col. William L. Jackson, and did valiant service, being conspicuous in the second battle of Bull Run. Comrade Heater wears on all public occasions the Confederate gray."

MILITARY RECORD OF DANIEL O'CONNELL SOUGHT.—Mrs. John J. Mulholland, 4362 Forest Park Place, St. Louis, desires the war record of her uncle that she may join the Daughters of the Confederacy. She states: "My uncle, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Little Rock, Ark., was my mother's brother. He was born in Louisville, Ky., as were my mother and myself. All brothers and sisters are dead. He married Miss Olivia Hall, of Little Rock, deceased. I think his father's given name was Patrick."

Comrade A. H. D. Moore, of Bryan, Tex., wants to hear from some member of his company or regiment, Company A, Forty-First Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps. He is seventy years old, very feeble and destitute, and needs proof to gain admittance to the Confederate Home.

COMMENT CONCERNING THE "CLANSMAN."

FROM THOMAS DIXON, JR., IN NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

Permit me a few words of reply to some critics of the "Clansman."

Mr. Edwin L. Shuman, of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, whom I regard as one of the best critics in America, says that my portrait of Thaddeus Stevens as "Austin Stoneman" is a gross caricature.

Will Mr. Shuman print *verbatim* the bill and speech of Stevens which provided for the confiscation of the property of the South, its division among the negroes and the reimbursing of himself for his burned mills, and then defend his character? This speech is on page 203 of the *Congressional Globe*, March, 1867, and was delivered two years after the close of the war, while the South was yet in her life-and-death struggle with starvation. (Henry Timrod, the poet, died of insufficient nourishment in Columbia, S. C., October 7, 1867.)

The following words will identify this address: "The laws of war authorize us to take this property by our sovereign power. You behold at your feet a conquered foe, an atrocious enemy! We have the right to impose confiscation of all their property—to impoverish them. This is strict law and good common sense. To this issue I devote the small remnant of my life."

No biographer of Mr. Stevens has ever dared to print his speeches. Why? This speech is the one supreme act of his life—an act which lights with the glare of immortal infamy his whole character and career.

I have not caricatured him. It was necessary to soften, humanize, and idealize his character to make it fit to print. My only errors are on the side of mercy. Let my critics put a finger on a single line, page, scene, or insinuation in the "Clansman" in which I do him injustice.

My book will stand or fall as a contribution to the history of reconstruction on this character. Unless I have sketched him with honesty and accuracy, I have committed a crime. I rest the book on this issue.

The *Outlook* declares that I have deliberately prostituted such talents as I possess to arouse the worst passions of my readers, made a case of all devils against all angels, and that my book will retard the harmony so eminently desirable between the North and South. Surely not! Could a literary fake, written by a deliberate intellectual prostitute, retard anything? It is a psychological impossibility for a fakir to write a book of power unless endowed with a superhuman mind. I protest against such high praise.

Nor is the "case of all angels against all devils" true. I sketch five negro characters—two good, two bad, and one humorous. I draw full length the characters of two great Republican leaders—Lincoln and Stevens—one good and one bad. Should a reviewer deliberately try to deceive his readers even to promote harmony between the North and the South? Can harmony be gained by falsehood?

The *Outlook* assumes that my facts are true, but says: "Let's hush it up; it's all over now, and we're ashamed of it." Is it so? Hear this choice deliverance of calm, philosophic criticism from the Boston *Transcript*: "He reaches the acme of his sectional passions when he exalts the Ku Klux Klan into an association of Southern patriots, when he must know, or else be strangely ignorant of American history, that its members were as arrant ruffians, desperadoes, and scoundrels as ever went unhang'd."

Did it ever occur to the *Outlook* that I may be trying to reach Darkest New England with a few rays of Southern

sunlight? One of the best preachers in Boston, a man of the sweetest Christian character, a leader of evangelical Christianity, whose sermons the *Transcript* prints on Mondays, was a Ku Klux Clansman, and at this writing is still unhang'd and very popular in Boston. Has the *Transcript* moved to Salem?

My father is a venerable minister of Christ. He has built many flourishing Baptist churches in Piedmont, Carolina, in a pastorate of sixty years. He is one of those "desperadoes," and is still unhang'd. I could give the names of a thousand of these "ruffians" who are to-day among the noblest men in America.

The *Outlook* was founded by Mr. Beecher to promote Christian union. Will my father vote even to unite with his Northern brethren of the same faith so long as such experts in ignorance as the Boston *Transcript* teach that in saving the civilization of the South he was a ruffian, desperado, and scoundrel? Is it possible to promote harmony by a lie?

I am no sectional fanatic, but a citizen of New York, with scores of warm friends in the great, rushing North. Their support has given me my successes in life. This is my country—the whole of it, from sea to sea and from Alaska to the Keys of Florida. I love the people of the North, and I have promised that if God gives me strength they shall know mine own people of the South and love them too. Is this a crime? I am writing out of the fullness of life the story of my father and mother and brethren. It is an authentic human document. In these books I am giving utterance to the deepest soul convictions of eighteen million Southern people on this the darkest problem of our century. Can there be harmony until we understand each other?

You cannot "hush up" the history of a mighty nation. This is no dead issue. The President of the United States devoted his whole speech to it on Lincoln's birthday. We have not settled the negro problem. We have not dared to face it as yet.

One of my critics accuses me of buying a house and yacht out of the royalties of my book. It seems a pity to destroy this fairy tale, but it may ease his pain. I have a beautiful home and a modest yacht, but I bought and paid for them before I had written a book. Yachting is a means of economy and health with me, not luxury. My wife and children are as passionately fond of the water as I am, and we live cheaper on the boat than on the shore. May I mildly ask if it is immoral or even a violation of the canons of art to do this?

Another critic is very angry because I do not write like Thomas Nelson Page. How can I help it? Mr. Page has never asked me to write his books. I couldn't do it if I tried, and I wouldn't do it if I could.

Whether the "Clansman" is literature or trash is a question about which I am losing no sleep. This generation will not decide it; and in the next I'll be dead, and it will not matter.

My ideal of work is very simple—to do my level best every time, and try to express my story in the most powerful manner possible. The most powerful way is always the most artistic way, for art is the appeal to the intellect through the emotions. When a critic says my book is one of "marvelous power," but "thoroughly inartistic," I don't try to understand him or answer him. I give it up. He is talking in an unknown tongue, or he is beyond my depth.

I never write a book unless I have something to say, and never say it as long as I can keep from it. When at last I have become so full of a great dramatic idea that I feel I

shall die unless it is uttered, that others may know the might of its truth and the glory of its beauty, I write the story--write it simply, sincerely, boldly, passionately.

This may not be "literature," but I have my reward—and it is large financially, and larger spiritually. Out of the depths of the unseen these passionate cries of the heart come back in echoes wet with tears and winged with hopes, and life becomes a joy wide as is the world that holds these kindred souls and deep as are the secrets of their hearts, which are also mine. And I am content.

I owe much to my critics. They are all my good friends, and none more so than mine enemies among them. This challenge I wave them with a smile and friendly greeting.

HOW CONFEDERATES TREATED A FEDERAL.

BY W. C. BROWN, WINCHESTER, IND.

I was a member of the Ninety-Third Regiment of the Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In the battle of Chickamauga, just at dark on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1863, my leg was broken by a musket ball sent out by the Johnnies in our front. This occurred in the woods about a half mile to the west of Jay's Mill, and we were falling back at the time. Soon after our lines had fallen back the Confederates established their pickets for the night. A squad (five, if I remember correctly) were passing to the front about fifty yards from where I had fallen. I called to them. They halted, and asked who I was and what I wanted. I replied that I was a wounded Federal soldier, and wanted to be helped into an easier position, as I was suffering from a broken leg. They came to me promptly and assisted me as gently as if I had been one of their own men or a brother to a large tree where I would be protected from the fire of our own men, first taking off my woolen blanket and spreading it down for me to lie on, placing my cartridge box under my head for a pillow and spreading my oilcloth over me.

The tenderness with which they had lifted me touched me, and I said: "Boys, an hour or two ago we were engaged in shooting each other, and now you are treating me with the greatest kindness. I hardly know how to thank you for it in return." They only replied, "Well, old fellow, we are doing to you only as we should like to be done by. It may come our turn next," and they passed on to the front picket line for the night. I was suffering so at the time that I did not notice all of the little details connected with this visit of the Johnnies that night; but the next morning, when I awoke from a half-feverish, dreamy sleep, I found that one of them had spread half of a homemade calico quilt over me, saying nothing about it, and doubtless keeping the other half to shelter him in his nightlong watch on picket post. Was there ever a more beautiful type of chivalry and Christian charity than this? This incident grows brighter to me as the years go by. God bless you, boys, wherever you may be! I would love to have you for my neighbors.

My command was the Ninety-Third Ohio Infantry, McCook's Corps, but at that time attached to Thomas's Corps, on our left (your right). The Confederates near our part of the line were of Cleburne's Division, in which were the Second, Thirty-Fifth, and Forty-Eighth Tennessee, First Arkansas, Third and Fifth Confederate, and Calvert's Arkansas Battery. I was kept prisoner of war most of the time at Atlanta, Ga., and on the 17th of February, 1864, was included in a special exchange of prisoners (twenty-eight Yanks for twenty-eight Johnnies), all badly wounded. I

should be glad to hear from some of the boys who treated me so kindly on the occasion referred to.

THE ROSE FROM CHANDELLORSVILLE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I plucked a rose from Chancellorsville,

A little rose with lifted head,

Where on a gently sloping hill

One time the Blue and Gray lay dead.

The Northland's lads, the Southland's sons,

'Twas there their spirits found release;

Under the grimy, growling guns

They slept the dreamless sleep of peace.

I heard a fair bird trill her lay

Above me in the crested pines,

But not the one that sang that day

Between the serried battle lines.

No longer clashed the angry foes

Upon the war-encrimsoned sod,

And from my hand the tiny rose

Of Chancellorsville looked up to God.

The wings of peace that day were spread

Where armies battled man to man,

And through the woodland to me sped

The murmur of the Rapidan.

I thought of thousands who no more

Within the shaded tarn will see

The banners that they proudly bore

Behind the matchless plume of Lee.

I looked upon the little rose

That grew so sweetly on the hill,

Love's sacred tribute to the foes

Who struggled once at Chancellorsville.

I saw the wildwood hares at play,

I heard the cricket 'neath the leaves;

While by a hearthstone far away

Some mother for her hero grieves.

O little rose of Chancellorsville,

How came ye in this haunted wood,

Where in the vale and on the hill

One smiling May the legions stood?

What bade thee lift above the sod

This summer day thy modest head?

What but the sweet voice of thy God?

For war and strife fore'er hath fled.

I see no more the ranks of Gray

That charged among these stately pines;

The blue hath faded far away

From Hooker's vaunted battle lines.

And here I hold thee in my hand

Above this well-contested hill,

With peace throughout Columbia's land,

O little rose from Chancellorsville!

Mrs. Annie McLemore Allen, of Lafayette, Ala., asks for a copy of the poem entitled "The Baltimore Grays." It is hoped that some one of our readers can furnish it.

O. T. Foster, of Murray, Ky., makes inquiry for B. C. Foster, who belonged to an Arkansas battalion of cavalry, and who was discharged at Corinth, Miss.

STONEWALL JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

[Capt. J. G. Morrison, formerly aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Jackson and a brother of Mrs. Jackson, now residing at Mariposa, N. C., sends the VETERAN the July (1866) number of *The Land We Love*, published by Gen. D. H. Hill in Charlotte, N. C., early after the War between the States. It is copied here as pertinent to the discussions that have recently appeared in the VETERAN.]

WOUNDING OF LIEUT. GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

There have been numerous and conflicting accounts of the wounding of this great leader—many written by persons who were miles away from the scene of the ever-to-be-lamented occurrence, and of course who possessed little accurate information of the affair; while others have been written by eyewitnesses, and have been accurate so far as each individual had an opportunity of beholding what occurred. It is a duty of those who were eyewitnesses of the affair to furnish to history an account of what they saw and know to be true.

The person from whom this narrative is taken was a participant in the battle; he was near the person of the General at the time he received the fatal wound, and assisted in bearing him from the field.

Early on the morning of April 29, 1863, Gen. Jackson was informed by Maj. Hale, of Gen. Early's staff, that the enemy was crossing the Rappahannock in force at Deep Run, two miles below Fredericksburg, by the use of pontoon bridges, and that a considerable force had already succeeded in effecting a landing on the southern bank of the river. Gen. Jackson immediately dispatched orders to his division commanders to get their troops under arms, and, accompanied by his staff and escort, they rode to the vicinity of Deep Run to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. It was evident from the movements and displays the enemy made that they were in heavy force, and wished to create the impression that the main crossing and attack would be made below Fredericksburg, and preparations were soon made to meet them. During the day, however, a dispatch was received from Gen. Lee stating that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who was on the left wing of the army, reported the enemy to be crossing rapidly at the United States Ford, fifteen miles above Fredericksburg, and moving in heavy force to Chancellorsville.

It was now apparent that their crossing at Deep Run was merely a feint; and, leaving Gen. Early to watch and check this force under Sedgwick, Gen. Jackson marched with his three other divisions in the direction of Chancellorsville, where he found two divisions of Longstreet's Corps, under Gen. R. H. Anderson, confronting the enemy. Uniting with this force, he continued to press forward, driving the enemy until he reached the Catherine Furnace road, which intersects the Fredericksburg and Orange C. H. road one mile east of Chancellorsville. It could now be seen that the two armies confronted each other, that the Federal army had been in position a sufficient length of time to take every advantage of its naturally strong position, and had thrown up heavy intrenchments, protected along its entire front by an abatis of felled timber and innumerable batteries of artillery. So strong and well-fortified was this position that the Federal commander, in a general field order to his troops, says: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

The Confederate troops were arrayed in line of battle, and an order to storm the works was hourly expected. Yet it

was plain that such an attack, if unsuccessful, would be the utter destruction of our comparatively small army. During the afternoon of May 1, and after the troops had rested on their arms several hours expecting an advance, Gen. Jackson, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, rode beyond the left of his command, and near the Catherine Furnace met Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. After conversing a few moments they rode still farther to the left, to a knoll where two pieces of Pelham's Horse Artillery were engaging the enemy, in order that they might get a view of the enemy's lines. Gen. Jackson here inquired particularly about the roads beyond this point and in the vicinity of the enemy's right flank; and, being apparently satisfied with what information he received, was returning to his command, when a shell exploded near the party, mortally wounding Capt. Price, Gen. Stuart's assistant adjutant general, which sad event detained him a short time. After this detention he rode at a gallop to the center of the army, where a conversation was held between Gens. Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill in regard to the best point of attack; and it was decided that at early dawn Jackson's Corps should move to the left, via Catherine Furnace and the Brock road, to the enemy's extreme right and attack his right flank.

This movement was successfully made, and 4 P.M. on the 2d found Jackson in position on the old stone pike leading from Chancellorsville west toward Orange C. H. He had marched around the entire front of the Federal army, and his lines were now fronting in an opposite direction to their formation of the day previous. His corps was formed in three parallel lines, extending over half a mile to the right and left of the pike. The first consisted of the division of Gen. R. E. Rodes; the second, of Gen. R. E. Colston; and the third, of Gen. A. P. Hill—in all numbering twenty-seven thousand men. As soon as the lines were formed the order of advance was given, and never did troops move forward with more enthusiasm. They knew that they were striking the enemy where he least expected it, and rushed forward with that peculiar yell characteristic of the Southern soldier.

Siegel's Dutch corps of the Federal army was the first encountered; and, being attacked on its right flank, made no attempt to change front, but was hurled like chaff before the winds. Several batteries attempted to arrest the advance of the Confederates by rapid discharges of canister; but the lines swept forward without a moment's pause, killing or capturing the gunners and taking their guns. This advance was continued for over two miles through an almost impenetrable wilderness, and over that whole extent the ground was strewn with Federal dead and wounded, guns, knapsacks, canteens, etc. Darkness of the night now made the advance slow and hazardous. The lines were halted and re-formed, and the division of Gen. A. P. Hill advanced to the front. The Federal lines were also re-forming, or rather bringing fresh troops to the front.

It was now nine o'clock, and Gen. Jackson, who had been for some time near the front line, rode a little in advance of it to reconnoiter the enemy's position. A heavy skirmish line had been ordered to the front, and he supposed he was in the rear of this line. He was at this time accompanied by Capt. J. K. Boswell, of the engineers, Capt. R. F. Wilburne, of the signal corps, Lieut. J. G. Morrison, aid-de-camp, and five or six couriers, and had ridden but a short distance down the pike when a volley was fired at the party by the Federals in front and to the right of the road. To

escape this fire the party wheeled out of the road to the left and galloped to the rear, when our own men, mistaking them for Federal cavalry making a charge, and supposing the firing in front to have been directed at the skirmish line, opened a galling fire, killing several men and horses and causing the horses that were not struck to dash panic-stricken toward the Federal lines, which were but a very short distance in front. The General was struck in three places, and was dragged from his horse by the bough of a tree. Capt. Boswell was killed instantly.

Lieut. Morrison, leaping from his horse that was dashing into the enemy's lines, ran to an interval in our line and exclaimed: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men." A colonel commanding a North Carolina regiment in Lane's Brigade cried out: "Who gave that order? It's a lie! Pour it into them." Morrison then ran to the colonel, told him what he had done, and assisted him to arrest the firing as soon as possible. He then went to the front in search of the General, and found him lying upon the ground, with Capt. Wilburne and Mr. Wynn, of the signal corps, bending over him examining his wounds. In a few moments Gen. Hill, accompanied by Capt. Leigh and a few couriers, rode up to where the General was lying and dismounted. On examining his wounds, they found his left arm broken near the shoulder and bleeding profusely. A handkerchief was tied around the arm, so as partially to stop the bleeding.

While this was being done, and while the party were bending over the General, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, stepped up to the party from behind a cluster of bushes and looked quietly on. Gen. Hill turned to several of his couriers and said in an undertone, "Seize those men," and it was done so quickly that they made no resistance. Lieut. Morrison, thinking these were scouts in front of an advancing line, stepped to the pike, about twenty yards distant, to see if it were so, and distinctly saw cannoneers unlimbering two pieces of artillery in the road, not a hundred yards distant. Returning hastily, he announced this to the party, when Gen. Hill, who was now in command of the army, immediately mounted and rode to the head of Pender's column (which was coming up by the flank) to throw it into line. He left Capt. Leigh, of his staff, to assist in removing Gen. Jackson. About this time Lieut. J. P. Smith, aid-de-camp, who had been sent to deliver an order, rode up and dismounted.

Capt. Wilburne had gone a few moments previous after a litter. The party thought it best not to await Wilburne's return, and suggested that they bear the General off in their arms, when he replied: "No; I think I can walk." They assisted him to rise, and supported him as he walked through the woods to the pike and toward the rear. Soon after reaching the road they obtained a litter, and placed him on it; but had not gone over forty yards when the battery in the road opened with canister. The first discharge passed over their heads; but the second was more accurate, and struck down one of the litter bearers, by which the General received a severe fall. The firing now increased in rapidity, and was so terrific that the road was soon deserted by the attendants of the General, with the exception of Capt. Leigh and Lieuts. Smith and Morrison. These officers lay down in the road by the General during the firing, and could see on every side sparks flashing from the stones of the pike caused by the iron canister shot. Once the General attempted to rise, but Lieut. Smith threw his arms across his body and urged him to lie quiet a few moments, or he would certainly be killed.

After the road had been swept by this battery with a dozen or more discharges, they elevated their guns and opened with shell. So the little party now had an opportunity of removing their precious burden from the road to the woods on their right, and continued their course to the rear, carrying the General most of the way in their arms. Once they stopped that he might rest, but the fire was so heavy they thought it best to go on. The whole atmosphere seemed filled with whistling canister and shrieking shell, tearing the trees on every side. After going three or four hundred yards an ambulance was reached, containing Col. S. Crutchfield, Gen. Jackson's chief of artillery, who had just been severely wounded, a canister shot breaking his leg. The General was placed in this ambulance, and at his request one of his aids got in to support his mangled arm.

During all of this time he had scarcely uttered a groan, and expressed great sympathy for Col. Crutchfield, who was writhing under the agonies of his shattered limb. After proceeding over half a mile the ambulance reached the house of Mr. Melzi Chancellor, where a temporary hospital had been established. Here Dr. Hunter McGuire, medical director of Gen. Jackson's Corps, checked the bleeding of the General's arm and administered some stimulants. He was then taken to a field infirmary, some two miles to the rear, and about two o'clock in the night his arm was amputated by Dr. McGuire, assisted by Surgeons Black, Wells, and Coleman. Before administering chloroform, Dr. McGuire asked him if they must amputate the limb should they find it necessary. He replied: "Yes; certainly. Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best."

About half-past three o'clock Maj. A. S. Pendleton, assistant adjutant general, arrived at the hospital and requested to see the General. He was at first refused by the surgeons, but stated that his business was of a very important character and the safety of the army depended on it. He stated to the General that Gen. Hill had been wounded, that the troops were in great confusion, and that Gen. Stuart, who had taken command of the army, wished to know what must be done. Gen. Jackson replied that Gen. Stuart must use his own discretion and do whatever he thought best.

Accurate accounts by Dr. McGuire and others of the last hours of Gen. Jackson have been written, and it is unnecessary that they be reproduced. On the morning of the 3d the General dispatched one of his aids to Richmond to escort Mrs. Jackson to where he lay wounded. This officer was captured by a raiding party under Stoneman, but made his escape, and after some delay reached Richmond and returned with Mrs. Jackson on Thursday, the 7th. The same day the General was attacked with pneumonia, from the effects of which, together with his wounds, he died on Sunday, the 10th. During his intense suffering he displayed that Christian fortitude which was always characteristic of our great chieftain.

Nearly thirty-nine years ago, at the request of Gen. D. H. Hill, I wrote the above article. This was only three years after the event, when everything was fresh upon the mind. Since then various and conflicting accounts have been published. After the lapse of all these years, some things have come to light that I will comment on.

First, as to who conceived this grand flank movement. I would not allude to this had not a lecturer, in recent years, gone before the public with the oft-repeated statement that Jackson had nothing to do with the planning, but was only executing orders. On Friday afternoon, May 1, the day

previous to this movement, I accompanied Gen. Jackson on his ride to the left. He left his command on the Fredericksburg side of Chancellorsville, apparently sure that Hooker would not leave his intrenchments and attack. So confident of this was he that he exposed himself to capture by riding nearly two miles parallel with Hooker's front, part of the distance with no troops between and most of the way in sight of the enemy's lines. When he met Gen. Stuart beyond Catherine Furnace, they both seemed surprised, but rejoiced to see each other, and went together still farther to the left, to where Pelham's guns were firing. These guns were being handled by Capt. Moorman. A Federal battery had gotten their range, and shells were coming in pretty lively, when Stuart laughingly said that it might be prudent for Gen. Jackson to retire from the vicinity of his guns. Hardly had he said this when a shell exploded near them and a fragment shattered the leg of Capt. Channing Price, Stuart's assistant adjutant general. The writer saw the death pallor come over his face as he was lifted from his horse. I mention this incident to show that on Friday, May 1, Jackson was at this point, nearly two miles from his command, seeking information as to roads and the practicability of turning the enemy's flank. That night the whole thing was gone over by Gens. Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill, and at dawn the next morning the troops moved over the very roads explored by Jackson the previous afternoon. Of course Gen. Lee approved and ordered the movement, and as commander is entitled to the credit, as he would have borne the censure had it failed. There was no jealousy between Gens. Lee and Jackson. They had unbounded confidence in and love and respect for each other.

And now a few words as to the final act in the drama of Jackson's military career. When the lines were being reformed for the night attack, and A. P. Hill's Division was taking the front, Jackson's intense nature when in battle was at its highest tension. Everything must move forward! Every staff officer and every courier was pressed into service to this end. I had served on his staff during the last seven battles in which he was engaged, and he now delivered the last order that it was my honored privilege to carry. Just after dark he said: "Find Gen. Rodes on the right and tell him to press forward, but to throw a line of skirmishers from his right perpendicularly to the rear and have them advance with his line and in sight of each other." I had delivered this message and returned to him at the junction of the pike and Bullock roads.

All had gone well up to this time. We had driven the enemy nearly three miles, and were within one mile of Chancellorsville. Everything possible was being done to continue the advance. Lane's North Carolina Brigade was formed across the road, with the Eighteenth and Twenty-Eighth Regiments on the left, the Eighteenth being nearest the road. The Thirty-Seventh and Seventh Regiments were on the right, with the Thirty-Third thrown forward as skirmishers. Gen. Jackson met Gen. Lane, who was seeking Gen. Hill for instructions, and said to him: "Lane, press right forward; right forward." Meeting Gen. Hill, he said: "Gen. Hill, as soon as you are ready push right forward; allow nothing to stop you; press on to the United States ford." Jackson and Hill had had slight differences in camp and on the march in days gone by, but when it came to a fight with the enemy this was put aside by both. Jackson regarded Hill as one of his best and most stubborn fighters, and in battle placed him where he expected most.

Hill's "Light Division" had a reputation equal to the "Stonewall Brigade" or any other crack command, and was to take the front in this night attack, and with only fifteen thousand men was to be thrown between the United States ford and Hooker's main army of not less than eighty thousand. True, Rodes and Colston would have supported him, but all three had but twenty-seven thousand. Still Jackson did not hesitate with such odds. At Second Manassas he placed himself squarely in Pope's rear with a force of one-third that of Pope. In the valley campaign he did not fear being "cut off" by getting in the rear of Banks, Shields, and Fremont. He said while lying wounded, in alluding to the position Hill would have been in: "My men may sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position; the enemy *always* fails to drive my men." But the Fates decreed that this should not be. The wounding of Jackson and Hill in quick succession put an end to "what might have been."

Before A. P. Hill's troops were ready for the advance Jackson and his escort moved slowly down the pike, some one hundred and fifty yards beyond our lines, and being fired on from the right, rode out of the road to the left and toward the rear. When we had gotten to within thirty or forty yards of our line, there was a sudden volley from the entire front of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Eighth North Carolina Regiments, which was kept up by a scattering but rapid fire. At the first blaze in the darkness my horse recoiled, and I leaped from him. I was very near to Gen. Jackson at the time. I knew positively that that fire was from our own men, as I had seen the line of battle in going forward, and I realized the danger to Gen. Jackson by its continuing; so, without stopping to consider further, I rushed with all speed into the firing line, calling out when near it: "Cease firing! You are firing into our own men!" My astonishment was very great to hear the reply which came back. So incredible does it seem that I have often thought some would doubt that such a thing occurred; but now, after nearly forty years, comes a corroboration by a statement of Gen. J. H. Lane—at present of Auburn, Ala.—written in 1901 and published in "North Carolina Regimental Histories," Volume V., page 95: "Gen. Pender now rode up and advised me not to advance, as Gen. Jackson had been wounded, and he thought by my command. I did not advance, but went to the plank road, where I learned that Gen. Hill also had been wounded. I there, moreover, learned from Col. John D. Barry, then major of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, that he knew nothing of Gen. Jackson and Gen. Hill's having gone to the front; that he could not tell friend from foe in such woods; that when the skirmish line fired there was heard the clattering of approaching horsemen and the cry of cavalry; and that he not only ordered his men to fire, but had pronounced the subsequent cry of friends to be a lie, and that his men continued to fire upon the approaching party. It was generally understood that night by my command and others that the Eighteenth Regiment not only wounded Gens. Jackson and Hill, but killed some of their couriers and perhaps some of their staff officers."

It would appear from this recent statement of Gen. Lane that he believes that Gen. Hill, as well as Gen. Jackson, was wounded by the fire of his own men. This I do not think possible. After the fire was stopped I went to the front and found Gen. Jackson, and no one with him excepting Wilburne and Wynn. Gen. Hill then came, and remained until the Federal skirmishers came up. He then

Confederate Veteran.

went to his own lines, not over thirty yards away, and no firing again occurred until we reached the pike, when it was begun by the Federal battery planted in the road.

After Gen Jackson's arm was amputated and he had recovered from the influence of chloroform, he beckoned the writer to his side and said: "I want you to go to Richmond and bring Anna [Mrs. Jackson] up to stay with me." Securing a horse, I left the field infirmary about three o'clock in the morning for Guiney's Station, to go by rail from there. I went by the circuitous route the army had marched that day, not knowing in whose possession I would find it that night. While the ride through the Wilderness was a dreary one, I arrived at Guiney's early Sunday morning, congratulating myself on getting through all right and that I would soon be in Richmond. Fortunately, a train would leave in an hour or so with quite a number who had been wounded the previous day. As the train pulled into Ashland, about halfway to Richmond, it was greeted by popping of pistols, and the engineer threw up his job. A company of Stoneman's Federal cavalry, which was on a raid to our rear, dashed up through the side streets and took possession. In a short time an officer with yellow shoulder straps came through the car inspecting. Not finding any important-looking prisoners, and being told that most of those on board were wounded, he ordered all those who were not wounded and could march to get out on the left, and proceeded to take the names for parole of the wounded. I got out with the marching squad, and our names and rank were not asked, thinking, no doubt, that when we reached "old capital" prison this could be done.

By a lack of vigilance on their part I escaped that even-

ing, and spent most of Sunday night tramping toward Richmond. Monday I learned from citizens that Stoneman held the road in both directions, and I could not make the progress I desired; but I arrived in Richmond early Tuesday morning. Owing to this raid, travel was not opened until Thursday, and on that day Mrs. Jackson and her six-months-old babe went up on an armed train to Guiney's Station, to which point the General had been removed and where he died on Sunday, May 10. An interesting chapter on the death and burial of Gen. Jackson may be written later.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF IT.

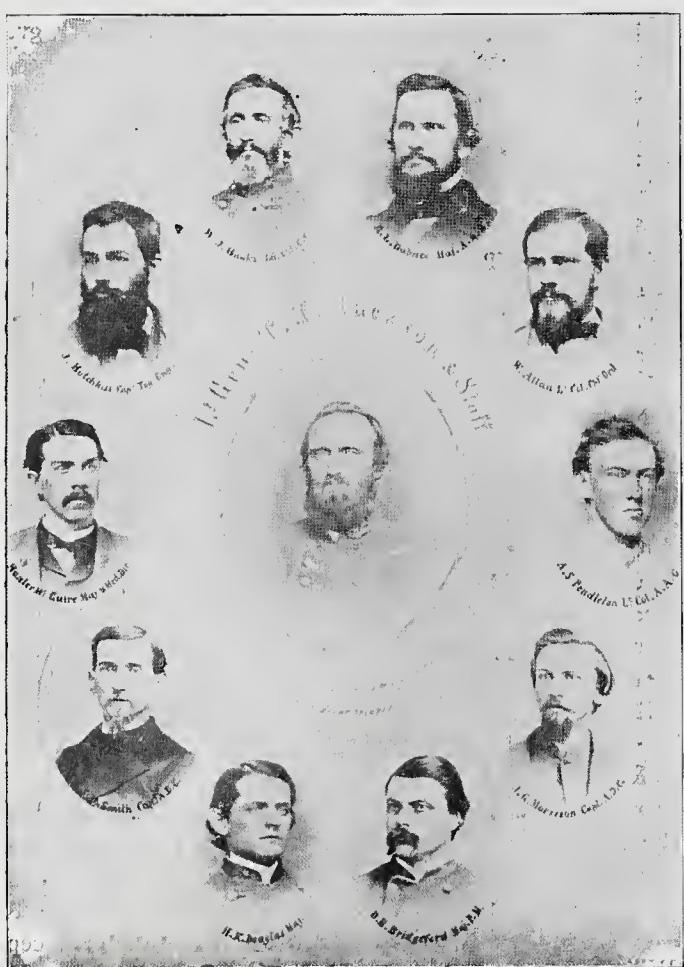
[Col. W. H. Palmer, of Richmond, Va., who was adjutant general on the staff of Gen. A. P. Hill, writes of the wounding of Gen. Jackson.]

In reply to your inquiry as to "Gen. A. P. Hill's position and location of his staff at the time Lane's men fired the fatal volley wounding Gen. Jackson," and whether "Capt. Boswell at the time of his death was serving on Hill's staff," I reply: As soon as the heavy artillery fire of the enemy from the field in front of the Chancellorsville House (forty-three pieces) ceased, Gen. Hill rode forward to the head of Lane's Brigade, accompanied by his staff. Gen. Hill's "Light Division" was in column, with Lane's Brigade in front.

Rode's and Colston's Divisions were necessarily in confusion from the attacks they had made at Talley's, the Wilderness church, and Hawkins's House, and the bulk of these two divisions were a mile behind us, near Dowdal's Tavern.

At the intersection of the Bullock Mountain road and the road to Hazel Grove turnpike there were three pieces of artillery. There were small bodies of Confederates near these three guns, who had followed the fleeing Federals down the road; but for all practical purposes there were now no Confederate forces between the "Light Division" and the enemy. Under Gen. Hill's orders, Gen. Lane had thrown forward the 33d North Carolina as skirmishers.

As Gen. Hill rode to the guns above mentioned in the road he found Gen. Jackson sitting on his horse, when he called out to him: "Press them, Gen. Hill; press them, and cut them off from the United States Ford." Gen. Hill asked him if he had an officer familiar with the country that he could let him have. Gen. Jackson instantly replied: "Capt. Boswell, report to Gen. Hill." Boswell rode out and took position on the right of Gen. Hill. Soon after some of Lane's men brought from the right some prisoners, with a colonel at their head, who protested that he was not properly a prisoner of war. Gen. Hill, somewhat impatiently, ordered Capt. R. H. T. Adams, of his staff, to take the Federal colonel to the rear. At this time Gen. Hill had with him Capt. Boswell on his right, I on his left, and grouped around were others of his staff—Maj. Conway Howard, engineer of the "Light Division"; Capt. Murry F. Taylor, aid-de-camp; Maj. Forbes and Capt. B. W. Leigh, volunteer aids; Serg. Tucker, chief of couriers for the "Light Division," with two of his men, Muse and Saunders. The 33d North Carolina was in front as skirmishers, the 18th North Carolina on the left of the turnpike in line of battle, and Gen. Lane was placing other regiments of his brigade in position on the right of the pike, when Gen. Jackson rode past us, going to the front with a few mounted men. Gen. Hill and his staff slowly followed. At fifty or sixty yards Gen. Jackson halted. We were but a short distance from him, and sat on our horses listening.



GEN. JACKSON AND STAFF.

Lane's men were in the rear getting in position, and confused sounds came from the Federal troops in our front, but more distant. I suppose we were sixty yards in front of our lines. It was very quiet, except for the noises above mentioned.

Suddenly a musket was fired far to our right, followed soon by a roll of musketry coming down the line from our right and rear. By a natural impulse the bulk of the horsemen rode out of the road to the left into the woods. This brought them in front of the 18th North Carolina, in line of battle on that side of the road, who, thinking they were the enemy's cavalry, fired a volley into the group, and everything went down before it. By this fire Gen. Jackson was wounded, Capt. Boswell (who was with Gen. Hill's staff) was killed, Maj. Forbes was killed, my horse was killed, Capt. Leigh's horse was killed, and Capt. Taylor's horse was killed (had five musket balls in him). Maj. Howard and Sergt. Tucker were carried by their frightened horses into the enemy's lines. They were taken to Chancellorsville House and interrogated by Gen. Hooker's staff. Courier Saunders was killed, and Courier Muse was shot in the face in two places.

Gen. Hill, instead of going with the group into the woods, threw himself from his horse and lay down on his face in the road. Immediately after the volley he was engaged in extricating his aid, Capt. Taylor, from under his horse, when he heard that Gen. Jackson had been wounded, and he abandoned Taylor and hurried to the assistance of Gen. Jackson. It was here that I found him a few moments later. He pointed to Gen. Jackson on the side of the road, and said he was arranging to have him taken off. He directed me to ride down the road toward the Federal lines and find Kirkpatrick, a courier who had his horse, and direct him to run back into our lines with the horse. Just as the horses reached the three guns in the road everything commenced firing again. My second horse was killed under me and my arm torn from the socket, so my labors for the night were over. By this second fire Gen. Hill was wounded by a piece of shell taking off his boot tops. He sent Capt. Adams for Gen. Stewart to take command, and Capt. Taylor to Gen. Lee to inform him of the situation and that he had sent for Stewart to take command.

No one blamed the 18th North Carolina for firing into us. It was nine o'clock at night. They had just been placed in position, and, hearing the firing on the right of the road as it came rolling down the line toward them, then seeing a body of horsemen in the woods in their front, they fired, naturally supposing it to be the enemy. I asked Gen. Hill afterwards his reason for being in front of our lines of battle, and he said that, as Gen. Jackson, his commander, had ridden out in front, he considered it his duty to accompany him.

DR. EDWIN C. RAY, of Nashville, Tenn., wishes to find out to what regiment his father, C. N. Ray, belonged. He is under the impression that it was a Tennessee regiment in Gen. Daniel S. Donelson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He was in the fight at Perryville with his regiment, was desperately wounded, and left in the hospital on or near the battlefield when our forces retired from Kentucky. He finally recovered sufficiently to be moved, and, refusing to take the oath, was sent to Camp Douglas. He was exchanged out of this prison early in the spring or winter of 1865, but his old wound incapacitated him for further service. If any

of his old comrades are living and remember these incidents, they will confer a great favor on his son, Dr. Edwin C. Ray, of Nashville, Tenn., by giving the company and regiment of his father. It may have been the 38th.

COME THOU WITH ME.

BY MRS. I. M. P. OCKENDEN, SECRETARY CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Come thou with me! The morning breaks so fair;
Light breaths of wingèd sweetness thrill the air;
Faint blushes flit across the cloudless blue;
The bee drones softly o'er his honey dew;
Pale grows the dying night on land and sea—
Memorial Day is dawning; come with me!

O come with me, we'll find the first wild rose!
The crimson woodbine on the hilltop grows;
Yon slender songster, in historic gray,
Tells where the violet hides her heart away
Beneath dead leaves. Sad sighs the distant sea,
Slow fades the morning star; now come with me!

Come thou with me, where scarfs of tender green
Are thrown from bough to bough, where forests lean
Above the winding streams and ruffled throats
Pipe long-lost songs of love in liquid notes.

Hark! Now the South wind sighs from tree to tree
For those who sleep and wake not—woe is me!

Come thou with me. The Flag unfurls again!
In shady dells, afar from haunts of men,
The poet finds it next to nature's heart;
In lonely loveliness it stands apart.

The Blue Flag, starred with tears, again I see,
The Veteran's folded emblem; come with me!

My love for them is fadeless as the pine,
High as the palm, true as the oak, heart mine!
Mark how the cypress waves her purple crest
For those who fell. Sweet be the patriot's rest!

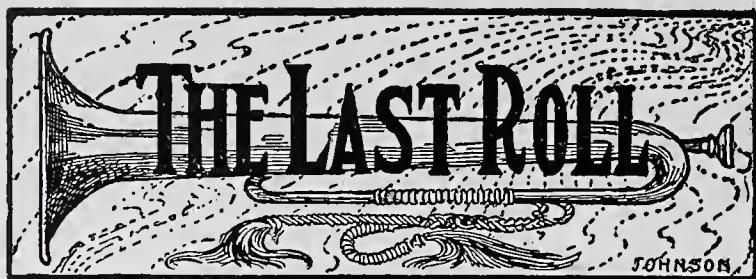
The bards of coming years to poesy
Shell wed their names in sweetest minstrelsy.

The half-blown bud of morn, the rose of noon,
Like half-grown youth and manhood, dies too soon!
The flower-strewn earth holds all in patient trust;
The evening primrose scatters golden dust—

Wild laurels 'neath their graves, where'er they be,
Who fought and fell, alas! for thee and me.

This day is ours, to memory set apart;
Lay fresh love tokens on each gallant heart!
The South is haunted. Every wandering breeze
Tells old war stories to the whispering trees,
Of maids whose loves were knights on land and sea;
They haunt the land we love for me and thee!

Come, live the days of chivalry again!
List to the tramp of many armèd men!
Behold how woman hides the falling tear—
Hearrest thou the rolling drum? *Halt! who comes here?*
White lances flash—who keeps the tryst with thee?
The sweet Southland is haunted; come with me.



CONCERNING "LAST ROLL" TRIBUTES.

Increasing demand upon the space of our "Last Roll" Department makes it necessary to request that reports of the death of comrades be made as short as possible, and it would lighten the editorial labor if such notices be prepared properly in advance of sending. When newspaper clippings are sent, they have to be gone over and the points of most interest copied; whereas it should be the interest of families to send notices that could be used with little change, always making them as brief as practicable. These tributes are gratuitous, except the cost of engravings, \$2.

Another rule must be adopted—namely: The passing of comrades is now so rapid that it will take all our space to record recent deaths; hence do not send notice after the lapse of six months. This is not to exclude sketches of heroes, no matter when they died.

THREE MEMBERS OF ROSSER GIBBONS CAMP, OF LURAY, VA.

R. C. Bragonier, Adjutant, was born in Shepherdstown, Va. (now W. Va.), in 1840. He enlisted in Company F, 10th Virginia Infantry, and served faithfully and gallantly through the war. His body was taken back to the place of his nativity for burial under escort of members of the Camp and laid beside his kindred in Elmwood Cemetery. A wife and son survive him.

Ambrose C. Huffman was born in Page County, Va., March 30, 1838; died at his home, near Bickler's Ferry, in August, 1904. He served throughout the war faithfully as a member of Company H, 33d Virginia Regiment. A wife and children are left to mourn their loss.

James A. Melton, Color Sergeant, was born in LaGrange, Ga., April 13, 1830; died in September, 1904. He enlisted in the Confederate army from his native State in 1861, and served in the Jeff Davis Artillery, A. N. V. He was a congenial comrade, a splendid soldier, and proud of the service he had rendered his native land.

THREE MEMBERS OF AN ARKANSAS CAMP.

V. Y. Cook Camp of Newark, Ark., has lost three members since the beginning of 1905: David Leonard, 1st Arkansas Cavalry; J. P. Fain, 30th Alabama Infantry; David Blount, 32d Arkansas Infantry. These men entered the Confederate army in 1861, 1862, and 1863, respectively, when in their young manhood, and served steadfastly unto the end. Comrade Fain was captured in December, 1864, and spent that winter in a Northern prison almost without clothes. Many tempting offers were made him to take the oath, which he resolutely declined. He was released in June, 1865.

Adjutant E. H. Lively writes of the death of Patrick Henry Winston. He was one of the most active members of Bob McCulloch Camp, at Spokane, Wash.

WILLIAM HARVEY EDWARDS.

Died at his home, in Lexington, Mo., on the evening of March 2, 1905, Capt. William Harvey Edwards, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was born in Woodford County, Ky., September 20, 1838. In 1862 he joined Campbell's troop in Howard Smith's Regiment, which formed a part of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. He was with that command when it invaded Ohio, and with many others was captured and sent to Camp Douglas. There he suffered many hardships, but managed to escape after about a year's imprisonment, taking refuge in Canada until it was safe for him to return home, his shattered health making it impossible for him to serve again as a soldier.

Two years after the end of the war he moved to Missouri, and in 1868 married Miss Rebecca Henry, who, with a daughter, survives. In 1872 Capt. Edwards settled on a farm near Odessa, where he lived until he was elected treasurer of Lafayette County, in 1900, when he removed to Lexington. He was elected in 1902 for a second term.

Such in briefest outline was the outer life of one of nature's noblemen, a type of the old-fashioned gentleman now passing away. He bore bodily weakness and suffering with Christian fortitude, and his last days were soothed by the faith and hopes of the Christian life he had consistently lived.

Capt. Edwards loyally and ardently cherished the memories of the Confederate States and its heroic soldiers. For some time he was Adjutant of the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V. His death not only brings saddest bereavement to the inner home circle, but also leaves vacant a large space in that wider circle of friends and comrades who loved and honored him and who will continue to cherish his memory.

WILLIAM A. BRENT.

When Virginia was a "bastion fringed with flame," William A. Brent, of Loudoun County, answered her first call at First Manassas, and kept her commandments through four years of "agony and bloody sweat." He first joined Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and transferred to Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Ashby's old company and regiment. Many instances could be given of his unusual pluck.

Many times wounded and horse after horse killed, he never lagged, but was up again and hunting the fight. Seeing a comrade hard pressed with four or five of the enemy around him, himself unhorsed and with only a saber, he ran to his defense, and just as a bayonet pierced his friend he sabered the man and had the distinction of killing his foe with the sword. This friend was the big-hearted fighting Harry Hatcher, and Billy called him the "bravest of the brave." Scouting at night in Fairfax, we think, the order was to take the picket without firing; and as he reached out and grabbed the reins of the picket's horse the picket placed his carbine on his breast and fired, but as he fell he shot the picket from his horse. We have seen the jacket with a hole burned in it half as big as the hand.

In the fight at Upperville, Va., in June, 1863, his oldest brother, Warren, when hemmed in so there was no escape, refused to surrender, and died a glorious sacrifice to the faith he kept. The "War Records" credit his bravery.

"Billy" Brent was too generous to mass much of the "gear" of this world around him. Of liberal education, omnivorous reading, and high intelligence, his mind was well stored with choice information. A noble son and brother, he leaves the legacy of a spotless character to his family and friends.

G. W. L. FLY.

Major G. W. L. Fly was born in Mississippi June 2, 1835; and died in Victoria, Tex., January 27, 1905. He came with his parents to Texas in 1853, locating in Brazoria County, and afterwards returned to Mississippi to complete his collegiate education at Madison College. In 1875 he married Miss Callie Bell, of Madison County, Miss., who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him.

Early in September, 1861, he gathered a band of young men in Gonzales County to offer their services to the Confederate government. He was elected captain. His company was mustered into service as Company J, Second Texas Volunteer Infantry. Soon afterwards his regiment was transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's command, and took an active part in the battle of Shiloh. He was captured, but was reported among the killed in the battle of Corinth, and for three weeks his wife mourned him as dead.



G. W. L. FLY.

He was exchanged, and on returning to his command was promoted to the rank of major. Comrade Fly participated with his command in the battles around Vicksburg, and on the 4th of July, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered, he a second time became a prisoner, but was soon paroled. He was exchanged, and reported to his command on the coast of Texas. In April, 1864, he was made commandant of the port of Galveston, and took an active part in the defense of that city until the close of hostilities, in 1865, when he returned to his home, in Gonzales County. He was a charter member of the William R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., of Victoria, Tex.

CAPT. MARCELLUS CLARK.

The VETERAN is late in recording the death of a steadfast friend and patron through many years—Capt. Marcellus Clark, of Parkersburg, W. Va.—on Easter Sunday of 1904. He was a veteran both of the Mexican War and the Confederate war.

Marcellus Clark was born at Leesburg, Va., in 1829. Shortly before the beginning of the Mexican War his parents removed to Vannsville, Md., and here when but eighteen years of age he enlisted in the United States army and served through the Mexican War, being mustered out in Pittsburgh on the return of the troops. He was married to Miss Lucy Creel, of Wood County, in 1852, and settled in Parkersburg. During the few years preceding the War between the States he was captain in the militia of old Virginia under Govs. Fletcher and Wise. In 1861 he received a commission as captain in the Confederate army, and commanded a company of the 36th Virginia Infantry, which figured prominently in numerous campaigns. His wife accompanied him through the war, and was always at the front, at times even on the firing line. Capt. Clark was taken prisoner in the Valley of Virginia, and held at Fort Delaware about six months, being paroled at the close of the war.

Since the war he had worked his way up in railroad circles, rising from brakeman to a responsible place in the legal department. After thirty years' service, he was placed on the retired list and pensioned. Capt. Clark was a devout Christian and liberal in the cause of charity. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

James J. Stone was born and reared in Tipton County, Tenn., and served through the war in the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry under Gen. Forrest. He was a member of Camp Joe Brown at Covington, and his loss is deeply felt by comrade members. He was first lieutenant of Company D, First Regiment of Reserves, C. V., N. G. S. T., and on the staff of Gen. George W. Gordon, with the rank of major. He was a stanch friend and active in all good work.

Comrade S. M. Wilson, Adjutant of the George T. Wood Camp, No. 148, of Inverness, Fla., writes: "The following comrades of this camp have answered to the last roll call: Dr. R. A. Warmack, surgeon of the Fifty-First Georgia Infantry; Green Black, of Company A, Sixty-Fourth Georgia Regiment; E. K. Carter, Company G, Twenty-Sixth Georgia Regiment. You will notice that all of our departed comrades are from Georgia. Our Camp represents ten States."

J. W. GREEN was born in Forsyth County, Ga., October 28, 1839; and entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, at Milledgeville, Ga., as first lieutenant in Capt. Carecor's company, Fourth Georgia Infantry, and sent to Virginia, where they became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the first day's fighting at Sharpsburg he was shot through the thigh and carried off the field. On the second day, learning that his captain would be absent from the company, he reported for duty, and, supporting himself on the scabbard of his sword, led his men in action. Later Gov. James E. Brown appointed him captain of the Georgia Armory, where he remained for a time, but entered active service again with the Army of Tennessee at Dalton. At Resaca he was again wounded, but continued in the field until the surrender. He moved to Freestone County, Tex., after the war, and died there December 24, 1897, a Christian gentleman, honored and respected by all who knew him.

CAPT. W. A. PRYOR was a member of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Commerce, Tex. He died at his home, in that city, on March 12, 1905. Capt. Pryor was born in Sumter County, Ga., in 1842, and entered the Confederate service

early in 1861 from Americus, Ga., as a private in Company A, 12th Georgia Infantry, Phil Cook's Brigade, Ewell's Division, under Stonewall Jackson. He served with this distinguished command through the war, participating in all the principal engagements in which they took part. Comrade Pryor rose from a private to the rank of captain, and was in command of his company when they were surrendered at Appomattox. Capt. Pryor was a gallant soldier, a Christian gentleman, an honored citizen, and a devoted husband and father.

COL. WILLIAM HOUSTON PATTERSON.—A golden link in the historic chain that binds the present to the past was severed in the death of Col. W. H. Patterson last September at his summer home, near Russellville, in the valley of Eastern Tennessee. Col. Patterson was a member of the distinguished Patterson family of Philadelphia, where he was born and reared. He was a son of Gen. Robert Patterson, a distinguished soldier of three wars prior to the fifties, and who at his old palatial mansion in Philadelphia entertained with regal hospitality the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of this country, as well as many dignitaries of Europe. The early boyhood of his son, Col. William Houston Patterson, was spent amid these scenes, giving his inherent interests of culture and refinement a polish that marked him distinctly of that class in whose veins flow the best blood of the world—an American gentleman of the old school.

COMRADE JOHN T. HARDAWAY died near Mt. Vernon, Tex., on February 6, 1905. Comrade Hardaway was a member of Company I, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade. His reputation as a soldier for duty and gallantry was unsurpassed by any member of his command. His watchword through life was "duty." He was a devout member of the Baptist Church, and one of the most appreciated compliments ever paid the VETERAN was when he remarked to a comrade: "My Bible comes first and the VETERAN next in my affection." Blessed peace to his memory! He was a beloved and active member of the Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon, Tex.

REV. ANTHONY T. GRAYBILL, D.D.

Rev. A. T. Graybill, D.D., of the Presbyterian Mission at Linares, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, died suddenly on the morning of January 21 of paralysis of the heart.

He completed his freshman year at Roanoke College, Salem, Va., in June, 1861. A comrade of his writes that he enlisted as a private in a company raised at Amsterdam, in Botetourt County, Va., by the late Capt. Peachy Gilmer Breckinridge, which was mustered into the service of the Confederate States as Company K, Twenty-Eighth Virginia Infantry. He served as sergeant during the war. He was twice wounded, was taken prisoner on April 6, 1865, at Point Lookout, and paroled in June, 1865.

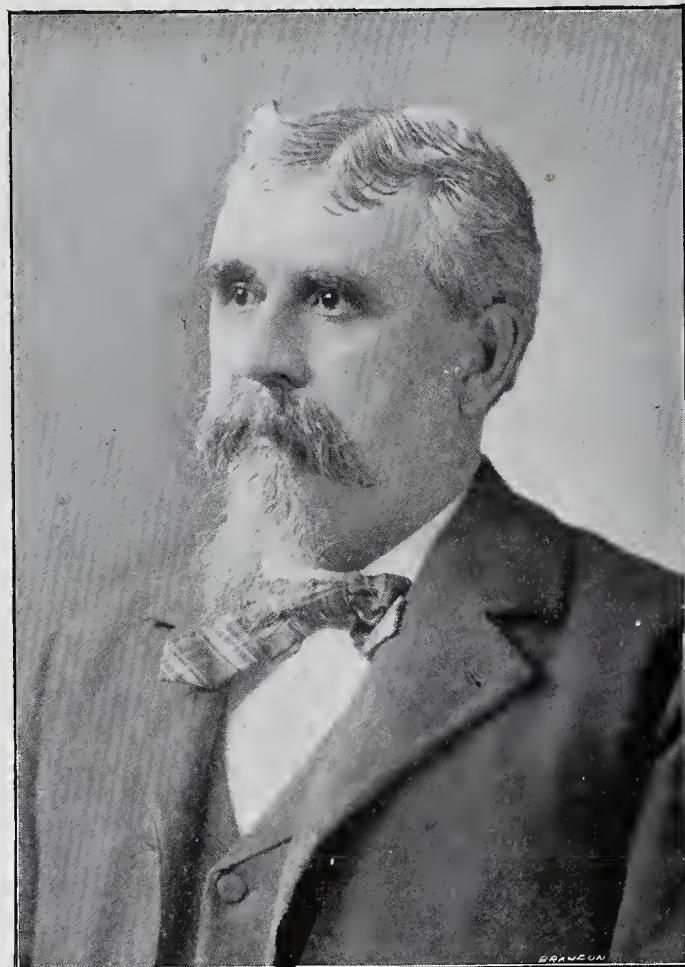
In the fall of 1866 he returned to Roanoke College to complete his education, and was graduated from that institution in June, 1869. He entered the Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sidney, Va., after that as a ministerial student, and graduated in the spring of 1872, and immediately entered upon ministerial labors as a supply, first in Pocahontas County and afterwards in Giles County, Va. In 1873 he was appointed by his Church as a missionary to the city of Matamoras, Mexico, and entered upon his duties as such in

January, 1874. He continued to labor in that city for fourteen years, when he was transferred to the city of Linares, in the State of Nuevo Leon, Mexico, and labored in that field for seventeen years. His labors as a missionary were crowned with success.

A. T. Graybill was not a brilliant man, but he was a brave and loyal defender of whatever cause he conceived to be the right. Ever gentle and considerate of the rights and feelings of others, he was well suited to be the leader of men and measures. While he died in a foreign land, differing from many in his religious and moral views, all who knew him respected and honored him, as was evidenced by the great crowd of officials and leading citizens of Linares who followed his remains to the cemetery of that city, where they were interred on January 22, 1905.

CAPT. HENRY HUNTER SMITH.

Capt. Smith enlisted as a private in Company D, Maury's First Tennessee Infantry, in April, 1861. His regiment was sent to Virginia the following June, and served through the Northwestern Virginia campaign in the winter of 1861-62 under Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. In the latter part of February the regiment was ordered back from Virginia, and became a part of the Army of Tennessee, arriving



CAPT. H. H. SMITH.

in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh. Shortly after this he was commissioned captain and assigned to duty on the staff of his brother, Brig. Gen. Preston Smith. He was with his command through the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battles of Perryville and Richmond. At the battle of Chickamauga he was seriously wounded, and when

he recovered was assigned to special duty by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Capt. Smith was twice captured, and was confined in Camp Chase. He died in 1903, and left a history, in manuscript, of his services in the Confederate army, which will soon be published by his son. But before doing so he is anxious to hear from any of his father's old comrades, in order that he may gather up their reminiscences also and include them in the book. Mr. Smith's address is Telomon Cuyler Smith, 61 East Seventy-Second Street, New York.

LEONIDAS WASHINGTON PEARCE.

One more loyal soldier of the gray has crossed to the changeless fires of the last bivouac. And no nobler soldier ever served his time in life's long warfare than Leonidas Washington Pearce. Born July 29, 1839, in West Tennessee, he served in the army of the South throughout the War between the States, and when mustered out answered another trumpet call and consecrated his life to the service of the Nazarene. Rev. Mr. Pearce was first lieutenant in the Ninth Mississippi Sharpshooters, and was wounded in the battle of New Hope Church, Ga. He was given military control of the Mobile and Ohio railroad between Mobile and Meridian, Miss., a distance of three hundred miles, and during the last year of the war was promoted to adjutant under Gen. Hooker, but before the official papers reached him Richmond had surrendered.

Mr. Pearce was a typical child of the South, and every thought of his old home and comrades was like a fragrant breath from the land of mignonette and sunshine. During his thirty years of ministry in the M. E. Church, South, he never forgot the fair country where the first principles of ideal manhood found sustenance. He passed away January 1, 1905, at his home, in Neosho, Mo., from an attack of acute pneumonia, directly resulting from the old wound he received in battle.

It is for these courtly men of the old school that the sons and daughters of the Southland mourn to-day. It is for them that men and women and little children gather every bright memorial day and lay fresh-cut flowers on humble tomb and stately obelisk alike. And perhaps—who knows?—over yonder in the great encampment the soldier's eye may pierce the veil and see that he is not forgotten. Though the skirmish line is growing weaker here, there must be a noble host beyond the ramparts in the fort across the great divide.

CAPT. E. T. SELLERS was born in Russell County, Ala., in December, 1838; and died at Minden, La., January 27, 1905, of apoplexy. Capt. Sellers united with the first company to leave Union Parish, La., in 1861. He was elected second lieutenant, the company becoming Company I, 12th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers. The regiment served throughout the war in the Army of Tennessee, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. After the fall of Atlanta, Capt. Sellers was sent back to Louisiana with Col. T. C. Standifer, of the same regiment, as recruiting officers. They surrendered at Monroe, La., in 1865. After the war Capt. Sellers married the daughter of Rev. C. W. Hodge, who was captain of the company at its organization. His widow, with six boys and two daughters, survives him. He was a cousin to the late Capt. E. T. Kindred, of Ronoake, Va., their mothers being sisters. He had several times represented his parish in the State Legislature, and was delegate

to the last Constitutional Convention. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for many years, and at the time of his death was Deputy Grand Master of Louisiana Masons. Only a few weeks before his death he moved from his farm in Union Parish to Ruston, in Lincoln Parish, where his family still resides.

JAMES WYATTE McCLELLAN, son of Samuel and Mildred-Foster McClellan, was born in Smith County, Miss., March 11, 1844. His family moved to Louisiana in 1847. When the war broke out, Comrade McClellan enlisted in the Confederate service April 27, 1862, and served through to the end in Company F, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Infantry—Capt. R. H. Bradford and Col. Henry Gray. He came to Texas in December, 1866, and lived near Paris, in Lamar County, about four years. He was one of the "klansmen," and helped to control the negroes and to get rid of the carpetbaggers and scalawags. In 1875 he settled in Limestone County, near Mt. Calm, where he was married to Mrs. Mary Amanda (Chaffin) Hutto. He was once engaged in the newspaper business at Ennis, Tex., but at the time of his death was engaged in farming. He died on December 6, 1903, from an accidental pistol wound in the leg inflicted by one of his boys. He was shot twice in the same leg during the war. He was buried in old Antioch graveyard, near Mt. Calm, Tex.

JOEL GILLENWATER died of heart failure at his home, in Los Ange'es, Cal., March 14, 1905. He was a native of Mississippi. In the spring of 1862 he joined Company H, Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry. H. B. Gerhart writes from Los Angeles: "Comrade Gillenwater was a brave, true soldier to the close of the struggle, always ready for duty, cheerful in camp and on the march. After the war he was an aggressive business man and a true Christian gentleman. He was fully prepared for the last call. He was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, and was fifty-nine years old."

JOHN M. LAMBETH.—A letter from Cooper, Tex., reports the death of John M. Lambeth, a member of Ector Camp, of that city. He was a gallant soldier of the 9th Texas Infantry, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Comrade Lambeth was born in Sumner County, Tenn., in 1837; and died on the 17th of January, 1905.

CAPT. WILLIAM HAYMOND TAYLOR.

Capt. Taylor was born on Shaver's Fork of Cheat River, Va., in 1837. He grew to manhood almost in the shadow of the Alleghanies, and early in 1862 organized a cavalry company in the counties of Randolph and Tucker. They were mustered into the Confederate service as Company A of the Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry. From the time he entered the service to the day of his death, on the battlefield in front of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, he was in active service. The highest compliment that could be paid a soldier was that bestowed by his colonel, Alexander Monroe, in a recent letter, in which he states: "When a desperate charge was to be made that required discretion and unflinching courage, Taylor and his company were selected."

On the 19th of September, 1864, before Winchester, Va., surrounded by ten times our number and in the midst of terrific fighting, he received his death wound. I saw him reel in his saddle, and made an effort to catch him. Some of his

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men dismounted, determined to carry him off the field or die with him; but it was impossible under the circumstances, and at his request they left him. He was kindly treated by the enemy. They removed him to a private house, where he shortly died, and was buried in the cemetery at Winchester.

CAPT. W. H. FARINHOLT.

Capt. William H. Farinholt died at his residence, in Baltimore, Md., March 17. He was born in York County, Va., March 5, 1845, and was sixty years old. He was a Confederate soldier, volunteering when only seventeen years of age, serving in infantry for twelve months, and afterwards in the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry. For some time previous to the fall of Richmond he was a scout, and at the evacuation of Richmond acted as aid to Gen. Ewell, and was with him in this capacity when the latter was captured at the battle of Sailor's Creek, on April 6, 1865, himself escaping by a dash through the enemy's lines. He surrendered with the army at Appomattox Courthouse.

Capt. Farinholt was a member of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, 1025, U. C. V., and received a cross of honor by the U. D. C. on January 19 last. Soon after the close of the war he was associated with his brother in the mercantile business in Essex County, Va., where he married Miss E. Booth Hundley, a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Hundley. He is survived by his widow and one son, Dr. L. W. Farinholt, of Baltimore, Md.

MAJ. THOMAS J. GOREE.

The death of Thomas J. Goree, an old pioneer and an eminent citizen of Texas, occurred recently at the family home, in Galveston. The remains were interred at Huntsville, his former home. He was stricken with pneumonia a little more than a week before his death.

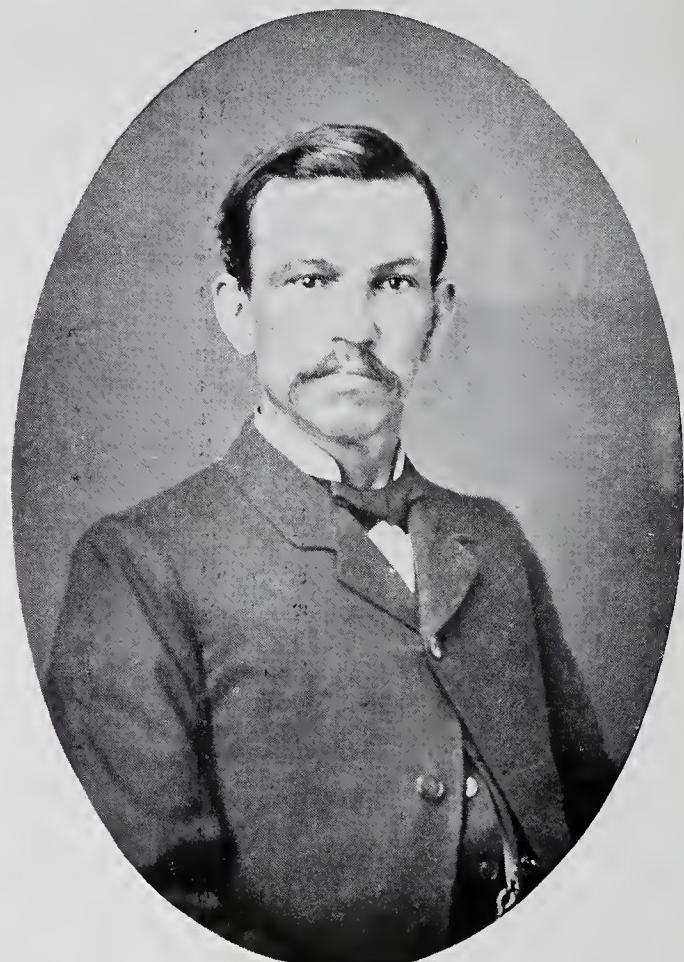
Thomas J. Goree was born in Perry County, Ala., on November 14, 1835. Since 1850 he had resided in Texas, and was closely identified with its history during the intervening years. During the war he was a member of Longstreet's staff, serving with him from Manassas to Appomattox. During the entire four years he was absent from only two battles, and that on account of sickness.

Maj. Goree is survived by his wife, two children, and seven grandchildren. He leaves also three brothers (R. D. Goree, of Seymour, Baylor County; E. K. Goree, of Huntsville; and P. K. Goree, of Midway), one sister (Mrs. Hugh T. Hayes, of Midway), and a half sister (Mrs. M. F. Kitrell, mother of Judge Norman G. Kitrell, of Houston, to whom he was related both as half uncle and first cousin). Maj. Goree was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a man of broad sympathies and kindly charity.

ALFRED G. MOORE.

Alfred G. Moore, Adjutant of R. A. Smith Camp, U. C. V., Jackson, Miss., died at his home there on May 16, 1904. He was born at Moore Springs, Miss., January 12, 1842. In the late summer of 1861 he joined Company A, 10th Mississippi Infantry, then at Pensacola. In 1862 the regiment was reorganized, and his company became Company D and the color company. Comrade Moore served under Col. R. A. Smith and his successors, and under the brigade command of Gens. Chalmers, Patton, Anderson, Tucker, and Sharp

to the end of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston. He was a participant in many battles—Shiloh, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and others—the most severe being Shiloh, where he was wounded, as also at Chickamauga. Alfred Moore is remembered as being one of



ALFRED G. MOORE.

the most faithful soldiers of this famous regiment, and was popular with its remaining band of heroes, always noted for his gallantry and chivalry, and there was nothing of which he was prouder than of having served his native land four years as a soldier.

CAPT. HENRY W. KEARNEY.

Capt. Henry W. Kearney, a gallant Confederate soldier, died in December, 1904, at his home, near Alexandria, Va., aged about sixty years. He was born on Rocky Marsh, near Shepherdstown; and when the war broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate army and became captain of Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry. He was a brave and capable officer and greatly beloved by his men. Retaining to the last his affection for his comrades, he was a regular attendant at all the reunions held by his company in the county. He had lived for a number of years in Fairfax County, near Alexandria, Va. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and five daughters.

Camp Joe Brown, of Covington, Tenn., has lost another valued member. Jake F. Smith died on the 17th of January after several months of suffering. He served throughout the war in the 51st Regiment, doing his duty nobly and well,

HENRY C. WHITESIDE.

Henry Clay Whiteside, a Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Shelbyville, Tenn., February 23, 1905, and lies buried near the graves of many other brave men who preceded him—in the Confederate plot of Willow Mount Cemetery, in the shadow of the Confederate monument.

The writer of this life sketch was his childhood's playmate and schoolmate. On holidays we were always together, hunting or fishing. We enlisted the same day to serve the cause of the Confederacy. We passed through the same camp of instruction, eating and sleeping together, and were together in our first battle, that of Fort Donelson, and in our capture and prison life. Offers and entreaties of visitors to our prison that we take the oath of allegiance and go back to our homes—that we would be protected from harm—came to both, and were alike resented. Together we refused any terms but honorable exchange to free us from prison. We had many talks alone about the men who went to us from home asking us to desert the cause, making statements that were proven untrue.

Exchanged at Vicksburg in the fall of 1862, we were again soldiers of Company F, Forty-First Tennessee Infantry, being again sworn in, this time for three years.

In the North Mississippi campaign, with Gen. John Gregg's Brigade our command was sent to assist Van Dorn and Price around Iuka and Corinth, but were too late. Van Dorn had confronted Gen. Grant from Holly Springs to Grenada. We were in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, the last day of December, 1862. Together with our command we went to Port Hudson, La., remaining until May, 1863. We were next in the battle of Raymond, Miss.; then in July we were for several days in the battles of Jackson, Miss., to the end of the siege.

In September, 1863, we were on the move to Tennessee. What a joyous trip in those autumn days—homeward bound!



HENRY C. WHITESIDE.

Some of us were racked with fever and sallow from the unhealthy section that we had been campaigning in; but we were particularly happy, singing, laughing, which put life and spirit even in those who were ill.

On Sunday afternoon, September 20, 1863, after we had passed the Dyer field at Chickamauga, this faithful comrade received a wound that seemed to be fatal. A bullet passed through the lower part of the left lung on through the body into the rear of his right side. It was reported that night that he was dead. I saw him the next day at brigade hospital. His breathing was almost gone. The surgeons were too busy to spend any time on one practically gone. I left him wiping the damp sweat from his face, and said what I supposed was a last good-by, that he did not notice. A week afterwards news came that he was barely alive in a Marietta hospital. His sister, Miss Maggie, was known to be in the beleaguered town of Chattanooga. A flag of truce was sent from our lines for those of Gen. Rosecrans's to exchange some wounded officers. A hasty note was written to Miss Whiteside, the contents of which told of Henry's wound and his location. The sister's heart responded, and she was with the flag of truce on its return. Then came the real battle of life with death, and a sister's devotion brought him back to life. What a wreck to many this would have been! but to Henry Whiteside it was only a shock, like the pruning of a branch. His spirit was so buoyant and his hold on life so strong that for forty-three years he lived after what was considered his death wound.

Of these forty-three years, all but two were spent in the service of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. For thirty-eight years he was agent of this road at Shelbyville, Tenn. This story teaches more than a sermon. It means duty and loyalty of the highest order, and no one knows what this service cost him better than his wife, who was Miss Agnes Lipscomb, a devoted wife and mother to their half dozen children and a leader in all Confederate work of her section.

The old wound in later years renewed its gnawing, eating pain; but his loyalty and devotion to his agency he felt needed his watchful attention more than his care of his own health. Many, many times his wife, children, and friends warned him of the danger, but duty was maintained as his first law. It was instilled so deeply into his nature as boy, soldier, and servant of the public in an important capacity that he could not be reconciled to retirement.

The attendance at his funeral was large, and there were more army comrades together than had been seen in Shelbyville for many years. The casket was draped with the old flag of his regiment, the Forty-First Tennessee.

[The foregoing tribute was sent by Spencer Eakin by request of the VETERAN. Having served in the same regiment with them, the editor vividly recalls their extraordinary worth as faithful, heroic Confederate soldiers.]

A committee from the Frierson Bivouac at Shelbyville, composed of Rev. J. B. Erwin, G. W. Ransom, W. G. Hight, R. L. Brown, and A. Frankle, made the following report on the service of Henry Whiteside:

"H. C. Whiteside was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., December 3, 1842; died February 23, 1905; was happily married to Miss Agnes Lipscomb; and leaves her and six children—four daughters and two sons—to mourn their great loss.

"He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church,

Confederate Veteran.

was a valiant Confederate soldier—second sergeant in Company F, Forty-First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry—was dangerously wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and for several weeks lingered between life and death. After his recovery, being unable for field service, he was assigned to the commissary department, under Maj. J. F. Cummings, commissary general.

"For more than thirty years previous to his death he was an employee of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, being agent at Shelbyville. He was scrupulously honest, loyal to duty, and faithful to every trust."

"No man felt keener interest in the welfare of comrades during and since the war. He was so anxious and concerned that he attended every Confederate reunion or assemblage or convention that he could, though often physically in such condition that it was indiscreet for him to do so. He went to the last annual reunion at Nashville, but was too infirm to remain. The Bivouac attended the funeral in a body, together with a multitude of friends."

EDWIN LINDSLEY HALSEY.

Edwin Halsey was born in Charleston, S. C., May 29, 1840; and died October 13, 1903. Early in December, 1860, when it became evident that South Carolina intended to secede, Capt. Halsey joined the Washington Artillery, of Charleston, as a private. Six months later he became actively engaged in the organization of the Washington Artillery (Volunteer) for service in the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. Stephen D. Lee captain. Capt. Halsey served first as first sergeant; a few months later he was promoted to senior first lieutenant, and in March, 1865, captain. This battery was known first as Lee's Battery, then Hampton's Horse Artillery, later as Hart's Battery, part of Stewart's Horse Artillery, and surrendered at High Point, N. C., under the name of Halsey's Battery. From all of the various general officers under whom it served it received the highest praise for gallantry and discipline.

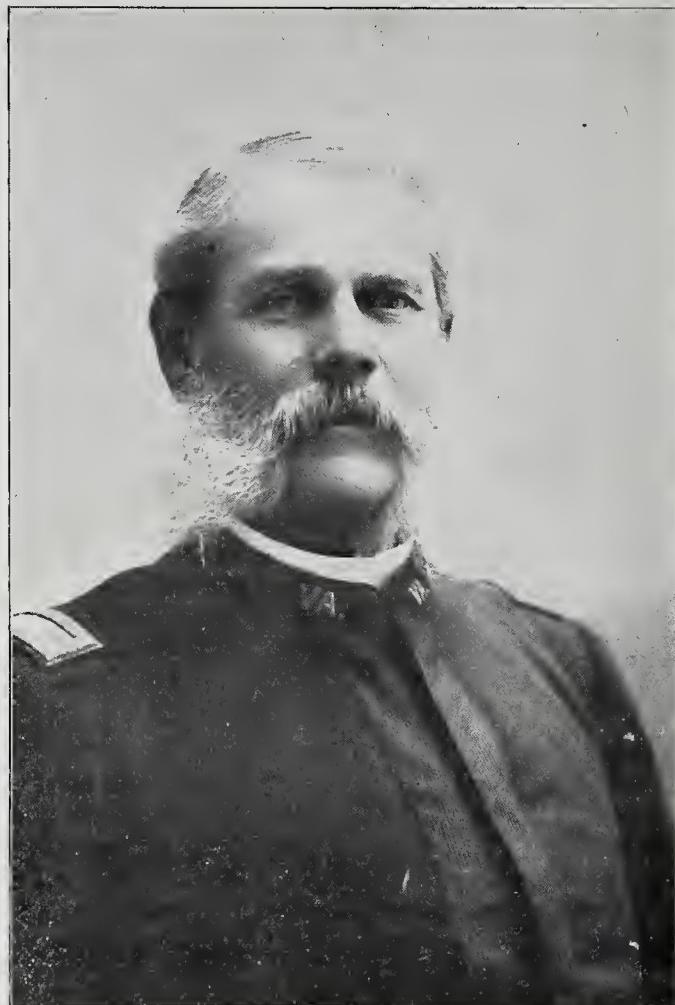
Capt. Halsey participated in more than half a hundred engagements, many of them among the most important of the war. Capt. Halsey was married in 1870 to Miss Maria Olney. Mrs. Halsey and eleven sons and daughters survive him.

COL. C. A. NASH.

"Another hero has fallen!" is the introductory language to a tribute by Col. W. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va. "The ways of God are always wise, and his decrees give blessed hope when a life has been spent for a good end. Col. Camillus Albert Nash died on the 19th of February, 1905, in Christian hope, and left as a legacy for his comrades and friends the example of a useful and upright life. He was born in Norfolk County, Va., on the 22d of October, 1842. He was a mere youth when the great war between the sections of this country began, and, catching the inspiration of the times, shouldered his musket to meet the invaders of Virginia. He was already a volunteer in the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues; but, preferring service in an infantry organization, resigned to join the 'Jackson Grays,' Company A, 61st Virginia Infantry Regiment, of Mahone's Brigade, A. N. V., of which he was elected orderly sergeant and afterwards promoted to second lieutenant, and he served through the war as a faithful soldier of the cause he loved more than life. He participated in most of the bloodiest battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and bore himself in the fiery ordeals with firmness and courage. In the desperate charge of the 'Crater' he was wounded

in attempting to capture a flag. He was always near to the men in the ranks, and was greatly beloved by them, which is the strongest evidence of his high character.

"He was a handsome and knightly soldier, having a taste for military life. After the War between the States, he took an active interest in Virginia's volunteers. He was elected



COL. C. A. NASH.

captain of the Norfolk City Guard, and rose to the rank of colonel of the Fourth Regiment (now the 71st Regiment) of Virginia Militia.

"Col. Nash was a successful business man, and at the time of his death was at the head of a number of enterprises which have greatly advanced the commercial interests of Norfolk, Va., and his loss is deeply deplored by the people of tidewater Virginia."

"A brave Confederate soldier, a true patriot, an eminent citizen, a faithful Christian has gone to his God."

JAMES NEWTON DOUGHERTY was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in January, 1838; and died in the Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., October 11, 1904. Comrade Dougherty was living in Alabama when the war began, and early in 1861 joined Company D, Eighth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, of Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. At the battle of Seven Pines he was desperately wounded, losing a leg, which incapacitated him for further active service. He moved to Texas after the war, and was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon at the time of his death. He was a good citizen, a zealous Church member, and a valued member of the Veteran Camp.

COL. J. W. COLQUITT.

In the death of Col. John W. Colquitt, of Little Rock, Ark., there passed from the scene of action one who had been closely identified with public affairs of the city and State, a gallant gentleman whom to know was to admire. He was born in Columbus, Ga., in 1840, attended the Military Institute at Marietta, graduating in 1859, and moved to Arkansas in 1860, locating near Monticello. In April, 1861, he enlisted in Capt. Jackson's company, of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, was chosen second lieutenant, and served the twelve months in the Army of Northern Virginia. After this the regiment was disbanded, and upon reorganization John W. Colquitt was elected major of the regiment. This was just prior to the battle of Shiloh, in which Maj. Colquitt received a severe wound, and while on the way to his Georgia home on furlough he was captured by the Federals and held for two weeks. He made his escape, and got home safely. After reporting for duty again, he was promoted to colonel of the regiment upon the resignation of Col. James A. Fagan. Col. Colquitt lost his right leg in the battle of Atlanta; but after two months he reported to headquarters, and was assigned to post duty in the subdepartment of North Mississippi. He made his headquarters at West Point till the war closed, then returned to Monticello, Ark. In 1866 he was elected county and probate judge; but after about eighteen months' service he was swept out of office, during the days of reconstruction, and became a teacher. In 1890 he was elected tax assessor of Pulaski County, and in 1899 State and Land Commissioner, being re-elected in 1901. After his retirement from public office, he had engaged in the real estate business.

Col. Colquitt was twice married, the second time to Miss Mollie Hudner, of Drew County, who survives him with two daughters. His last wish was to be buried in his suit of Confederate gray; and shrouded in that beloved color his form now rests in the City Cemetery, awaiting resurrection with the comrades who had so long preceded him.

R. H. HARDAWAY was born in Putnam County, Ga., in December, 1837. The family moved to Meriwether County, where this son was reared. He enlisted in Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry, in 1862, and served as a faithful soldier until the surrender. Returning home, he assisted in building up the waste places of his country. He became a merchant in Newnan, Ga., where he amassed quite a fortune. He was married in 1869 to Miss Isadore Burch, who survives him with four daughters, and with many friends mourns his death. Comrade Hardaway served faithfully as State Senator. He was President of the Coweta National Bank, and was also an official in the Newnan Cotton Mills.

JOSEPH A. TOMLINSON was born in Tennessee May 8, 1832; and died near Gunsight, Tex., October 29, 1904. He went to Texas early, and was happily married to Miss Dorcas Miller, in Hopkins County, in November, 1858. Entering the army at the beginning of the war as a member of Company A, 18th Texas Infantry, Comrade Tomlinson bravely struggled for the cause until the surrender. He was a most patriotic and devoted son of the South and defender of her principles.

[M. A. Cooper, who reported the foregoing, writes also of the following comrade.]

THOMAS H. FOWLER, a member of Company E, 57th Vir-

ginia Infantry, calmly fell on sleep at his home, near Breckenridge, Tex., January 19, 1904, surrounded by his family and sorrowing friends. He was a faithful Veteran, a kind and indulgent husband, and a quiet, unassuming citizen, ever ready to aid the distressed. His death leaves a vacancy in the community which cannot be filled. Comrade Fowler was married in 1877 to Miss J. T. Culpepper.

DR. WILLIAM AILLS was born in Louisville, Ky., January 8, 1826; and died at his home, near Steen's Creek, Miss., January 14, 1905. Dr. Aills graduated at Dennison University (Ohio), took a course of lectures in New Orleans, and at the age of twenty years he moved to Steen's Creek, began practice, and lived there the remainder of his life. He offered his services to the Confederacy early in 1861, was appointed regimental surgeon of the 6th Mississippi Infantry, was promoted to brigade surgeon, and at the close of the war was division surgeon. Returning home after the surrender, he married in 1866 Miss Sarah Farish, of Copiah County, who, with seven children, survives him.

COMRADE A. G. FIELD died at his home, in Victoria, Tex., November 7, 1904. He was a son of Capt. John Field, of Kentucky, a Mexican War veteran, who commanded a com-

pany and won distinction with the Kentucky Regiment on the field of Buena Vista. In 1852 Capt. Field moved to Victoria, Tex. When the War between the States began, his son, Comrade A. G. Field, enlisted in Company C, 4th Texas Regiment, and went with Gen. Sibley in his unfortunate expedition to New Mexico. He was wounded and captured at Valverde. After his release he rejoined his command, and served with it in Arkansas and Louisiana until the close of the war. As a soldier he only asked where his duty lay, and he would perform it without counting the cost. He was of a bright, sunny, joyous temperament, and as gallant a soldier as



CAPT. A. G. FIELD.

served the Confederacy. For these reasons he was a lovable companion in camp and around the bivouac fire, as he was safe and reliable on the fighting lines. In 1880 he married Miss Mary Ellen Powers. The surviving children of this marriage are now living in the midst of the friends amongst

Confederate Veteran.

whom their father spent his life, honored and respected by all who knew him. Comrade Field was intrusted by his fellow-citizens with several responsible positions, which he faithfully filled, with his old army motto as his guide: "Learn your duty, and discharge it faithfully." He was a member of the W. R. Scurry Camp, U. C. V., of Victoria, Tex.

W. G. W. KINCAID.

William George Washington Kincaid died at his home, near Buffalo Gap, Tex., in August of 1904. Reference to his death was made in a former issue of the VETERAN. He was a native of Alabama, but his parents moved to Arkansas when he was three years old; and at his majority, in 1860, he went to Texas. From that State he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, 10th Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. Later on he was elected first lieutenant of the company. He went through the war without receiving a wound, though at Chickamauga he was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured his hearing permanently. He was married in 1867 to Miss Annie E. Clark, who survives him with their ten children.

A loyal son of the South, with the traits of character which would endear him to all, Comrade Kincaid's passing left a void in the hearts of many friends.



W. G. W. KINCAID.

in the conscript department of Texas. This character of service was distasteful to Maj. Horner, even in his own State; and when assigned to it in another, he protested. Failing to get the order revoked, he resigned; but a few months later he was commissioned by President Davis and assigned to duty as inspector general on the staff of Gen. Tappan. In the spring of 1865 he was promoted and assigned to Gen. Churchill's staff.

After the war Maj. Horner resumed his law practice in Helena, forming a partnership with Gen. Tappan; and the firm of Tappan & Horner was recognized as one of the strongest in the State. With years came financial success, and he soon became interested in large business enterprises. He was first the attorney and afterwards Vice President and General Manager of the Midland Railroad, President of the Helena Gas Company, and President of the Bank of Helena.



MAJ. J. J. HORNER.

He was an earnest Confederate, was prominently identified in a substantial way in erecting the Confederate monument in Helena, and was ever ready to contribute his time and money to his comrades. He was promoted by his comrades to Major General, commanding the Arkansas Division of U. C. V.'s.

A recent death recorded is that of Mr. A. Sidney Watson, of Covington, Va., aged sixty-nine years. During the war Comrade Watson served in Company B, 2d Virginia Cavalry, Munford's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division. A wife and nine children survive him.

William Terrell died at Brownwood, Tex., in March, 1905. He was a member of Stonewall Jackson Camp of Brownwood, having served in the 26th Georgia Regiment.

MAJ. J. J. HORNER, MAJOR GENERAL U. C. V.

At his residence, in Helena, Ark., on February 8, 1905, this gallant old soldier answered the final summons. Maj. Horner was a son of Judge John Sidney Horner, and his mother was Elizabeth Johnson, a daughter of Gov. Johnson, of Virginia. His parents moved to Helena, Ark., when Maj. Horner was an infant. He was educated at Columbia, Tenn., choosing law as his profession, and was admitted to the Helena bar just before the War between the States. He organized a company and entered the Confederate service early in 1862, was assigned to the artillery, and served at De Vall's Bluff until the Federals left White River. He was promoted to major, and served with Gen. Parsons at the L. Anguillde River fight. He subsequently had charge of the conscript bureau, and did effective work in bringing out and organizing the Arkansas forces at that time. In 1863, when Gen. Holmes advanced upon Helena, at the request of Gen. Price Maj. Horner was assigned to his staff as inspector general, where he served until after the fall of Little Rock. He was then ordered by Gen. Holmes to report to Kirby Smith for duty

CALEB HUSE.

"HIGHLAND FALLS ON HUDSON, March 6, 1905.

"S. A. Cunningham, Nashville: Some one has sent me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February, 1905, containing extracts from my little pamphlet of how supplies were obtained in Europe for the Confederate army during the war. I thank you for the compliment paid me in printing these extracts, and I do not see how I can otherwise show my appreciation than by forwarding my subscription to the VETERAN; therefore I inclose one dollar. Very truly yours,

CALEB HUSE."

Nothing but a plain business letter, yet it tells a pathetic story of how rapidly the old guard in gray is passing away, as the following letter from the writer's son explains:

"I find the inclosed letter in the pocket of my father's overcoat. It was evidently his intention to forward it to you, and I am carrying out his wishes. My father died at 11:05 P.M. on March 11.

HARRY P. HUSE."

Caleb Huse was born in Newburyport, Mass., February 11, 1831. He was a descendant of Abel Huse, who settled in Newberry in 1635, and of Lieut. Samuel Huse, who fought in the war of the Revolution. In 1847 young Huse, then a lad of sixteen, was appointed to the United States Military Academy, and graduated in 1851 seventh in a class of forty-two members. He was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant in the 1st Artillery and stationed at Key West, where he married Miss Harriet Pinckney. The following year he was ordered back to West Point as assistant professor of chemistry, and remained on duty there until 1859. During part of this time he was in charge of his department, and as a member of the Academic Board he signed the diplomas of a large number of graduates of that institution. Here he served under Col. Robert E. Lee, and became one of the most ardent admirers of that great man and soldier.

In 1859 he went to Europe on leave and made a special study of ordnance. On his return to the United States he was appointed on an army board to test the merits of rifled cannon.

In 1860 Lieut. Huse was granted leave of absence to accept the position of commandant of cadets and professor of chemistry at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa. His success here was immediate; and when the State Legislature was hesitating over the appropriation necessary to carry on the military organization of the university, serious doubts having been expressed of the discipline and efficiency of the corps of cadets, the entire battalion was taken to Montgomery and paraded before the Governor. During the trip not a



single breach of discipline occurred, and the members of the Legislature were so delighted with the bearing, conduct, and drill of their young soldiers that the appropriation was passed without a dissenting vote. Huse resigned from the army February 25, 1861.

On the breaking out of the war Caleb Huse was confronted with a grave and to him a very momentous question. Had he consulted his interests, he would have left the State of his adoption and received high command from his native State of Massachusetts, where he was looked upon as one of the most promising young officers of the army. But Huse was moved by only the highest principles in everything he did, and selfish interests weighed as little with him on this occasion as they did in the ordinary affairs of life. He thought the South was right in its contention, and he placed his sword at the disposal of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis, having just been Secretary of War, knew Huse well by reputation, and saw what excellent service he could render through his familiarity with European artillery. He was accordingly sent abroad to buy guns. The account of his trip through the Northern States and his recognition by Caleb Cushing, who, though he had a strong suspicion of his mission, did not betray him, makes a very interesting story. So efficiently and tactfully did he perform his duties abroad that before long he was intrusted with buying not only artillery but all kinds of munitions of war. In this way he was closely associated with Capt. Bullock, of the Confederate navy, the uncle of President Roosevelt. He handled great sums of money, and was accountable to no one except the authorities in Richmond. He made this very clear to Mr. Mason in a brief and pithy interview.

The end of the war left Huse in Europe with a large family and in poverty. At one time he came near going to Egypt, where a number of Confederate officers had found employment under the Khedive; he also thought of settling in the Argentine Republic; but he gave up these schemes, and when amnesty was declared returned to the United States to try to make a living. He had no profession, and his training did not fit him for business. Finally, in 1876, he started a school in Sing Sing, New York, to prepare candidates for the Military Academy. He succeeded fairly well, and in 1879 moved his school to Highland Falls, near West Point, where he settled down for the remainder of his life. He died on the 11th of March, 1905.

Maj. Huse was a man of charming personality, who endeared himself to all who knew him. Up to the time of his last illness he retained his boyish enthusiasm and cheerful hopefulness. During the funeral all the shops in Highland Falls were closed and the people followed him to the grave. Among the pallbearers were Gen. Mills, Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Col. Larned, the Dean of the Academic Board.

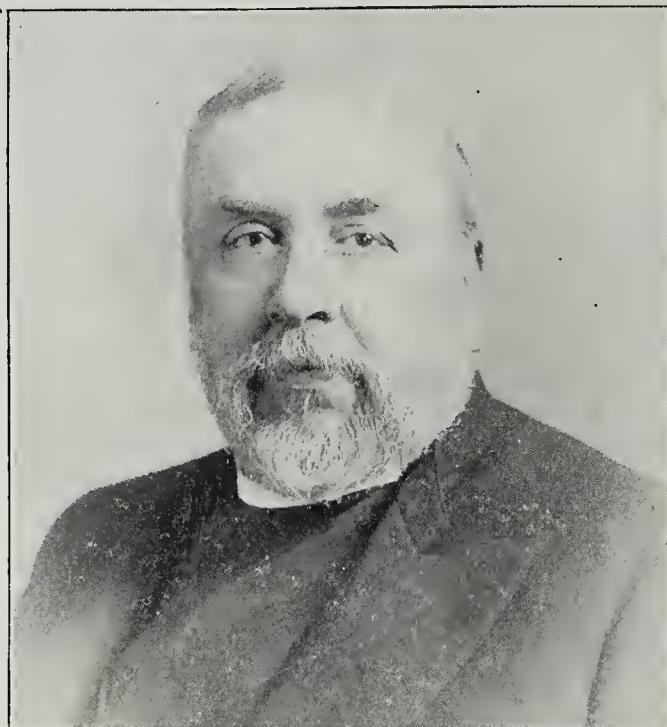
His widow and eight children survive him—three boys and five girls.

John B. Hamilton died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., January 6, 1905, aged sixty years. He ran away from home at the age of fifteen and joined the Confederate army, serving four years. He was a member of Capt. James Campbell's company, Forty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. John A. Campbell, and afterwards transferred to McCausland's cavalry. At the time of his death he was the senior member of the firm of Hamilton & Carson.

Confederate Veteran.

BISHOP THOMAS U. DUDLEY.

Of the missing faces at the Louisville reunion in June, 1905, the absence of no departed one will cause more sincere regret than that of Maj. Thomas Underwood Dudley, Provisional Army C. S. A., who was born at Richmond, Va.,



BISHOP DUDLEY.

September 26, 1837. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1858, was a member of the faculty in 1859, and Superintendent of the Military Department in 1861, in which year he entered the army and for signal ability was promoted till he held the rank of major at the surrender, in 1865.

In 1865 he entered the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., and graduated in 1867. He became rector at Harrisonburg, Va., in 1868, and was rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, from 1870 to 1875. On January 27, 1875, he was made Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, and at the death of Bishop B. B. Smith, in 1885, became Bishop. He led the Church to its largest work in the city, the State, the nation, and, in fact, the world.

Bishop Dudley was President of the Episcopal Triennial Convention of the United States. He was a large figure in all the international Church meetings, and delivered a famous discourse before Queen Victoria. In all his great work he was never too busy to take an active interest in Confederate affairs, taking a large part in the organization and maintenance of the Confederate Association of Kentucky.

His striking lecture on Lee has never been surpassed. He passed upward to his reward January 22, 1904.

HON. JAMES C. NEILSON.

James C. Neilson was born near Columbus, Miss., about sixty-seven years ago, and all his life had been a citizen of Lowndes County. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted as a member of the 14th Mississippi Infantry, and served throughout that memorable conflict. He made a gallant soldier, and participated in several of the fiercest battles. He was twice captured—first, at Fort Donelson and carried to Camp Douglas, from which place, how-

ever, he made his escape; he was captured again in the battle of Nashville, in 1864, and again taken to Camp Douglas, where he remained until the close of the war. He returned to his home, in Lowndes County, and led an honored and useful life, having represented his constituents in both the Legislature and State Senate.

Comrade Neilson is survived by a widow and six children—Mrs. Charles Hale, Messrs. Crawford and John Bruce Neilson, Misses Lou, Sarah, and Annie Neilson.

MARTIN N. BROWN.

Mart N. Brown was born in Davidson County, Tenn., January 5, 1843; and died at his home, near Nashville, March 22, 1905. In May, 1861, he joined Company A, Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Infantry. His regiment was sent to Virginia and served under Stonewall Jackson in the winter of 1861-62, but was transferred to the Army of Tennessee in time to participate in the battle of Shiloh. From that time forward it was a part of Cheatham's Division, participating in the campaigns and battles under Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood, finally surrendering under Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. Mart Brown was one of the very few survivors of his old company who answered roll call on that eventful morning, April 26, 1865.

Comrade Brown was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and handsome. He was popular with his company and well known in the regiment for his soldierly qualities and unflinching courage.

Returning home after the war, he engaged in farming, accumulated quite a competency, and married Miss Martha New-



MART BROWN.

son, who, with two daughters and two sons, survives him. Comrade Brown was an enthusiastic Veteran, participating actively in all matters pertaining to the U. C. V. He was a member of Company B, U. C. V., at the time of his death,

ESCORT OF HONOR TO COMMANDER S. D. LEE.

The Columbus (Miss.) Rifles will introduce a new feature for the Louisville reunion in going as escort of honor with Gen. Stephen D. Lee to the Louisville reunion. In reply to the surprising and delightful proposition, Gen. Lee wrote: "I need not tell you how gratified I feel at such an unusual and such an unexpected compliment. Coming from an organization one of the oldest in the State, and having a record in three great wars, of course I accept the offer if, after conferring with the committee appointed by your company and discussing details, the matter can be perfected to our mutual comfort and convenience."

The "details" of the trip have been satisfactorily adjusted. Thirty-five members will buy their own railroad tickets, and by home entertainments all other expenses will be met.

THE PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

G. W. Dillingham Company, publishers in New York, have just reissued "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," which is most accurate and authentic. There has been an urgent demand for another edition of this book for a long time. It will be remembered that the author, Dr. John J. Craven, surgeon of United States Volunteers and brevet colonel at that time in the United States army, was assigned as Mr. Davis's physician while he was confined in Fortress Monroe.

The book was written from a diary kept by Dr. Cravens at the time, in which he made record of his daily visits to his distinguished patient. His mental as well as his physical condition was carefully considered, and the conversations and various subjects discussed by them, etc., make the work, aside from its true historical value, instructive and deeply interesting throughout. This book is a powerful illustration of the intelligent and the well-balanced, philosophical trend of the master mind of Jefferson Davis.

Dr. Craven had never seen Mr. Davis, and of course entertained more or less prejudice when called professionally to see him. In a few months of daily intercourse he had so learned to respect and admire this intellectual, courageous, but helpless prisoner, and had become so charmed by him, that he was not permitted to visit him alone even in a professional way. The words used and the person to whom the volume is dedicated are expressive of the sentiment in which it is written, as follows: "To the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, who first of all our Northern public men has had the wisdom, magnanimity, and courage to express sympathy for the misfortunes of the subject of our

memoir by a visit to Mr. Davis in his cell at Fortress Monroe, this volume is inscribed."

It is gratifying to be able to supply this 320-page book, "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by John J. Craven, M.D. Price, \$1.50; with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$2.25, or with two subscriptions, \$3. A more fascinating story of the marvelous characteristics of the Confederate President may never be expected.

"THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS."—Under the above title, from the Franklin Printing Company, of Atlanta, Ga., comes an epic of the War between the States, by Prof. Joseph T. Derry, that deserves distinction among the chronicles of that eventful period in the world's history—the Confederate war. Others have written in prose of the courage, the patriotism and suffering of the Southern people, the heroism of their soldiers and the devotion of their women, but none have pictured it more vividly or in sweeter song than Professor Derry in his delightful verse, "The Strife of Brothers." To tell such a story of the war in smoothly flowing rhyme, with such historic accuracy, required the true genius of a poet combined with the accurate information of a historian. The little volume of a hundred and sixty pages is divided into seven parts, showing each stage of the struggle, from "The Gathering of the Hosts" in part first to the "Battle Stormers Are Hushed, the Banners Furled" in the last, and

"Henceforth may peace and love our States unite,
And may no note of discord mar the might
Of our republic, giant of the West,
Of all the lands the noblest and the best!"

Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va., desires, for the purpose of illustrating a work on the Civil War and reconstruction in Alabama, the loan of pictures of the following persons and objects: Jefferson Davis, Govs. Moore, Shorter, Watts, Patton, Parsons, Smith, and Lindsay, of Alabama; Gens. N. B. Forrest, P. D. Roddy, L. P. Walker, John B. Gordon, and any Alabama generals; Selma navy yard, any Confederate manufacturing establishments, war vessels and blockade runners at Mobile, Davis house at Montgomery, and any other such pictures; Admiral Semmes, Capt. Randolph, John Pelham, Ryland Randolph, W. L. Bragg, W. R. Smith, — Jamison (Confederate Senator from Alabama); and any other pictures relating to the period of Civil War and reconstruction.

NEGRO COMMANDER FOR G. A. R.—A negro, in all probability, will lead the G. A. R. column at the meeting in Denver this year. At the annual convention of the Massachusetts G. A. R., held in Boston on the 17th of February, a negro, James H. Wolff, was elected Department Commander. Wolff is the first negro who has ever held a G. A. R. position of this kind. A Boston message states: "He was elected Junior Vice Commander in 1903 and Senior Vice in 1904. The election means that he will lead the parade at the national encampment in Denver next August as Commander in Chief. Wolff is a lawyer in Boston, a native of New Hampshire, and served in the navy during the War between the States." Some of the old vets who stood before our muskets, and without batting an eyelash filled up the gaps we made, will doubtless flinch in the coming peaceful parade at Denver.



FORT NEGLEY, NASHVILLE, TENN., AS IT APPEARED IN 1865.

Confederate Veteran.

A COMRADE TO AUTHOR OF "THE OLD SOUTH."

[The following is from a personal letter from Col. John W. A. Sanford, of Montgomery, Ala., to Dr. H. M. Hamill, author of "The Old South."]

I have just read the very able monograph entitled "The Old South," composed by you. I thank you for this just and extraordinary tribute to the Southern States. I am a native of Milledgeville and a son of Gen. John W. A. Sanford, of that city. Your familiarity with the careers of many of the distinguished men of Georgia who were the companions and intimate friends of my father induced me to believe that you too are a Georgian. Be this as it may, no intelligent Confederate veteran can read your performance without feeling a sense of gratitude to you for the most just and impartial tribute to the people of the Southern States that I have seen. Your description of the hundred young cadets in their gorgeous uniforms drilling on the campus, and of the same men in a gallant charge on the field of battle, is surpassingly eloquent.

I have been a citizen of Alabama since the early part of 1852, and a resident of this city during the time, with the exception of the four years I was in the Confederate army. I volunteered as a private in the 3d Alabama Infantry in April, 1861, and was soon promoted to a place on the regimental staff; then became, in 1862, lieutenant colonel of the 3d Battalion in Hilliard's Alabama Legion, and after the battle of Chickamauga I was promoted to colonel of the 60th Alabama Regiment, in Gracie's famous brigade, and returned with it in Longstreet's Corps in April, 1864; fought around Petersburg and Richmond till April 2, 1865, and surrendered in Gordon's Corps with you at Appomattox on April 9, 1865—forty years ago on the 9th inst. I am, perhaps, the oldest son of a Confederate veteran now living. I mention these facts—of no importance to you—because they show that, as a Southern man and one of the oldest of Confederate Veterans, I have a right to praise your pamphlet. Such works as yours enlighten the people and glorify the South. My age teaches me that on this side of the stars I may never meet you, but this fact does not prevent my thanking you for the monograph and invoking the blessings of God upon you.

"THE OLD SOUTH," BY H. M. HAMILL.

Few books have been written in the South which have met with such a warm welcome as this one. Written by one who "was born in and of the Old South," it is intensely interesting. The subject is treated in a most masterly manner, which readily convinces the reader that the author understands his theme. It is a beautiful little volume, neatly bound, and well illustrated by subjects peculiar to and of the Old South.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

"JOHNNY REB AND BILLY YANK."

The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, has just issued under the above title certainly the most entertaining book for the private soldier on either side that has yet been published. The author, Mr. Alexander Hunter, was a private from start to finish. He says in his preface: "The public has been surfeited with war literature. There is hardly a prominent officer, North or South, who has not rushed into print at every available opportunity; yet no officer high in rank dared write the exact truth for the reason that he has the feelings of those who served under him to consider. A private in the ranks who has learned something of the art of

war in two branches of the service should be able to write understandingly; at least, he can afford to tell the truth as to what he saw, heard, and thought without fear or favor; and, above all, having no grievance, he can be fair and just.



ALEXANDER HUNTER.

In those days Johnny Reb and Billy Yank were good comrades when not engaged in shooting at each other."

Mr. Hunter was for the first two years of the war a private in the 17th Virginia Infantry, Longstreet's Corps. After that, by order of Gen. Lee, who knew him personally, he was assigned to the Black Horse Cavalry, serving to the surrender.

This book \$3, and with the VETERAN \$3.50.

"NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SECESSION."

No publication of recent years deserves more careful reading by those who would fully inform themselves regarding the political history of this country than Mr. Ewing's "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." The book is exactly what its title sets forth, and in consecutive order—first Northern rebellion, then its sequence, Southern secession. The author deals in no asperity, but states the facts in a calm, clear, dispassionate, and masterly manner, absolutely unanswerable, and refuting utterly the charge of "treason" and "disloyalty" hurled at the South by the North at the breaking out of the war and kept up in a measure to the present day. But not one word of abuse against the North or the Northern people can be found in the book. It is simply a clear and convincing array of facts, showing how the principles for which the South fought had been openly admitted and acted upon almost since the foundation of the government.

This book \$1, and with a year to the VETERAN \$1.75.

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H. D. Pearce, of Ballinger, Tex., wants the following copies of the VETERAN to complete his file: All of Volume I., 1893; January and May, 1894; January, 1895; January, 1898. Write him in advance of sending.

T. R. McGahan, of Charleston, S. C., wants to know what Texas troops were in the garrison at Port Hudson when it capitulated. He had a brother in Terry's Regiment, who was captured somewhere in the Red River country.

J. H. Case, of Prospect, Tenn., wants to know what became of the "galvanized Yanks" surrendered at Egypt Station, Miss., the latter part of the war, which had part of their armament shot away and their guns broken up.

J. D. Parks, of Denton, Tex., belonged to Company A, 2d Mississippi Regiment, and lost a leg at the battle of First Manassas. He would like to hear from any of the survivors of that battle, and especially from a Yankee soldier who gave him a drink from his canteen while he was lying wounded on the battlefield.

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MAGNOLIA AND PINE.

BY THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

Where the rivers of the Southland Seek the ever-shadeless seas, Branch and blossom quiver gently In the sweetly scented breeze; And the robin woos his sweetheart, Now in shadow, now in shine, While the queen of the magnolias Whispers love unto the pine.

In the summer's deepened twilight Where the valiant legions trod You can hear the holy vespers Nature wafts unto her God; Then you bow the knee in silence And the cares of life resign, Where the leaves of the magnolia Touch the branches of the pine. Hear their music, softly lifting, When the winds of morning play, And the chorus of the forest Like an anthem floats away; Where the mountains in their glory Nature's loveliness enshrine, Like a bride the fair magnolia Nestles to the kingly pine.

Past them on its endless mission With a trill the brooklet glides, Bearing onward frond and blossom To the bosom of the tides; While among their native mountains, Clad in majesty divine, Stand the beautiful magnolia And the ever-princely pine.

Who would rob them of their story? Who would seek to lay them low? As they lift their heads in splendor Nations come and nations go; Empires rise and empires wither Like the blossoms of the vine; But the dews of heaven fal当地 On magnolia and on pine.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., suggests that some one give the VETERAN a sketch of Col. St. Leger Greenfel (the Moor) for publication, telling how and why he became imprisoned at Dry Tortugas just after the close of the war. The suggestion is seconded by the editor.

Encouraging news comes from the Robert E. Line mines, property of the Southern Mining, Milling & Development Company. Some of the daily papers of Denver are writing this property up and expecting any day for Robert E. Lee Tunnel to encounter large ore bodies. Fine experts are in charge of the work.

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S. N. MEYER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

William R. Gentry, No. 919 First Street, Louisville, Ky., wants information as to the present address of John Taylor, who was wounded and captured at the battle of Big Springs, Ky., and taken to Louisville.

W. J. Ward, of Brady, Tex., would like to hear from any member of Company E, 29th Alabama Infantry, or any member of Company C, 2d Engineers, commanded by Lovell Hutchinson, captain.

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LIBERAL DONATION TO Y. M. C. A. BY J. F. DRAUGHON.

The Fort Worth *Daily Record*, of recent date, says in part: "Up to date by far the largest donation that has been made to the Y. M. C. A. New Building Fund has been made by a gentleman neither a resident of Fort Worth nor of Texas, although he has a substantial interest in Fort Worth. Prof. J. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Practical Business College Company, has made a contribution which ought to net the Association \$10,000. He has contributed two hundred and fifty \$50 scholarships that would net the Association, if sold at \$50 each, \$12,500; but he has given the Committee the privilege of selling the scholarships at \$40 each, which will, when sold, net the Association \$10,000. The Association has six years in which to dispose of the scholarships."

The foregoing is self-explanatory. Draughon's Practical Business College Co. has colleges located in Nashville, Atlanta, St. Louis, and elsewhere. The Company now has a chain of twenty colleges in thirteen States, one of which is located in Fort Worth and has a daily attendance of over three hundred students.

Jacob Heater, of Aberdeen, Wash., who served in the Thirty-first Virginia Regiment, Pegram's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V., says: "Wherever I meet them, the old G. A. R.'s are the best friends I have. There is a fraternal feeling as that of a brother. I suppose I am the only man in the State of Washington who wears a Confederate uniform. In 1903 I attended the G. A. R. encampment at San Francisco, and was cheered by thousands of bluecoats from one end of the city to the other. Not one insulting word was spoken to me, and all tried to make things pleasant. It was the most enjoyable day of my life. We were once enemies in legitimate conflict, but to-day I honor both the gray and the blue."

J. T. Ware, of Tyler, Tex., makes inquiry for a comrade of the war, G. W. Cunningham. He thinks he was a hardware man of Nashville, Tenn.

L. F. Baskin, of Okolona, Miss., is anxious to learn the company of which his father, Dr. J. H. Baskin, was surgeon during the war. He was at Corinth, Miss., in 1862.

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Reference, R. S. Warfield, Cashier American National Bank.

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